THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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JUNE 6, 1925

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John P. Marquand—George Pattullo—Ernest Fuhr—William R. Green, M.C.

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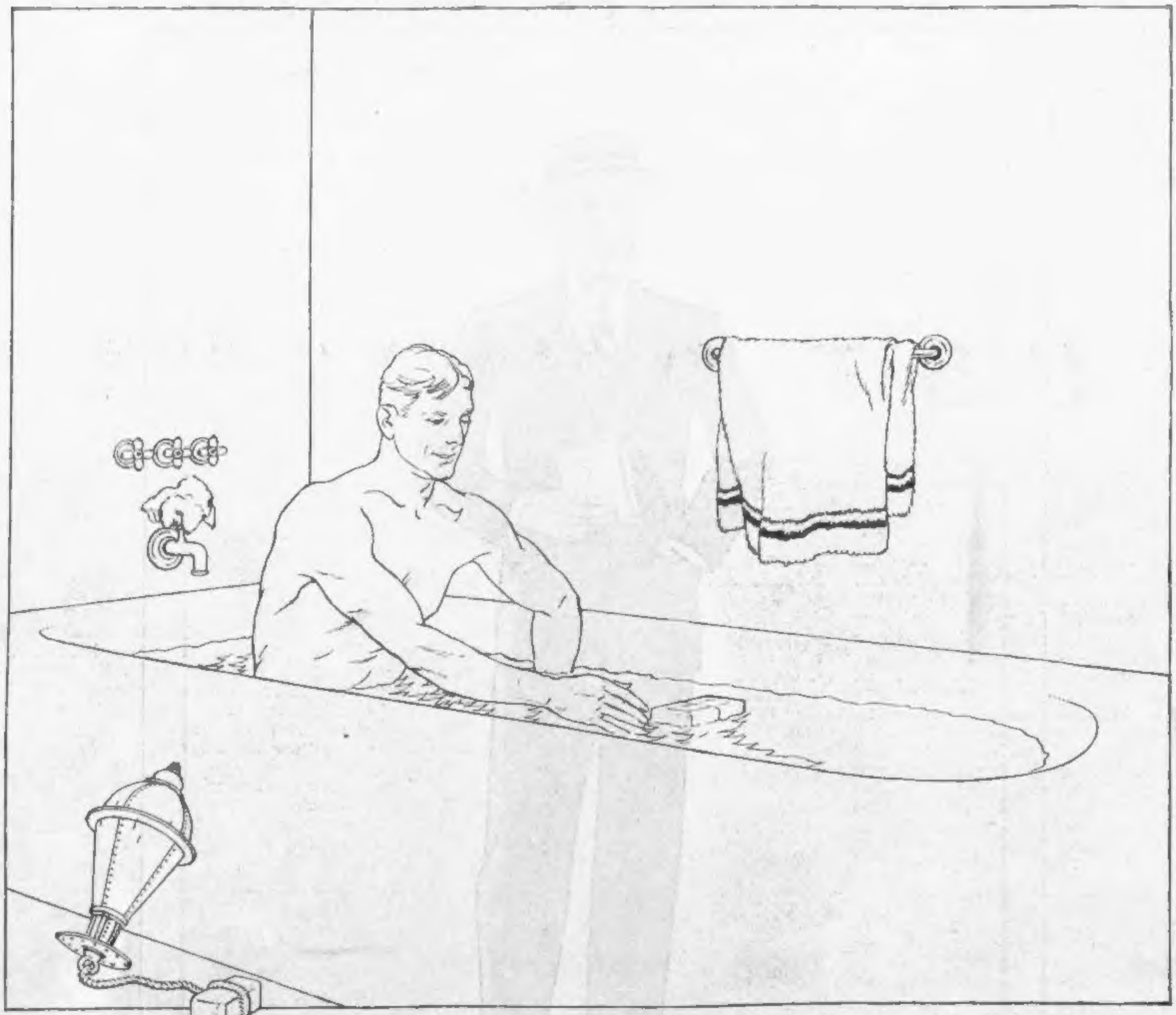

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[1]

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout,
B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

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TRUST

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

Finding a Good Place to Land in a Deep Narrow Niche of the Rocks, John Told Perry to Remain in the Boat

PLEASANTLY relaxed in all but his visual sense, John Argent leaned back on his park bench and studied the upper bay. The advice of the art dealer was good, he thought. Better stop etching foreign churches and focus on New York. In many ways, John would have been more in the picture of the locality as it must have looked and been peopled at that hour one hundred and fifty years before; when the Battery and Bowling Green were beautiful in a pastoral rather than impressive way, and the spot where John was sitting a promenade for the handful of fashionable, elegant and substantial folk that formed the nucleus of the future urban aristocracy.

Their wealth, expanded a millionfold, had faded the elegance of their former place of rendezvous, to leave Battery Park more of a stain on the front of Father Knickerbocker's rich coat. But the magnificence was all about, roaring industry responding to impulses from the scintillating brain cells embedded in the flanking skyscrapers, these buildings themselves the brain lobes, the streets their sulci. The bay, like a cyclopean eye, looked out to scrutinize the commerce of the world, and to dominate it.

But John had nothing to do with commerce. He was not a money-maker, did not need to be. Some of the ancestors who in bygone years had promenaded here had done it for him. John could visualize them strolling about, elegantly, thoughtfully or anxiously, perhaps, but with dignity, pausing to doff high hats to a lady, pausing to exchange stilted courtesies, or with a cluster of their peers to discuss politics or trade with less formality.

Well, their descendants weren't doing much promenading in the old place now. They had by this time been said good night to by their tickers up in those aerial pigeonholes and had streaked out to homes that in their ancestors' time would have been a long day's journey from the Battery, reaching them in time to stroll about their grounds before dressing for dinner. And this smudged little patch of No Man's Land seemed, as it looked to John, to be turned over to life's failures instead of the founders of a great commonwealth; bums and dazed immigrants and the frowzy seepage of the city's misfits, wandering down to the water front, as such have a habit of doing.

It was in this respect that he was out of place, a rather more than well-dressed young man who would appear at that moment to belong almost anywhere else—up the Hudson or Sound, or in a club lounge, or rolling over the road in a costly car with a pretty woman at his side. All these things were entirely a part of John's daily life; but because he was not content to be merely a spender, he was there in Battery Park making mental notes

and then presently more permanently registered once for an etching.

Aside from this occupation, in which he soon became engrossed to the point of forgetting his surroundings, there was something about John that to the eye of a close observer set him apart from the class to which he actually belonged. He was physically of a lean, rangy, dark-complexioned type, with that sort of strong featuring that makes any estimate of the age of its possessor baffling. His face, cut in lines of character that depicted also a full fund of humor, might have belonged to a man of thirty-two, John's actual age, or one of a dozen years more. When, as at present, in a state of concentration, he appeared to be the latter. Perhaps also his war experiences may have had something to do with this.

Thus industriously engaged, John happened to look up in time to catch the eye of a man who, he thought, had slouched past him a few moments before, as if looking for a bench on which to come to rest. But there was a sort of gleam in the look John now caught in that momentary scrutiny that put him instantly on his guard. The metropolitan experience acquired not only in this but other big cities warned him that here was some sort of hard-boiled predatory bird, tout or con man or come-on customer scouting for his prey; a daylight worker who had picked John for a stranger to the fair city, possibly a foreign artist of some distinction, to judge from his face, complexion and the care with which he was turned out.

To John's annoyance, the man, well dressed enough, dropped down on the bench beside him with a curt, "Scuse me, brother" for the slight jar. John nodded and continued with his work, intending to rise in a few moments and leave.

The man edged a little closer, glancing at John's meaningless scratches. Then he glanced the other way. Following his gaze, John saw a park policeman sauntering in their direction. That might abate the nuisance, he hoped. Otherwise the fellow would presently try to engage him in a few words that might sound him out a little, give a line as to whether or not he was a prospect worth an effort to work.

What then occurred was just the opposite, and only went to prove that even a born and bred New Yorker cannot always guess aright, even in the old home town. The policeman was nearly abreast them when John, whose attention was divided, saw the left hand of his bench partner slip out of the side pocket of his coat and push almost against John's ribs a black automatic pistol.

"Stick 'em out, bo," said this prowler, from the side of his mouth.

II

THE astonishment at being thus held up in broad daylight of a Saturday afternoon on the water front of Battery Park, and directly under the eye of a policeman, stampeded for the instant even a nerve that had been proved as cool as John's. He was paralyzed, not with fright but with surprise.

"Wha-what the ——"

"Stick out your right fin, and quick. Don't try to start nothin', if you like your life."

"My—my right fin?"

"That's it. And leave the wrong one where she lays. I'd blow your guts out before you got it back."

John glanced up at the policeman, who had paused directly in front of them. This officer impressed him as being quietly but watchfully on the alert. Oh, well, if that was the game, a sparrow cop turned hold-up for the moment, there really wasn't much to do about it. John gave a grin and obeyed, shoved out his right hand—the one, he reflected, on the side of a fairly well lined wallet.

But no pass was made at him. Instead, at a nod from the man beside him, the policeman in a casual manner leaned over as if to look at his sketch. Something jingled, when John found his wrist encircled in a bracelet of steel, the mate to this ornament on the hairy wrist of the man beside him. He let out his breath, which for the moment had been held. "Oh, so that's it!"

"Guessed right the first time, Jimmy. That sure is it! Frisk him, off'cer."

The policeman passed his hand over John's person. The bench faced the bay, and nobody happened to be passing at just that moment. To the nearest apathetic observers who had probably noticed the well-dressed artist at his work it would have appeared that the interest of the policeman was a casual and friendly one in the marine view from his beat.

"No gat on him," said the officer.

"No? That's funny. Must have lost his mind, sitting here doing that." The detective jerked his head at the sketch. "Call the wagon, will ye?"

It was, of course, by this time entirely evident to John that he was the victim of mistaken identity, and he felt a distinct relief. It would be a new and interesting experience to ride up town in the salad basket, as the French call the Black Maria. Half an hour at the most was bound to see his release. So, having no engagement before eight o'clock, John decided to see the business through without protest. He pocketed his materials of craft, drew out a packet of cigarettes, offered one to his captor, who curtly declined, then lighted one himself, leaned back and continued to admire the view.

At the end of a few puffs he observed, "I see you don't follow the custom of the British constabulary and warn your prisoner that anything he says may be used against him."

"Nope. We cut out the bull this side. Didn't know you was a hop-head, Grand. Sittin' pretty here in broad daylight—and doin' that."

"Making a sketch? Well, you see, I thought the war was over. Didn't know there was still a law against it. Shell shock must last longer than I thought."

The detective gave him a sharp sidelong glance, then moved his square jaw slowly up and down.

"I get ye. Plea of insanity, huh? 'Fraid you'll have to guess again, Jimmy."

It was on the tip of John's tongue to retort that this might also apply to his captor, but he refrained. Jimmy Grand! The name sounded familiar. He had barely skimmed the newspaper that morning, having overslept, and then remembered that he was due to see a widowed aunt safely off for Newport. There would be a maid and footman to dispose of the French poodles and birds and smuggle the Pekingese into the compartment; but John's attention would be appreciated and apt to reap its reward not only in heaven but on this material plane, if he lived long enough. And if John missed his paper at the usual time, he was more than apt to go through the day to evening in shameful ignorance of its fresh crop of crime.

But "Jimmy Grand" sounded reminiscent, or was it "Jimmy the Grand"? There, he had it. He had skimmed through the account. Big Bill Murphy, well known to Broadway, part owner of the White Light Cabaret and proprietor of an actors' lodging house on Forty-fourth Street, had been found blackjacked in the vestibule of his

(Continued on Page 111)

John Saw the Left Hand of His Bench Partner Slip Out of the Side Pocket of His Coat and Push Almost Against John's Ribs a Black Automatic Pistol

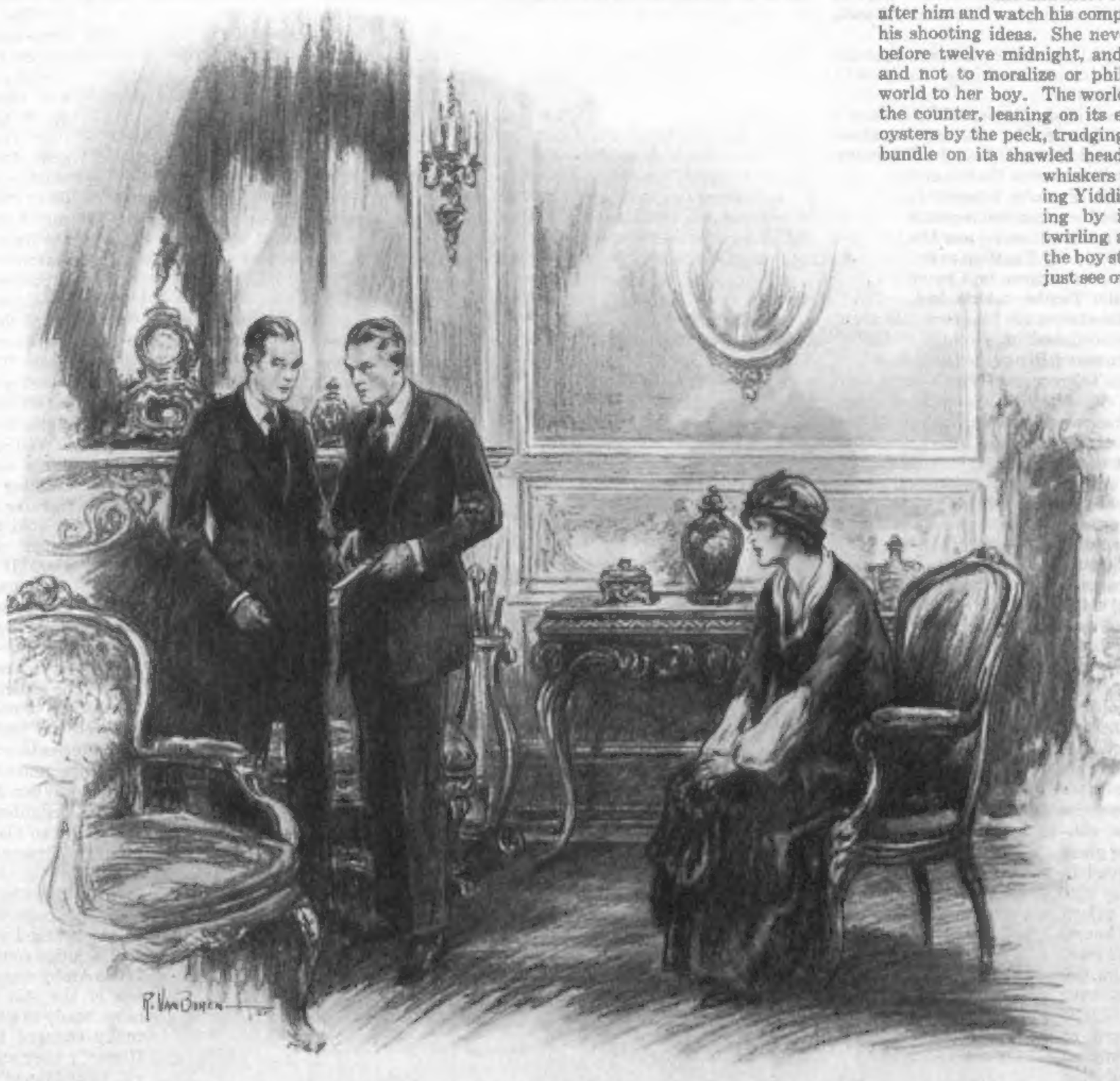
Counselor Ambrose Hinkle

By THOMAS McMORROW

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

HIS name was really Ambrose Hinkle—there, it is out. While contemplating the writing up of a few of the cases in which he appeared as an attorney, I intended to disguise him with an alias, granting to his dark memory a charity; he is gone now. But the memories of other and better men are involved with his. There is the memory of Henry Armitage Stapleton, for instance. Stapleton was a fine type of man, and I cannot in conscience omit anything that may help to lift the shadow from his name, cannot merely in kindness to the memory of a vanished blackguard.

A consideration that appeals to me here, with a trace of humor, is that Ambrose Hinkle himself would have deplored my use of an alias to cover him if I had come to the writing of these things while he was still a great figure at the New York criminal bar. He would probably have said, as he said on another occasion, "Compliments can be delivered with the left hand as well as with the right"; or again, "A good name is better than great riches, but a sensible man will avoid being put to his choice." He traded on his reputation for guile; it was money in his pocket. His clients—thieves, murderers, blacklegs of every description—did not hunger and thirst after justice, nor did they seek him out in the hope that he would secure it, relying on his name for rectitude.



"Father, of Course. This Is His Picture. He Died Several Months Ago"

Besides, it would be idle to seek to disguise him; one might as well try to disguise an elephant. Everybody in the law business in New York knows Little Amby—everybody who is old enough to have forgotten how to pass a bar examination and court-wise enough to put in his pocket a good cigar for the clerk at the same time that he is putting in his brief case a good argument for the judge.

He was known in the profession—in the court rooms resounding with oratory and in the corridors where the ruling tone was a whisper, and, too, from end to end in New York's underworld—as Little Amby. Affection must have found expression in that diminutive, and I can only hazard a guess as to whence any kindness for that little shyster could have derived; and I do not except the inhabitants of the underworld. He defended them, abetted them in their evil courses, deflected from them ever so cleverly the merited vengeance whose anticipation had sent them whimpering to Little Amby; but his never-dissimulated design was to exploit them to his own advantage. A notorious safe blower, a man who has not figured in criminal news of late and who may have earned the right to remain unnamed, described the lawyer's treatment of him in a phrase that's worth repeating. He said, "Yeah, he sprung me; I give him that. But I had ten grand from the job when I went to Little Amby, and I got out of his hands naked."

I have my guess, I say, and I'm going to advance it by telling you a story in a moment, if you'll bear with me. He had one likable trait; remember that I'm talking of the opinion held of him in his days of bad eminence. As to today's opinion, I know in advance that these stories are not going to receive unanimous approval; some emotional people are going to demand hotly to know what I mean by speaking ill of that great lawyer and lovable fellow. Little Amby and his days are receding into the absolving past, just as Robin Hood, the hold-up man, has receded, just as have receded the days of Captain Kidd and Blackbeard and the criminal gangs which infested the Spanish Main. Let me say to these dear sentimentalists that time will revenge them on me, and will turn the history of Little Amby to the uses of light and glorifying opera or fiction, as it will probably turn the police records of our bootleggers and hijackers and others of our nastily notable contemporaries. But I won't romance about him; I'll speak what little good I have learned of him, but I'll tell the world that it's mighty little.

Of such extenuating circumstances as I have discovered, I have been only too glad. Here's one—he was good to his mother. There, laugh! Doesn't it sound like Little Amby? You remember that he never failed to call his client's filial piety to the attention of the jury. He always seated the poor old mother of the prisoner right up against the jury box. She was always there; and if she was never an impostor, it must have been that Little Amby refused to take the cases of orphans. It can't be helped; he was good to his mother. As soon as he started to make money he took her out of the tenements and supported her thereafter in a style to which she was unaccustomed.

He was a tenement child, a real gutter rat. His mother had an oyster stand on Grand Street, a dirty little counter that helped to make jobs for good and deserving men in the Department of Health; she sold Hamburgers in hot weather. She had all she could do to feed and clothe her child—unless he was to live like a little king on oysters and Hamburgers, day in and day out—and she had more to do than to run eternally after him and watch his company and prune and weed his shooting ideas. She never went up into the flat before twelve midnight, and she went then to sleep and not to moralize or philosophize or explain the world to her boy. The world was right there outside the counter, leaning on its elbow, half drunk, eating oysters by the peck, trudging by with an immigrant's bundle on its shawled head, pulling its long black whiskers with one hand and talking Yiddish with the other, strolling by in brass and blue and twirling a club with dexterity; if the boy stretched his neck he could just see over the counter and could behold the world for himself.

Any child not born foolish could understand that world, and this lad was bright. It was a world intent on getting things to eat and to drink and to play with; the policeman was there to see that nobody got anything without paying cash down. The policeman stood like a giant between the boy and the things he wanted, and the boy feared him. This world cried out for a giant killer, but the boy had no thought of volunteering. He had no heart for violence on any scale; he was small and weakly and had to study his way. When the policeman dozed in the summer heat, the lad crept up and snatched the Italian man's golden bananas and darted off with them as smartly as any juvenile hero ever pelted off with a sleeping giant's golden goose or harp. It seemed to the boy, in all innocence, that they kept who could look out for their goods and they took who had the reach and speed.

This is the other extenuating circumstance—that he grew up in grinding poverty on New York's East Side and was practically destitute of ethical instruction in his formative years.

I have said that he had no heart for violence. I have run down that yarn about his chopping a rival down with a docker's ax in a dispute over a newspaper route; I can't go into that here, except to tell you to take that yarn with a big pinch of salt. I know that Little Amby never denied it—encouraged it, if anything; it suited his purposes to pose as a man of ungovernable temper who might run amuck. What? Little Amby attack a bigger man? Not from the top of a high house! He was a physical coward.

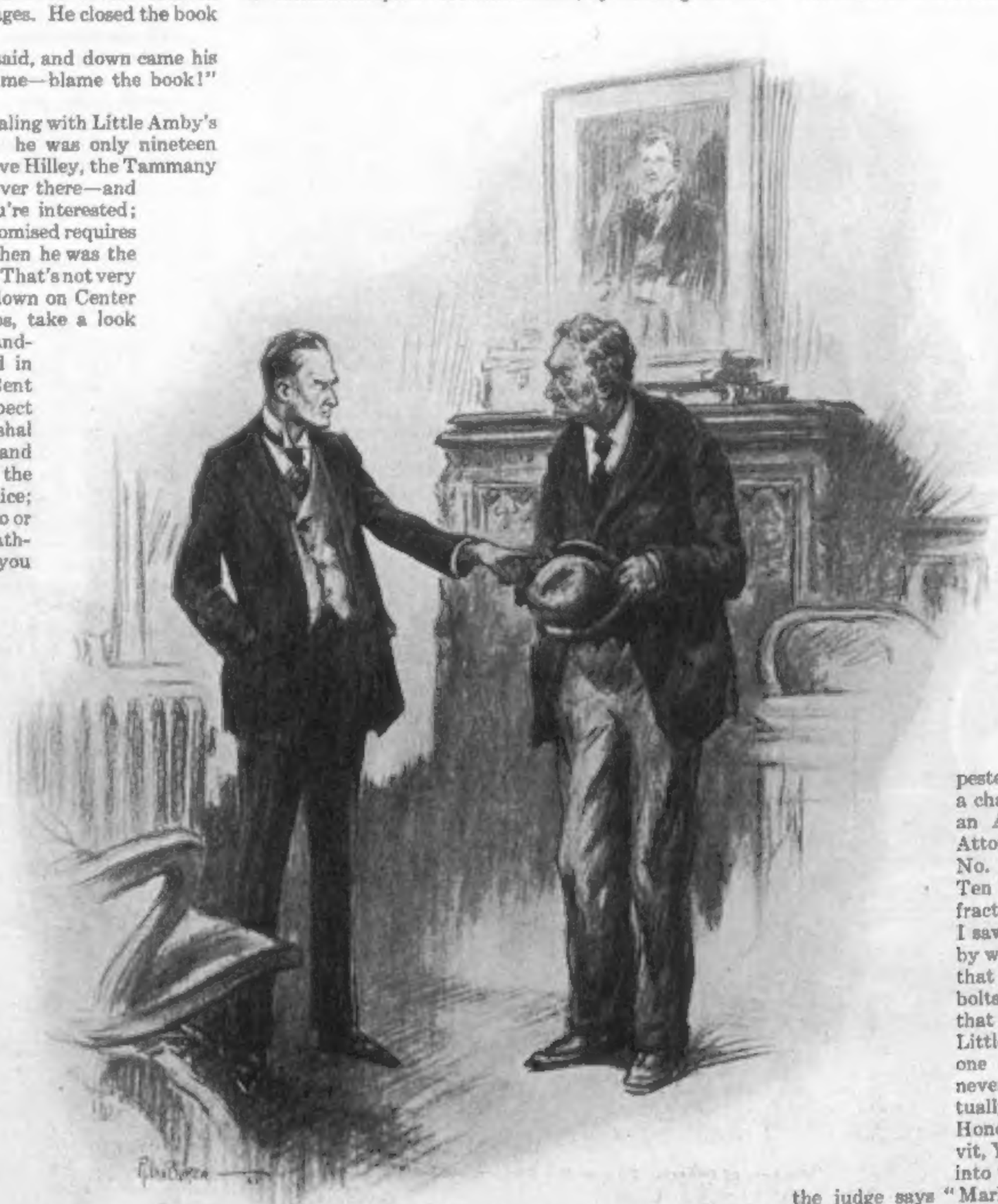
He was apprenticed to the law in the office of one Helwell. Helwell was a police magistrate at the time, and that is evidence of how greatly police magistrates have improved in the past thirty or forty years. Helwell was one of those fellows who hang a notary public's gold seal from their cigar store or undertaking establishment, and who take acknowledgments of deeds for three or four years and thus acquire reputations for learning in the law. The phrasing of their notarial certificates, hanging conspicuously, helps them; the certificates say, "Appointed by the governor, with the advice and consent of the senate." No ordinary no-account men, these. Shortly, they are advising the entire neighborhood on matters of life and death. Then someone tells them they are inviting arrest by practicing without a license, and they bestir themselves to glide by the board of legal examiners. They slip by, sometimes, in the crowd.

But I must get on or we'll never be done. However, let me tell this one more about Helwell. He used a phrase peculiar to himself when imposing sentence. I've heard this phrase ascribed to a justice of the peace out in South Orange, but our Helwell was the originator. When a malefactor was haled before Helwell—for spitting on the sidewalk, for being drunk and disorderly, for shooting craps—Helwell acquainted himself with the nature of the imputed offense, and then slowly opened a big book that was always before him when he sat. Nobody seems to know what that book was—it was a big book with a red cover. Helwell licked his thumb and turned the pages. He closed the book and put it down.

"Ten dollars or ten days," he said, and down came his fist with a bang. "Don't blame me—blame the book!" The thundering old blatherskite.

I have a whole hill of material dealing with Little Amby's obscure years—never so obscure; he was only nineteen when he was right-hand man to Steve Hilley, the Tammany leader, and ally of the Sullivans over there—and I'll dig into it another time, if you're interested; but the making of the point I've promised requires us to hurry forward to the time when he was the leader of New York's criminal bar. That's not very long ago. The next time you're down on Center Street and are passing the Tombs, take a look across the street at a three-story-and-basement brick house sandwiched in between Hungerman's Brass and Bent Iron Works and O'Reilly's Prospect House on the corner; a city marshal has his lair now in the basement and a Hungarian restaurant occupies the parlor floor. Look up at the cornice; the sign is up there yet—or was two or three months ago. The gold has weathered off, but if your eyes are good you should decipher the legend, traced now in rusty red, Counselor at Law. The name is gone, but any lawyer coming out of the Criminal Courts there can supply it; the name was Ambrose Hinkle.

That was a humming little house a few years back. Little Amby was always a business man, and he picked a good site. Prisoners peering out of the narrow windows of the Tombs, or slouching back to it across the airy Bridge of Sighs that connects the courts and the great prison, could see that legend in the sky. It was electrically illuminated at night. The prison works its full twenty-four hours, accommodating itself to all men, and for twenty-four hours the little house that was set over against it had to work. Little Amby didn't do night work, or very rarely. They say he worked forty-eight hours on end during the murder trial of Jesse Van Alt—yes, and the Tenderloin had one big night, with Little Amby as angel, after Jesse Van Alt was sprung—but that was a case in a thousand.



"No More of That Blah!" Snapped Little Amby, Rounding on Him. "You Heard What I Asked. Answer Me!"

Cohen, the managing clerk, was in charge in the nighttime. Poor Cohen must have slept at times during his service with Little Amby. He probably put an understrapper in charge and sneaked a sleep in a corner like any sergeant of a night guard, but sleeping was not contemplated in his contract. Little Amby paid him one hundred dollars a week, drove him without mercy, swore at him and by him, and would have nobody else.

This Cohen, a very able man in his own right, took a decade of abuse from the bitter little shyster, snarling back all the while, and then fought for his boss like a cornered rat when the law reached out in the fullness of time and seized Little Amby. Cohen kept the little house going at night, asleep or awake. At that, a criminal who knew sense when he heard it would give more heed to Cohen talking in his sleep than to a brand-new barrister walking out of a law library.

Tug Gaffney was on the street door. Tug was thick. His head was as flat as his nose and his ears were cauliflowered; but he did what he was told. Tug knew hardly anything, and couldn't take chances. They say—I'm repeating this—that the president of a Wall Street trust company visited Little Amby one evening—all sorts came—and tried to hurry by Tug; he was thrown up against the wall.

"Where do you get that line?" scoffed Tug. "Trying to tell me you're the President! Don't I know who I voted for the last election? Yes, and if you was the President, you couldn't go up till they sent for you."

No one who knew the company that frequented Little Amby's house—slouching in the dirty halls, conversing out of the corners of their mouths, stretching up to light cigarettes at the flaring gas jets—could blame any respectable citizen for wishing to hurry along. Process servers, pickpockets, thugs, professional witnesses, runners—it was enough to make a man shudder who had perhaps done nothing worse than to take a few hundred thousand dollars out of the mails by the medium of a high class and elegantly finished bucket shop. He had done his peculating in the clean atmosphere of mathematics, by entering this and that in neat books, and here he was among shady people, night birds, jailbirds; what had he to do with such riffraff? Why couldn't that fellow Hinkle keep his place looking at least decent? Why had a person to go to it through the shadow of the Tombs?

Phew, the place reeked of the prison! See the law books thrown any which way into the corner there, hurled in a heap, old rubbers and broken umbrellas on top of them—hideous, hideous!

Nor was the outer office, presided over by the fat and yellow-faced Cohen, much more soothing to the client of delicate sensibilities. He was told to sit down—not there, there! He found himself one of a row. The other tenants of the chairs were clean and smartly dressed, even elegant—Little Amby's custom was high class—but they were not associates befitting a financier. A stout and handsome Armenian, with his double-rolled neck on the back of his chair and his legs stretched out, a six-carat diamond on his plump hand in perpetual motion; a beautiful lady in sables languidly selecting a gold-tipped and perfumed cigarette; a sleek young man, Broadway written all over him, bony legs crossed in a posture of ease, smiling steadily with his lips and moistening them stealthily with his tongue—our man gets up, goes to Cohen and expostulates with him in a whisper, "But perhaps you didn't catch the name. I'm Mr. Bucks, of Wall Street. Bucks, you know—of Bucks & Bucks. I can't sit down here, my dear fellow—I really can't, you know."

Cohen swings around from his dictation and snaps, "See a doctor." He rakes a spittoon from under his desk with his foot, uses it and resumes: "What was that last, Miss Burnham? Read back." Like master, like man.

A buzzer sounds. Cohen points.

"Go ahead in, you. Not you—you. Sit down!"

The following description of Little Amby's private room is taken from a daily newspaper—the New York Star and Advertiser of December 8, 1914, to be explicit. I quote it verbatim because, again to be frank, I don't know surely what all the words mean; let's hope the reporter did:

"The furniture is mahogany, very heavy, and caught at all corners by shining brass. A gold-plated girandole, five-light electric candelabrum, throws its garish light on the desk, an antique Persian panel in a pierced gold frame stands under the window, a favrile glass vase holds dewy violets, a Palace Famenine carpet spreads magnificence over the floor. On the bookcase is a marble bust of Mercury, the god of thieves. On the silk-hung walls are signed portraits of Dry Dollar Dolan; of Mr. Goss, the well-known ship contractor; of Little Tim Sulliman, of Tom Shockey; there is also a beautiful still-life oil of a dish of fruit and a decanter of spirits."

Well, well, if that doesn't sound like a scenarist's directions for building a Fifth Avenue interior—or a glimpse of a mouthful of gold teeth. But I like that touch about Mercury, don't you? It's clever.

I knew Little Amby, in a way; I was answering calendars in those days. And there's art even in that—art that can't be got from the books. There should be something in the books about it; it would be a great joy to a pestered law clerk to find a book with a chapter entitled Ten Dodges to Jimmy an Adjournment Out of the District Attorney When He Has Once Answered No. A neighboring chapter would be Ten Ways to Slap a Subpœna on a Refractory Witness and Get Away Whole. I saw Little Amby frequently, strutting by with his little stomach stuck out like that of a man who dined on thunderbolts. Where I was a nebulous creature that a judge could pierce with a glance, Little Amby was a burning star. He was one of the star trial counsel who are never ready to go to trial; they are "actually engaged in another part, Your Honor"; they are "sick, doctor's affidavit, Your Honor"; they are "just called into the case this morning." But when the judge says "Mark it 'Ready,'" they are somehow always there; down the aisle they come, spreading a hush, followed by a laden train, eyed apologetically by the judge.

He always wore patent-leather shoes. His trousers were creased to a cutting edge; the suit was always loud enough to command attention in a buzzing court room; it was always a race-track suit, a black-and-white check or a light blue or a Vandyke brown with a green stripe. He bought his clothes at Berk's on Fifth Avenue, but evidently gave Berk strict orders. He wore a wing collar, very high, and a silk cravat whose color was nicely calculated to jar with that of the suit. His perverse taste appeared again in his jewelry. He wore four rings, each set with a big solitaire diamond, and it was currently said that finer diamonds could not be bought for money on Maiden Lane.

He was a little man. I knew him while he was forty to forty-five, and he had not so much stoutened as fallen out of line; his narrow shoulders had rounded and his chest had gone in and down, pushing out his stomach; his fighting weight, I should say, was about one hundred and fifteen pounds, and he was little over that. The complexion of his narrow face was healthy, though sallow, and the whites of his large black eyes were clear. He was a creature of the city, a plant grown in a window box. His hair was still black, sleeked down with one of these patent preparations. A tout, a midnight son of Broadway, a man about town, a frequenter of gambling hells and night clubs—the most successful criminal lawyer of his day, Little Amby.

II

YOU shrewd ones have made up your minds by now that I have no story to tell you. Perhaps you sat on a jury in your time and watched Little Amby bluffing his way

through his half hour of summing up when he had no case, leaning on the rail of the jury box, telling you about the old days when jury and counsel were real friends, complimenting the district attorney on his learning—"I was selling newspapers, gentlemen, when Mr. Bright here was going to college"—telling you that he could tell you some things about this case that would make your hair stand up if only the district attorney would be fair and let the truth come out, stepping aside to pat the old mother on the shoulder, stepping back to tell you another joke; and then, in the last two minutes, shooting across the only argument he had, and passionately ignoring the clock until the judge brought down his gavel and cut him off, as it would seem, in the full tide of disclosure. It's different here, gentlemen. I'm intervening as a friend of the court, and I'm not arguing a motion for a retrial of People of the State of New York against Ambrose Hinkle.

The matter to which I seek to direct your kind attention appeared first in the Fifth District Municipal Court in the shape of a summary proceeding for the recovery of the possession of real estate—what is called a landlord-and-tenant case. The issues in this case, the tenant having set up a claim of title, were transferred to the supreme court and were embodied in an action of ejectment; see Stapleton against Willers, County Clerk's number 82404-1917. A collateral proceeding is Stapleton against Federated Trust Company. The will of Henry Armitage Stapleton, on file in the Surrogate's Court, is a necessary element; and an echo of this far-flung legal battle is People against Willers in the Criminal Term. And now that you have the principal citations, I advise you to save your time and your clothes and let those dusty old records rest; the human story is not in them.

Willers came to the little house on Center Street in the spring of 1917. Tug Gaffney let him by, after searching him with a glance for objects that he might design to peddle; Cohen passed him in time. Willers knocked lightly on Little Amby's door and pulled back as if he expected that a dangerous creature then within would leap out at him.

"Come in."

Willers opened the door a scant inch, put his red nose into the crack and tried to see around the jamb.

"Come in, I say!"

Little Amby turned away from the window. He was wont to stand there when mulling something over, head sunk, a slender hand massaging his long nose, eyes fixed on the great bulk of the Tombs across the way. He looked at the gray old man who was nodding and smiling in the doorway. Willers happened to be very nearly the lawyer's own age, but was burned up with drink and broken down by general neglect and shiftlessness.

"Take that grin off your ugly mug," said Little Amby. "Shut the door. Sit down. What do you want?"

"I don't want a thing, couns'lor," whined Willers. "I only wanted to ask you. A poor fellow can ask you, can't he? Give a look, couns'lor, will you? Here I am, a poor old man that never did nobody nothing, and what do they want to do to me? Throw me out on the street like a bum. Is that right, couns'lor? That's all I'm asking you—is it right?"

"Certainly it's right," said Little Amby. "You are a bum. And I'm going to throw you out too."

"Who's a bum?"

"You are. Come, get out!"

"All right, couns'lor, I'm a bum. I was only asking you, wasn't I? Can't a poor fellow ask you? All the same, I'm own second cousin to Henry Stapleton—Henry Armitage Stapleton—and he ain't no bum. No, and never was. A multimillionaire! You wouldn't call him a bum when he was alive—you or the fat fellow outside either. I told him where he got off, couns'lor. I says to him, 'Who are you calling a bum? Why, you fat lobster ——'"

"Yes, you did!" smiled Little Amby, unable to resist the thought. "Cohen would have hit you with the whole flight of stairs. But you talked to him, did you? Go on then and shoot. Come right to the point. You mean this rich Stapleton who died recently, do you?"

"The name is Willers, couns'lor—pleased to meet you—Ulysses G. Willers, named after one of the greatest men this country ever knew. There's a man, couns'lor, who if he was here today and heard what you called me, why, say, he'd haul off ——"

"Will you keep to the point?"

"Don't rush me, will you, couns'lor? What's this I was saying? Oh, yes, I was telling you about where I live at Amsterdam Avenue and Seventy-eighth Street. That's where I live, couns'lor, up there with the cream, in a house on the corner. Property belonged to a relation of mine, big millionaire named Stapleton. . . . Oh, I ain't no bum, couns'lor. Why, say, I could buy and sell you in my time—have you wrapped six in a bundle—and get change. Why, say —— All right, couns'lor, don't get peevish. Henry says to me—I called him Henry, I did—he says to me, 'Benny'—he called me Benny, he did—he says to me, 'Benny, you see that there house on the corner? Well, Benny, my boy, you go right in there and flop, and if anybody tries to run you, you send them to me. Send them to me!' That's what he says, couns'lor."

"Seventy-eighth Street and Amsterdam Avenue—you mean that tumble-down frame shanty on the rock?"

"Never you mind that, couns'lor. Lots of swell people would rather live in that old house on Amsterdam Avenue than live in a mansion grand out in the country. Very fashionable place to live, couns'lor. And what are the young Stapletons going to do? They're going to tear down that old house and put up a great big apartment house fifteen stories high, and throw me out on the streets. Now I'm asking you, couns'lor—after I live there sixteen years and never paid nobody nothing, not a Chinese nickel with a hole in it, is it right? Ain't nothing coming to me at all? That's what I'm asking you, couns'lor."

"You lived there sixteen years rent free, and you're not satisfied," said Little Amby. "What do you want now—a gold watch and a testimonial? Certainly they can throw you out; that's the law."

"And I thought you was a lawyer," said Willers with scorn. "Listen, couns'lor, if I want to find out what the law is I can ask a cop. When a guy asks a lawyer it is to find out what he is going to do about the law."

"That's no lie half the time," murmured Little Amby. "Let me give this a minute. They're going ahead to build a big flat, are they? They've made their arrangements and wouldn't like to be delayed?"

"Now you're shouting, couns'lor! I heard you was a wise guy. Can't we figure out something? Let's you and me put our heads together ——"

"Shut your trap!"

Little Amby rose and went to the window, took his narrow chin in hand and fastened an evocative gaze on the great gray prison.

"Tell me, Willers," he said, after a minute's meditation, without turning, "did you ever have a dollar on the morning after in your whole life?"

"Who, me? Why, say, couns'lor ——"

"No more of that blah!" snapped Little Amby, rounding on him. "You heard what I asked. Answer me! Did you ever have more than ten dollars at one time in your whole worthless existence?"

"Oh, I see what you mean. Don't get peevish, couns'lor. I'm telling you I had jack. Eight thousand dollars I had—that high. Fill a hat. Money in every pocket. Before ever I seen that house on Amsterdam Avenue. And

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"I Don't Propose to Dicker With You, Hinkie," Said the Angry Old Lawyer. "You're Caught Like a Rat in a Trap"

Humanizing the Department of Commerce—By Alfred Pearce Dennis

THE writer has been asked to write about the Department of Commerce as it has been administered during the past four years by Mr. Hoover. Having been associated in a modest capacity with Mr. Hoover in his work both at home and abroad for a number of years, the writer feels that he has something to say on the subject. But here comes the pinch! Consulted about the matter, Mr. Hoover dryly remarked, "Perhaps it won't do any harm for you to write about the Department of Commerce, but don't bring my personality into it." This is about like granting a boy permission to go in swimming provided he does not wade into the water above his knees.

The writer, though no longer officially connected with Mr. Hoover and his work in any way, would scruple to go against his wishes. Since his personality is infused through the Department of Commerce from top to bottom, I am, in this bit of description, risking a bad half hour with Mr. Hoover later on. But having undertaken the job, I shall see it through.

"Don't fire," says Caleb, "'tain't no use;
That's Deacon Peleg's tame wil' goose!"
"I know it," says Abner, "but I don't care a cent.
I've sighted now and I'll let her went."

Last winter a delegation of baggy-trousered young men came down from Princeton with a message to the President of the United States. Sartorially, the delegation made quite an impression, the President remarking at the end of the spokesman's discourse that what these young men most needed was suspenders. This gave point to the observation of a New England trade paper that Mr. Coolidge evidently believes in putting the responsibility where it belongs. Now the responsibility for the amazing development of the Government's commerce service in the past four years belongs with Mr. Hoover.

Come to think of it, the American Government exists for the benefit of the American people. It is their Government; they created it; they support it. In popular thought the Department of Commerce has been set up to serve that fraction of the American people directly interested in commerce and industry. But this is not a nation of power houses, railways, machine shops, sheep herds, grain fields, moving pictures or broadcasting stations; but essentially a nation of men, women and children. By "humanizing the Department of Commerce" I mean shaping its work to the service of the men, women and children of the country as was never done before.

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Herbert Hoover in One of His Lighter Moods

Cyriac's Mission

THERE lived in the early fifteenth century in Italy a group of scholars who were rated as little better than grammarians. They spent their lives deciphering early Greek and Latin manuscripts and their labors in popular imagination possessed about as much human interest as the genealogies of the ancient Assyrian kings. These scholars, however, succeeded in resuscitating from the tomb of the buried past great stores of literature and philosophy. They made this buried knowledge accessible in a human way to the men of their own day and brought about what is known to history as the revival of learning. Now the men who led in the revival of learning were very properly called humanists. They unlocked hidden stores of knowledge and in a human way rendered them accessible to the men, women and children of their own time. Strong personalities and tireless devotion lay behind it all.

A certain obscure Cyriac of Ancona posted feverishly about, declaiming about the wonders of the new learning.

"What is your mission?" someone inquired.

"I go," he cried, "to awake the dead!"

Evangels in every age, driven and goaded by inner compulsion, have had a message to proclaim. The worth of the message lies in its human element, its universal application. Men with missions to perform for humanity have found little to their hand in formalism, pedantry, red tape. The bureaucrat must exist along with the machinery of government, but the best administrators have been men who have humanized government by making its services accessible to men, women and children.

I once heard Mr. Hoover say that when he undertook his present job a wise old gentleman, out of the wealth of his experience in the ways of Washington, remarked that it was a fine thing to bring the enthusiasm of private business and of youth into the government service, but that these enthusiasms generally break fruitlessly against the obstacles of governmental machinery and the inertia of bureaucratic methods:

"After a year or two as Secretary of Commerce, you will succumb to the forces which I have mentioned and you will have satisfied yourself when you have put the fishes to bed at night and lit the lamps on the coast. Two or three hours a day of kindly supervision of efficient government servants will be required of you. You will have leisure for your own entertainment and you will find that the position of a cabinet officer in Washington is both dignified and agreeable."

Mr. Hoover's Fifteen-Hour Day

NOW, at the end of four years, Mr. Hoover finds himself working from twelve to fifteen hours a day, with the activities of the department branching out fanlike in many directions, and the day is all too short to accomplish what he had set out to do. Four years ago 700 commercial inquiries a day were coming into the department; now an average of 8000 a day are flowing in. I am not going into these details about the activities of the various bureaus and services connected with the Department of Commerce. It is interesting to know that the Bureau of Fisheries during the past year propagated and liberated for the benefit of the American people 7,756,496,262 fish. These figures carry encouragement to our anglers, just as the rays which gleam from some thousands of lighthouses are a very practical service to our mariners. The billions of little minnows would be looked after by their foster parents in Washington; the lights would continue to gleam along the coast; the Bureau of Standards would function primly and precisely; the Census Bureau, the ancient and honorable institution dating back to the days when King David of Israel numbered the people, would continue to gather statistics; commercial and economic reports, flowing in from the far ends of the earth, would continue to encumber the files of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, if Mr. Hoover were devoting his time exclusively to his former professional duties as an engineer.

Mr. Hoover, Guardian of the Little Fishes

It is not that Mr. Hoover has set up a lot of new governmental agencies, but that he has humanized old ones and rendered their services accessible to the American people. Under his direction the Department of Commerce has become a huge transforming station.

This requires a little explanation. In the field of physics a hydroelectric plant illustrates the principle of a transforming station. The cold falling water is transformed into light, heat, power, and transferred over slender copper wires. Through the transforming station the dark waters of Niagara may be made to glow in one's reading lamp at night or operate a delicate drill in a dentist's office some hundreds of miles away.

In the field of chemistry the catalyst serves to illustrate the transforming station. Here again cold falling water is converted into electrical power, and when

reapplied in turn to water it decomposes it into its elements. One of these elements, hydrogen, when purified and mixed with atmospheric nitrogen, passes through a reaction under the mysterious influence of a catalyst and the combination emerges after enormous pressure in the form of ammonia. The ammonia thus produced from unlimited supplies of cheap raw elements is furnished forth as a precious and highly concentrated plant food.

In the field of agriculture the cow exemplifies the principle of a transforming station. Here is an animal transformer which absorbs gross rough stuffs, such as grass or hay, and converts these coarse cheap feeds into highly concentrated and relatively expensive foods, such as milk and butter.

The most efficient and most cunning of all transforming stations is the human brain. Into the human brain pours an enormous number of impressions, revelations, informations, as messages stream into a central telephone station. Stores of accumulated knowledge, experience, speculation, hypothesis—raw material like the rough ore dumped by the carload into the furnace of a smelter. The dross, the scoriæ, the riven rock are melted and carried off, leaving the residuum of precious metal available for human uses.

The unending procession of phenomena is presented to the human brain through the five senses. But eyes may be holden so that they cannot see; or else, seeing, they cannot observe; or else, observing, they cannot read meaning or explanation in it all. Sparrows perched on a telegraph wire observe the phenomenon of an express train rushing by. What lies back of it all? What is the objective? Of this the sparrows know nothing; but human intelligence divines that the train proceeding along its appointed way at an appointed time may be hurrying a physician to the bedside of a sick child.

It is no great undertaking to develop such an institution as the Department of Commerce on the side of organization. There is nothing very striking about the fact that its agents both at home and abroad are constantly pouring in a flood of reports as to trade, business and economic conditions. But what does it all mean? However valuable these reports may be intrinsically, they amount to nothing unless they can be transformed into living service to the men, women and children of this country.

Mobilizing Business Statistics

NOW the work of the Department of Commerce, as the intelligence and personality of Mr. Hoover have been diffused through its services, may also be imaged as a transforming station. We may think of the statistical and informational services as the rough raw material comparable to falling water or fodder for cattle. All this stuff must stream through human minds capable of transforming it. It must all be tested. It must be made available for human consumption. It must result in action to serve human purposes. In other words, it must pass through a humanizing process

The department, through the Census Bureau and its fact-collecting agencies at home and abroad, is the greatest statistical organization the world has ever seen. But statistics, without expert analysis and interpretation, are of little value; they get us nowhere. Statistics to avail must pass through the transforming station of the human brain. They are the facts which must be crystallized into forming judgments as to what constitutes wise national policies — policies which in industry and commerce find their results in more jobs for more persons, better homes, higher standards of living and happier lives.

Mr. Hoover Saying Hello to California Friends on the Way to His Ranch, October, 1924

Mr. Hoover has said, in addressing his staff: "I was taught young the potency of truth; that it would prevail. The raw material of truth is facts. Statistics are not mental exercises; they are for a purpose; they are the first step to right decisions, to enlightened action, to progress itself."

In brief, statistics are the raw, rough material in the body of our knowledge about the economic relationships of human beings. A science is nothing more or less than systematized knowledge, just as an art is nothing more or less than applied science. With Mr. Hoover it is not enough to have a department of administration, but we must have a science founded upon exact knowledge, and beyond this an art which directs this science to the service of human beings. It is a wonderful thing to have a great body of information mobilized in a single place and presided over by a single master mind.

In the field of international trade the Department of Commerce has a splendid corps of experts both at home and abroad to gather facts relating to international business. Some of these facts are economic, some are embedded in racial psychology, some are historical, some are geographical, some have to do with artificial economic barriers, such as tariffs, commercial laws, transportation—countless influences that enter into the commercial contact of nation with nation. These facts pour into a great transforming station, are digested, systematized, cross-referenced, analyzed and made accessible and intelligible to the American people.

Let an illustration of all this be taken from the services rendered by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. Under Mr. Hoover's leadership this foreign-trade service has grown like Jack's bean stalk and is recognized by American business as the spearhead of our campaign for foreign markets.

A Reservoir of Information

THE number of confidential circulars containing trade information sent out in 1924 ran well over 3,000,000 as compared to 350,000 in 1922. The bureau possesses abundant data to back up its claim that our trade was not only defended from the destructive competition of a half-starved Europe but that new business to the amount of $500,000,000 was secured for American firms in the last fiscal year through the bureau's efforts. And the facts show that America alone has a foreign trade today greater in quantity—not measured in inflated dollars - than before the war, while all other important nations have less than before the war.

An Englishman has said, "Our competitor is not so much American industry as it is the United States Department of Commerce."

What is its human relationship? Simply more jobs, less unemployment, less irregular employment, better prices to our farmers, less fear of tomorrow in a million households

Behind these quantitative estimates lies a prodigious amount of intelligent effort. Here is an intricate, cunningly designed mechanism which, like Paley's watch, indicates the existence of a master designer. For every watch there is the brain and genius of the watchmaker.

Some of the things which Mr. Hoover has done to adapt the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce to the practical needs of American business seem as simple when once accomplished as the egg trick of Christopher Columbus Up to Mr. Hoover's administration, the relation of the Department to American business had been extrinsic rather than intrinsic in its character. If a manufacturer or exporter wanted certain facts, he could let his bucket down into a reservoir of information and draw up a pail filled with many ingredients. Mr. Hoover, by setting up commodity divisions and manning these divisions with experts taken bodily out of our great trades and industries, built a governmental agency squarely into the structure of American business.

Sixteen commodity divisions are included in the bureau's organization, covering such businesses as lumber, coal, minerals, paper, rubber, textiles, agricultural products, and so on. The activities of the government trade agents in all parts of the world interlock with American business. If, for example, an automobile manufacturer wishes to know, in considering the subject of a right-hand or left-hand drive, the rules of

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The Secretary of Commerce Buying Peanuts From a Street Vender in Washington

THE OLD MAN

By JOHN P. MARQUAND

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

IT WAS Bill Jenkins, the proprietor, speaking, standing squat and solid behind his bar, manipulating bright pyramids of glass and passing his damp cloth deftly along the dull woodwork with the light conscientiousness of the man who loves his calling.

So it's about the Old Man you came to hear? All right, mister, seeing it's you, I'll tell you; and once in a while you can look at him as you would at a picture, so to say, because he's setting over there in the corner. He always likes to be near where there's licker, not that I admit there's any here.

Yes, that's Bertha yelling to me from the top of the stairs.

No, I ain't talking too much. No, I'm not wearing out the customer. Didn't I say he wanted to hear me?

No, mister, it's what I'm telling you—the place is straight; nothing but cold tonic off the ice, and cigars. Yes, the tug captins and the barge captins have always hung out here. They're used to it, you see, and now they still like coming.

They act like they've taken something? Well, maybe so. When you get as old as some of 'em, and used to it, you have to have it. That's what the Old Man says, and if anybody ought to know, it's him. You can see him by the table in the corner, the old stringy, jointed one, with his eyes half closed and tobacco on his whiskers. Ain't he an old devil, mister? Look at the long thin nose on him, and his eyes—he's got a pair of eyes on him still.

An old soak, you say? Sure! But still he's a fine Old Man. Look at the shoulders on him, and his knuckles, all crumpled up on the table like coils of rope. He sort of frightens me, he does, sometimes, because you don't know what he sees—whether it's snakes or elephants or angels; and I don't know; maybe he's seen 'em all.

Well, I wouldn't say it to most; but seeing it's you, maybe I have got something under the counter to make it easier—yes. Don't be afraid of it, mister. It's good stuff. Didn't I tell you the place was straight? Good stuff.

Yes, it's the Old Man I'm telling you about. I recall when I used to know him first—right in here at the bar when work was over. I was younger then, and I suppose he was younger, but he's always looked the same to me. Up to the bar he'd come in a sort of rolling way, like the floor was swaying, you understand, and drink his whisky neat.

"It's licker has brought me where I am," he used to say. "Lay off it, boys. There's a devil in the cup."

"What's that, cap'n?" somebody was always bound to say. "What's the licker done to you?"

They liked to get him talking, you understand—to kid him along, see? He was what you might call a character, you understand, once you got him going.

"Licker," he would say, strangelike, you understand—"licker has rove me an' hauled me, friends. If it wasn't for licker I'd be aboard my own ship now, not boozin' here with the likes of you."

"Your own ship, cap'n?" somebody would pipe in. "Now what ship was that?" Though everyone knew what ship it was—just liked to kid him, see?

"The General Gleason, you hayseed," he'd snap back. "The smartest ship that ever tacked, when I was master. Ah, I was a master once an' not a coal-barge man. Look at my knuckles the way they're twisted. My knuckles are stove in, just bein' aboard of her, hazing hayseeds like you."

Sure, that's what he used to be—an old deep-water man in sail. Sure, I know what you're thinking just as if you said it—an old bum, a good-for-nothing soak. Well, maybe he is; but he wasn't always. Anyway, the fellers would laugh at him, for they're all a tough-skinned lot; but somehow I never think it's so funny, an old man getting on, and being a skipper once, and ending up a sort of caretaker on a water-logged black old hulk. But anyways, they used to laugh at him. Even Mr. Perkett, who managed the towing-company office, would happen down for no other reason but to hear the Old Man once he started; and Rooney, who used to run the place, would fill up the Old Man's glass.

"Take it, cap'n," he would say. "It's on the house. It ain't often we have a real skipper in, is it, gents?" And someone would sing out always, "You're blanked well right it isn't!"

And the Old Man would tip up his glass, sort of pleased, see, and roll the licker on his tongue.

"You're kind, gents," he'd say; "but keep off the licker. Look what it's done to me. Look at me now—a barge tender, when once I was the skipper of the sweetest ship afloat."

And sometimes he'd half close his eyes and sometimes I've known his face to wrinkle all up like he was going to cry—like old bums do sometimes, you understand.

"Ay," the Old Man would say, "but she was the sweetest ship. Ain't none of you never heard of her—the old General Gleason? She must be somewhere still. She must be somewheres."

His Eyes Were Steady and His Mouth Was Steady Under His Old Wet Whiskers

He loved her, you understand. He loved to say her name. D'you think it was funny, mister? The others would be grinning behind their hands and kidding him ahead, and Sam would watch his glass, but I don't know——

"Ay," the Old Man would say, "you'd know her if you'd ever seen her standin' down the bay."

"Cap'n," Mr. Perkett would say when he was there, just like he hadn't been laughing, "was she handsome, cap'n?"

"Handsome!" he would yell. "She was handsome as a woman all in white, handsome as a picture!"

"Easy, cap'n," Sam would say. "An' have another. It's on the house. It's a pleasure to treat a skipper."

And the Old Man would lift his glass in a sort of sad way, you see, because licker sometimes made him sad.

"Like a woman," he'd go on. "She handled like a woman, cranky sometimes, an' then just as easy. I knew her. I could make her go!"

He loved her, you understand. It would make you creepy to hear him—the way he remembered her, the way he looked, for he was speaking of his best days; yes, when everyone was grinning. Oh, I can see him now, up against the bar, pounding with his glass, happy sort of, once he got going, like he was back again on the old General Gleason—pounding with his glass and tossing off his licker, until all of a sudden he would stop. Yes, sir, just when you'd think he was going best, he would stop and sort of choke, you understand.

"Oh," he would say, "I wish't I was back. I wish't I was. You've had your fun, boys, with a poor old man tonight, chasin' through his licker. It's tough on an old man in his licker, and seein' things, to go crawling up the side of a scow on a windy, rainy night. Won't someone come and help me aboard!"

Seeing things—that was it. I could tell he was seeing something that wasn't there—sort of seeing double, the bar and the rail and the cuspidors with one eye, and something else, I don't know what, with the other.

But it's dry, mister, dry talking. Let's have another go at the bottle. Now and again it has its place, now and again.

Would you think anybody would play a joke on a poor old man like that, and try to get the laugh on him? Whatever was the good in it I can't never see. These men like Mr. Perkett, these clean, white-collared guys with a house in some park in the suburbs, answering their telephone and paring at their nails, sometimes they give me a pain—a pain. They don't see things like other folks—though he was always democratic, see? Trying to know the men, he called it, coming here and slapping them on the back.

"Bill," he says to me right down here, "I got a good one on the Old Man, Bill, fit to make you die. Say, I'll let you in on it, seeing you're in his crew."

In his crew? Yes, I was deck hand to the Old Man then. No, I never hankered for the sea, for I was a longshoreman, getting good pay. It's comical the way things come. I'd never even known him except to listen to him when he came ashore; but one night—I remember I was sort of tired after being all day in the sun—I heard him saying, you see, "It's tough on an old man in his licker, an' seein' things, to git over the side of a scow. Won't someone come along and help aboard a poor old man?"

Now I wonder what makes a feller do things?

"Aw!" somebody says. "Lookit—tellin' us all night he could navigate a ship, and the old bum can't navigate himself!"

You know how it is when everybody is all together and feeling good, the way nearly everything strikes you as comical if you yell it loud enough.

"Hurray for the General Gleason!" they were commencing yelling. "A pilot for the General Gleason!"

And the Old Man stood watching 'em all by himself, leaning against the bar, listening to 'em holler.

"Boys," he said, like he couldn't get it, "is it my ship you're laughing at, or only at a poor old man?"

You know how it is. It only made 'em worse, and he just stood there listening to the noise, puzzled like he couldn't understand.

And then it seemed to me he looked sick, and I got him by the arm.

"Come, cap'n," I said. "It's time we steered for home."

"Yes," he said, looking up at me not hard but sort of timid, "it's time we steered for home."

Oh, he could steer all right. We went shuffling along the sidewalk down Water Street under the lights, and down along the wharves. He walked along queer and slow, without speaking any more, with his head up, staring at the dark, with his shoulders swinging and stooped, and sagging at the knees. Just an old bum, but I don't know. The old lighter he was captain of was up along the company pier, low down in the water, ready for the towboat, ugly and black in the night, with a light in the cabin window.

"Back I come," the Old Man says, "a poor old hulk back to the hulk. Keep away from the licker, boy. Look what it's done to me."

He stumbled and shuffled up the plank. He would have fallen on deck if I hadn't helped him as we edged over to the cabin. I was right beside him, because I was bound to see him safe, when the door opened and I heard a voice.

"Dad," it said, "that you?"

It was a woman's voice—young like a girl, and we helped him to the cabin. Now I'd of thought she'd been angry, wouldn't you? And she wasn't; not even surprised, and she was young, too—that young! She was that young and delicate, and pretty, mind you, though she had on an old torn overcoat.

Mister, do you know those stories about the face on the barroom floor, and father on Saturday night? That's how it looked, I guess—that girl ahold of the Old Man's arm.

"Bertha," says the Old Man, "you ain't going to leave me like all the rest of 'em? Bertha, you're not angry?"

"No," she says, just like she was speaking to a child, you understand. "No, I'm not angry. Set down. You'll be better setting down."

Now there's a woman for you, mister.

"Did you have a good time, dear?" she said. "Did you tell 'em about the General Gleason?"

Just like that, and then I saw she was looking at me up and down.

"I'm glad," she said, "you had a good time—and you found the deck hand too!"

"The what?" said the Old Man. "The what?"

"The deck hand," she says. "You set out to find a deck hand. You know we're short of crew."

You could see the Old Man had forgotten, for he just sat and rubbed his knuckles on his forehead.

"What's that?" he says. "Ain't the mate grabbed one off from somewhere?"

The mate, he said, just like that, and I knew he was twisted up, seeing where we were and then seeing something else.

"But, dad," she said, "there isn't any mate. It's not the General Gleason now."

All fogged up the Old Man was, sort of groping somewhere in the fog.

"Aren't you a deck hand?" she says to me. "Aren't you one? We can't go out short-handed with him like that."

Why do we do things, mister? Why is it we do anything we do?

"I'm not a deck hand, kid," I says, "but I'll be a deck hand now."

But the Old Man never heard us. He was out somewheres, mumbling to himself, crazy, sort of, and sleepy.

"Ain't none of you never seen the General Gleason?" he was saying. "You'd of known her if you'd seen her standing up the bay."

Oh, well, I wish I could talk like some people do. . . . Will you take a throw at the bottle, mister? I don't use it often myself, but now and then—now and then ——

Have you ever seen one of those barges? Well, after all, why should you? For they're not much to see—just big shells with hatches and fore and after masts that are only sort of derricks, with a donkey engine forward to run 'em. Aft is a cabin for the master and the crew—a couple of hands for watch, and a cook, if the master's wife don't do the cooking, and a man to run the engine, and a master Nothing live about a coal barge, mister; only dead weight.

There were staterooms for the Old Man and Bertha. The rest of us had bunks alongside the cabin table, not any too clean either. Bertha did the cooking, and the feller who ran the engine was named Lefkowitz, a dark-faced greasy foreigner with beady sort of eyes that he couldn't keep off the girl -a tough, you understand, who came from around the wharves. My mate, the other deck hand, wasn't more than a kid, with a sort of chocolate skin and soft voice. Jim Coffee was his name, and a good name too. I had him spotted—a touch of the Spig, see? But he was a nice boy; nice and harmless.

They came in late when I was bedded down with a blanket over me

"Hey, youse," says Lefkowitz, "dat's my bunk."

I had the lingo spotted. It was tough city talk, you understand, that you can hear on the street corners any quiet night

"Is it your bunk?" I said. "Well, it ain't now—and don't get funny, see?"

And he didn't, for he knew what was what.

No place for a girl, you say? No, not much of a place for a nice, pleasant-spoken kid like that, with a tough and a yellow boy named Coffee to keep her company, and an old man who shut up like a clam once we got going. Yes, mister, once we got going he hardly spoke at all, and hardly seemed to notice. He just went on deck and kept pacing up and down, up and down.

By noon that poor girl came on deck with a pail of potatoes, and she sat on the lee side of the cabin to peel them while she watched the Old Man walk, and I could guess

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"Don't!" She Said. "It Isn't Any Difference. You Mustn't Mind Him Now"

THE FOURTH DEGREE

He Was Glad His Walk Across the Dismal Marsh Was Over, Glad to Get to a Light, and to Other Men

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY W. P. COUSE

"YOU'RE lying!"

John Dennett shrugged his shoulders wearily.

"I'm telling you the truth," he said, and his voice was limp.

Police Captain Burrage thrust his big-featured face, red-mottled with anger, close to Dennett's.

"I'm going to give you one more chance to come across," the police captain said hoarsely, "and if you don't, then I'll beat the truth out of you."

Dennett did not draw his pale face away

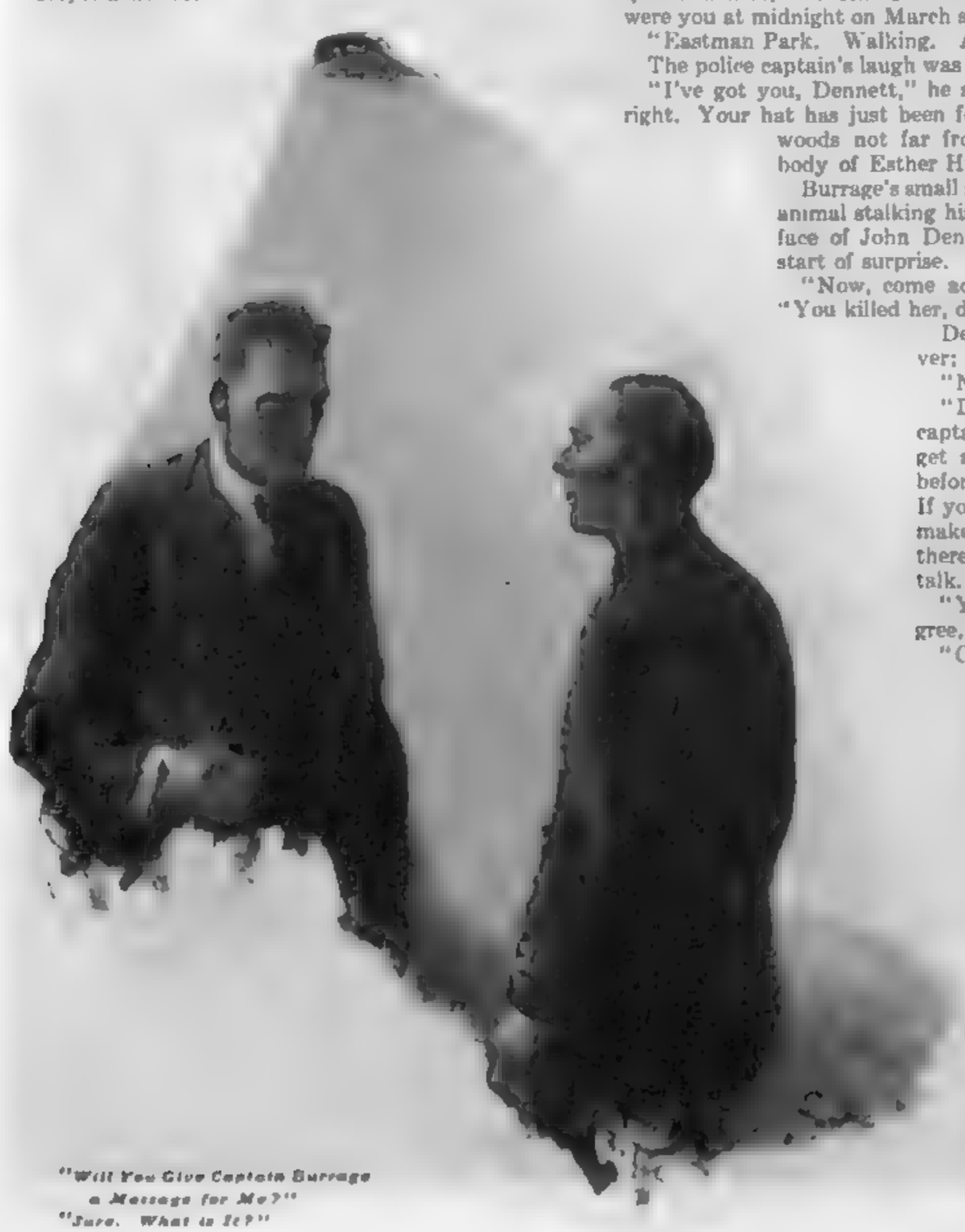
"It won't do you any good, Captain Burrage," he said. "You'll get nothing out of me—but the truth."

"One more chance," repeated Burrage. "Listen. Where were you at midnight on March second?"

"No matter how often you ask me that, or what you do to me, my answer to the question will always be the same," replied Dennett. "I was walking, alone, in Eastman Park."

"You mean you were walking in the woods near College Hill and you were not alone. Quick! Isn't that so?" The police captain shot the words at him.

"No, it is not so."



"Will You Give Captain Burrage a Message for Me?"
"Sure. What is It?"

From behind his wide back Captain Burrage whipped a crumpled brown object. He forced it into Dennett's hands.

"What's that?" Burrage demanded.

Dennett stared at it, then looked back steadily at the police captain.

"It's my hat," he said.

"Ah," growled Burrage, "the truth at last!"

"Why should I deny it?"

"You know it wouldn't do you any good to lie about it. Your initials are in it."

"Is it a crime for a man to own an old brown hat?"

"Shut your mouth!" rasped Burrage. "I'm asking the questions here, see? And I want straight answers. Where were you at midnight on March second?

"Eastman Park. Walking. Alone."

The police captain's laugh was short, hard, triumphant.

"I've got you, Dennett," he said; "and I've got you right. Your hat has just been found in the College Hill woods not far from where we found the body of Esther Huxley."

Burrage's small sharp eyes, the eyes of an animal stalking his prey, were fixed on the face of John Dennett. He saw Dennett's start of surprise.

"Now, come across," growled Burrage. "You killed her, didn't you?"

Dennett's eyes did not waver; his voice was level.

"No," he said. "I did not."

"Dennett," said the police captain fiercely, "I'm going to get a confession out of you before you leave this room. If you won't come across I'll make you. If you won't talk there are ways of making you talk. Get me?"

"You mean the third degree, I suppose," said Dennett.

"Call it what you like."

"I've heard of your methods before, captain," Dennett said. "I know about your beatings, your blackjacks, your rubber hose—and all the rest of it."

"Do you? Good." Burrage leered. "That helps. You know what's coming to you, then. Yes, you're right, Dennett. There'll be beatings; there'll be blackjacks that will break that jaw of yours, and a rubber hose that will hurt you as you have never been hurt in your life; and hot irons, too, unless you confess you killed that girl. I want you to know exactly what you're in for. So save yourself trouble. Come across. You killed her. Didn't you?"

"Captain," said Dennett, "I want to say something to you."

"Go ahead. Confess while your skin is whole."

"I've nothing to confess," returned Dennett. "I swear to you I know nothing about the crime. And I'll stick to that."

"We'll see. That's what they all say!"

"What I'm going to say I want you to remember, Captain Burrage."

"Out with it."

Dennett's voice was tired.

"I'm not a strong man," he said, "and you've not made me any stronger by keeping me in a cell without food or sleep for two days. But—I'm an innocent man, and you can kill me, but you can't break me. You can beat me, torture me and I'll cry and scream because I can't stand physical pain. I know pain. I was hit in the war. Your blackjacks will be no worse than shrapnel, perhaps—but they will be utter hell to me ——"

"Glad you realize that in advance," Burrage broke in. "When a man knows what to expect it's twice as bad when he gets it. If you hadn't known about the third degree I'd have told you. I've loosened many a tight tongue that way."

"Let me finish," John Dennett said. "I'm not afraid of you. When a man is condemned to death he can do as he pleases because he knows that he has already incurred the worst penalty our savage civilization has had the wit to devise. Now you've condemned me to something that to me is worse than death—to pain, and to injustice. I'm going to tell you what I think of you. Oh, go ahead; knock me down. I see you want to. You're pretty transparent, captain."

"Yes, you rat, I'll knock you down, and more than once, too," Burrage snarled. "But not just now. You've got that to look forward to."

"Thank you. Then I won't need to worry about it. You can be planning just how you'll do it. It won't be hard. You're fifty pounds heavier and I'm not much of a fighter. But remember this: You're hitting an innocent man—and you know you are."

"What do you mean?" Dennett raised his hands to his face to ward off a blow, but the police captain paused with his fist drawn back. "What do you mean, Dennett?"

"Just this: You're trying to frame me. I'm a poor man with few friends, and a stranger in this town. I'm just an unimportant teacher in an unimportant college; a queer, moody fellow, with eccentric habits, like taking midnight walks alone. I've insomnia, you see. In short, I'm the ideal type to pin a crime on when a police captain has to solve a mystery to save his face."

"That'll be enough out of you, Dennett," Captain Burrage thundered.

"Oh, no, it won't. You'll listen to me. I can see that. You want to know how much I know. Well, I'll tell you. Esther Huxley was found brutally murdered twelve days ago. You made no arrest. Three days ago the Evening Tribune printed an editorial indicting you for gross incompetence. It called you Burrage the Butcher and said if you did not get the murderer you'd better get a job in an abattoir, where your talents would be suitably employed. Next day I was arrested. Don't stop me."

Before Burrage could speak Dennett went on.

"You needed a case. You made one—a typical police case. I'll tell you exactly how you reasoned. You said: 'Here is a college girl found murdered. Here is an

instructor, an odd chap, with strange habits. The girl was a student in his psychology class. He had repeated talks with her in his office, behind closed doors.' You'll bring that out in the trial, no doubt. Behind closed doors! How sinister that sounds. You'll be able to prove that low earnest conversation came from the room, and, on one occasion, sobs. How easy it will be to make a jury believe that the teacher was in love with his pretty pupil, and, when she spurned him, because he was twelve years older and certainly not handsome, he lured her to the woods and, in a fit of jealous passion, killed her. Of course no jury would believe the teacher's story that he called the girl to his office to talk to her about her work, that the low earnest words he spoke were to tell her that unless her work improved he'd have to drop her from his class, and that she cried, as high-strung girls will, and promised to study harder. The truth is so hard to believe when you don't want to believe it. You had a case. You'd saved your job. But—the case was still rather flimsy. You needed stronger evidence. That explains my hat."

Burrage's face was black.

"Let me finish," said Dennett. "This old brown hat of mine was hanging in a wardrobe in the Psychology Building. It had been hanging there for months. I'd almost forgotten it. You say it was found in the College Hill woods near the scene of the crime. How did it get there? I can't explain."

"And you won't be able to explain to a jury either," snapped Burrage. "So save your breath and save your skin. Here are pen and ink. Write what I dictate. 'I, John Dennett, confess that on March second I killed ——'"

Dennett folded his arms across his chest.

"Never," he said.

"You know what your refusal means?"

"You've been good enough to tell me—the third degree."

"Yes, the third degree." Burrage said it through shut teeth.

Dennett smiled bitterly

"You're rather childish," he said. "You're a poor policeman, but a worse psychologist. Your methods are all wrong."

"We'll see."

"They are the prehistoric methods of a stupid bully and a brute."

"You'll pay for those words, Dennett. I won't forget."

"Neither will I," said John Dennett

The police captain looked at him sharply; he read menace in Dennett's tone

"Are you threatening me?" Burrage demanded

"Yes," answered Dennett, "I am. I want to warn you, Captain Burrage, that if you give me the third degree I'll give you the fourth degree."

"The what? What do you mean?"

"I'll give you the fourth degree," Dennett repeated.

"The fourth degree? There's no such thing."

"Oh, yes, there is."

"You can't bluff me. I've been in the police game twenty years, and I never heard of it."

"Of course you never did. But you will"

"Dennett, say what you mean, if you dare."

"I'll say this: The fourth degree begins where the third degree leaves off. The third degree is medieval, stupid, the invention of policemen. The fourth degree is new, scientific, the creation of scientists. It uses tortures infinitely more subtle and terrible than the racks and thumbscrews of the dark ages. Think it over, Captain Burrage."

"I'll think nothing over," said the police captain. "I've been threatened before. Most of the rats that come in here scream, 'I'll get you for this.' But they never make good."

"I'll make good," said John Dennett.

Burrage started to say something, but his words stopped; he was looking at the eyes of John Dennett. There was a moment of silence in the police captain's office. Then Burrage spat out, "I've had enough of your lip. Once more I ask you, did you kill Esther Huxley?"

"No."

Dennett crumpled to the floor. There was a red trickle from his lips where the heavy fist of the policeman had been driven. Dennett dragged himself uncertainly to his feet.

"Now answer me: Did you kill her?" cried Burrage.

"No." Then: "Stop! You're breaking my arm, captain"

Dennett struggled in the grasp of the bigger man.

"I'll break your neck before I get through with you," said Burrage. "I'm going to twist your arm till you say 'Yes.'"

Dennett moaned with pain, but no word came from his lips. Burrage flung him from him. The police captain pressed a buzzer on his desk. Two hard-faced detectives came in.

"Carson! Rath! Get the hose Did you hear that, Dennett?"

"I heard it." There was a fixed unhuman smile on Dennett's face now. "I'm ready for it."

"Say you killed her."

"No"

Burrage's blow sent Dennett reeling to the floor again. Burrage stood over the prostrate man.

"Say 'Yes.'"

"No."

Burrage's heavy shoe came down on Dennett's fingers

Dennett writhed away, got to his feet, and was just about to fling himself on the police captain, when the two detectives returned. One pinioned his arms. The other brought the yard of rubber hose swishing down on Dennett's back. Dennett cried out, but he said no word.

'The hot irons, now, Carson," Burrage ordered. "Hear that, Dennett?"

'No use," said Detective Carson. "He's fainted. He won't come across today. Better soften him up a bit more with a few nights without sleep."

"He's coming to," said Burrage, bending over Dennett.

"His lips are moving," Carson said. "He's trying to say something."

"What's he saying?"

"Can't make it out Something about the fourth degree," answered the detective. "What does he mean?"

"Don't know," grunted Burrage. "Take him away. Keep him awake all night and tell him he'll get exactly the same dose at exactly ten tomorrow morning."

John Dennett was conscious now.

"Thank you, captain," he said. "I'm glad to know what to expect."

At ten o'clock the next morning they led Dennett again to the office of the police captain

"Are you ready to confess?" Burrage greeted him.

"No."

Under the first blow Dennett collapsed

'Better not go on with it just now, captain," Detective Carson counseled. "We don't want to mark him up too much. It might look bad."

They carried Dennett back to his cell.

Late that afternoon a jailer came to the cell where Dennett was trying to sleep, trying without success, for a

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"What's This Fourth Degree? Give Me a Clew. Tell Me What's Coming. I Get a Right to Know"

Lords of the World's Wealth

By GEORGE PATTULLO

WE HAD just come up from the cellar churchyard by the Garden of Gethsemane. A party of tourists was preparing to descend, but several remained on the terrace above, too weary for the effort.

"Hey, mamma!" bawled an energetic gent in the foremost group, cupping his hands so his voice would carry up to these stragglers. "Come on down. Aw, come on—you can stand it!"

But mamma answered that her feet were killin' her and she wouldn't budge an inch if they gave her Morgan's bank.

The average American tourist arrives at mamma's resolute stand about the third week out from New York. In the case of males, it's much quicker. About the fourth day after landing on foreign shores, daddy soars permanently on cathedrals and picture galleries. His feet will hold out blithely until five A.M. in Montmartre, but they won't carry him to any more ruins. He's offa ruins for life; yes, sir! Another thing he's off of, and don't you forget it—that's Spell books—they're the bunk.

It is a curious fact that the female of the American species is usually a much better traveler—more persistent at sight-seeing for its own sake, and less given to beefing, to regretting the home comforts they can't obtain on tour. She is not nearly so liable to grow homesick, either, unless she happens to have left a young brood behind. No matter how extraordinary the sights, daddy is prone to become low in his mind very early in the game. He starts to bleat about Gawd's country, and by that sign may all men know he's longing for dear old Ellum Street.

The Annual Horde of Spenders

IN MANY years of knocking about, I have never seen anything like this year's hordes of tourists from the United States. They used to tell us in school of those mighty migrations of tribes and races in search of new lands which changed the whole face of Europe in the dawn of history, but the annual flood of Americans abroad in search of pleasure and novelty surpasses any one of them in magnitude. It is colossal. Who's staying home to do the work? That's what I want to know. This aspect of it has given me a lot of worry.

The main current of this human torrent continues to flow through France and England, of course; but every season swells the branch streams to every corner of the earth. One is apt to run into hometown folks anywhere. I've met them in the bazaars of Damascus and the mosques of the holy city of Kairwan.

What this outpouring means to the lands that receive it can scarcely be estimated. It has become the foundation of huge industries, it is the item counted upon to offset any unfavorable trade balance. Without it Europe could not maintain her present scale of living. Probably few of them appreciate that what gives the added impetus to business and employment which spells the difference between prosperity and scrimping is this annual harvest of gold from America. Such is the fact however. The structure of European revival rests more upon it than any other support.

At Top—The Cafe de Paris at Monte Carlo
Below—An Interior View of the Casino

They see their cities and towns and countrysides overrun with scores of thousands of well-dressed, apparently prosperous people—people who spend freely, people who are often lavish and wildly extravagant, tossing away francs and pesetas and piasters like drunken mill hands. And so they conclude that our store of wealth is inexhaustible. Lords of the world's wealth, they call us in some parts of Europe.

The better-informed hotel keepers and business men have learned better of course. They know that this reckless disregard of money is often mere four-flushing, or the squandering of the savings of years in one grand debauch of sight-seeing—something that no Continental would ever dream of doing. But the great masses of the population the tourists contact are persuaded all Americans must be rich, and their expectations are pitched accordingly. Why shouldn't we give them our money when we have so much of it? To be sure, they would never expect it of their own rich, but doesn't America belong to all the world?

Roughly speaking, travelers are divided into two classes: The common, or garden, variety, to which you and I belong, and those rich idlers who spend a portion of every year browsing around the Continent. Both run in packs, but the tourist gives louder tongue. In fact, his bay echoes from horizon to horizon.

England and France and the United States have developed a marvelous swarm of wealthy drones in recent years. Paris is full of them in May and June; they move on to Deauville for the hot weather; then to Biarritz in September; London, Paris and New York for the winter, with a few weeks at places like Palm Beach; then to Cannes and Monte Carlo in February and March. That is approximately their schedule. In between these seasons they may wedge in a cure at some resort like Vichy, to fix up the old digestion and bring down their blood pressure for another whirl.

Neither Toilers Nor Spinners

THEY never seem to toil; nor have I ever seen them spin except at roulette. Reckoning in day-labor scale of pay, it takes the toil of two million men to maintain this class in the style to which they are accustomed. And so I have often marveled where all the wealth comes from.

However, everybody at these resorts isn't rich. Many who swagger there are flat busted—parasites in the plumage of birds of paradise, preying on those more fortunately conditioned. And then there are hosts of moderately well-to-do social climbers who cling to the outer fringe of this restless band—tufthunters and gamblers and charity-fête promoters, milk funders and riband chasers and the like. Also, a great many among these peregrinating fashionables are useless; yet there are many cultured and amiable and charming people too. They have arrived where they want to be and now have no further ambition in life.

If you make the rounds in season, you will see practically the same faces at each place. After a while one gets the feeling that he knows them. Still, it wouldn't do to presume on this assumption. Butting in isn't so easy as that by any means. It can be done, however—I am, personally, making progress. Berry Wall spoke to me once at the Casino in Deauville, by mistake, and already I've got to know quite a few of their valets.

In my own country there exists an old-fashioned prejudice against any man without an occupation, no matter how much money he may possess, unless his years earn him a right to repose. People there are inclined to consider him no-account, and to inquire why the big dub doesn't go to work like an honest man. And so I have often

speculated on what some of my hustling fellow townsmen would think of these beautifully groomed, well-bred triflers if they could see them in their chosen haunts. How can they go on in this way year after year? I have asked myself. Who puts up for it? Why don't they do something? What right has any man to sit back and enjoy the fruits of labor without contributing a lick of his own? Isn't it an axiom of sociologists that no man is entitled to the benefits of liberty until he has first paid his debt to Nature by earning his daily bread? Then where do these guys get off"

Yes, often have I mused in this vein while watching such idlers at their ease. But a few years ago I decided to go to the Riviera for a rest; I had been working pretty hard at a number of things and was fighting the flu, so the sunshine of that gleaming coast appealed to me. One diamond morning found me at Monte Carlo. It is a sweet little place, glistening in its spotless cleanliness and glowing with gorgeous flowers. The air had the kick of spring. All Nature smiled and beckoned. The ache left my old joints, I no longer creaked, and was tempted to sing Hi-Le-Hi-Lo, and cavort on the greensward.

It was plainly a day for something natty in spring suitings, with tie and socks and hat in a tasteful color scheme. So, donning the best Fifth Avenue could produce, and seizing my trusty Malacca stick, I hied me forth from the Hotel de Paris and headed for Ciro's, being minded to assist the invigorating air by hoisting one before lunch.

The Tables Turned

WELL, I was strolling along, swinging my stick and smoking a cigar, at peace with all the world, when my attention was attracted by a couple coming toward me. They looked like Middle Westerners, and worthy, earnest people, but not at all the sort one would care to know. I mean to say, worthy and earnest people are so frequently a bore, don't you think?

Anyhow, I was ambling toward Ciro's bar as aforementioned, when these people spotted me and stopped right in their tracks. I saw the man nudge his wife. Then in a hoarse aside he took no pains to muffle, he said, "Look at that, will you, Clara? There goes one of 'em now. The big loafer! I'll bet he never did an honest day's work in his life."

Nowadays, Americans who travel abroad must reconcile themselves to roughing it. By that I mean they cannot obtain as high a standard of living anywhere in the world as they enjoy at home. Of course, an American of very moderate means may live better than he is accustomed to, if he splurges and goes to de luxe hotels such as he would not patronize in the United States; but our prosperous people are organized on a scale far superior to anything that European hotels can offer, no matter how de luxe, and the average run of tourists, who must stop at the bowl-and-pitcher hostelries, put up with accommodations such as our grandsires endured in post-chaise days.

This is not because European standards of living have deteriorated, but that American standards have so swiftly advanced. How we used to scoff at things we now regard as essential to our comfort! Only twenty-five years ago Americans sneered contemptuously at European luxury. All those countries were decadent and effete. Honest Hearts and Horny Hands was our slogan so long as we could not afford anything else, and European luxuries couldn't be obtained in the United States except in a few expensive hotels and the homes of very wealthy families. Then great fortunes became common in the Atlantic Coast states, the entire country began to amass wealth, and pretty soon our Easterners were fairly wallowing in the comforts they had despised, with a lot of extra frills of their own invention. But the hardy spirit of our pioneers did not die. No, it still flourished. Down in Oklahoma and Texas and New Mexico and Arizona, we raised hoots of derision at those Yankee shorthorns and their airs.

The Champs-Elysees, Paris

The Beach at Dinard, One of the Most Beautiful and Popular Resorts on the Coast of Brittany

And now—well, it doesn't do to jeer at anything new, for the derided novelty of today generally becomes the commonplace of tomorrow. When I first went to Texas about seventeen years ago I wore a wrist watch, all unmindful of the perils, and a big Swede by the name of J. J. Taylor, known as State Press, let loose this uppercut in the Dallas News:

"We don't mind seeing a man wear a wrist watch in the summertime if he will carry a muff in the winter."

Today, State Press always takes off his coat to glance at the time, twinkles a dainty silver holder on his left forefinger to smoke his cigarette, and wears his hairs marcelled. Thus civilization triumphs.

Let us classify the miseries of travel abroad under heads.

HOTELS. Under this head I am referring to what might be termed the average tourist hotel, and not the gilded palace de luxe to be found in a few capitals and ultra-fashionable watering places where one may live passably well.

If the ethics of some of the Continental hotel keepers is any index of the business integrity of the countries where they operate, then American investors stand to lose hundreds of millions in recent foreign speculations. A large percentage of those are going to turn very sour, that's sure

Innkeepers

A CERTAIN class of hotel keepers abroad haven't the slightest regard for their word, nor a glimmering of the obligation of a contract where foreign guests are concerned. They will accept payment in advance for accommodation which they have no intention of delivering if business should be brisk

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Deauville at the Height of the Season. Many Americans are to be Found in the Throng That Gathers There During the Hot Summer Months

BASE METHODS

By Louis Joseph Vance and Frank E. Verney

"That's Done It," Conway Blankly Announced. "No Use Arguin' the Point. Heave to Is the Word"

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

IF IT be held not possible for a ten-ton motor craft, heavy laden with lawless enterprise, and long, gray and lean as a racing hound, to carry a thirty-knot bone in her teeth through seas all serene in the smile of a new-sprung sun, and at the same time wear a look not only guileless but even domestic, then the Minnow in that blushing hour was passing the possible.

Catching the habit, an informed but unbiased observer might have remarked, from her master.

He was Capt. Peter Wilde, D. S. O., late Royal Artillery; and notwithstanding a thorough persuasion that he had overnight come by the degree of graduate pest in the rating of numerous European chancelleries, he was tranquilly squatting in the minute saloon of the Minnow, puckering brows and lips over a band score and—for all the world like a professional *siffleur* rehearsing for a concert—blithely piping his way through the intricacies of Sabathil's Scherzo Capriccio.

A figure as devil-may-care on deck, though his fortunes and Wilde's were one, Michael Conway, one-time lieutenant R. N., hung an aged brier and a flaxen young beard over the wheel, while his gaze twinkled from one to another of sundry units of shipping which were converging upon and scattering from a shimmering blue defile between two continents, far ahead.

Completing this picture of virtue without a care, ex-Sergeant Richards, artilleryman in time of war, today Wilde's servant, was wedged into the cockpit forward and frying bacon over a small oil stove with the complacence of a goodwife added to the concentration of a man who holds his job the only one of the moment that really matters.

Which was all too sweetly perfect to last. In the first place the man has yet to be made who, being hungered, can whiff the aroma of bacon sizzling in crisp morning air and go on whistling without producing trills too liquid. And Captain Wilde, like the reasonable being he was, bowed presently to the laws of Nature, put up his music and tumbled, blinking, up into the sunlight.

After a moment devoted to bracing the mistrustful legs of a landsman against the roll of the Minnow to an offshore swell, and a brief review of those busy waters where the Gulf of Cádiz runs into the Straits of Gibraltar, in the course of which he thoughtfully thumbed the chin in his face of a tanned cherub, he lifted a sharp call.

"Sergeant Richards, I'm afraid this civilian life is enervating your morale. You left all my razor blades behind on the Villar Formoso. A few more days of this and I'll be fit to be mistaken for an ex-lieutenant of the navy."

"Sorry, sir." Richards gravely saluted over his frying pan. "Though the evacuation was 'urried, I should not 'ave overlooked them, sir."

Hearing the man at the wheel give an explosive laugh, Wilde turned with a polite stare.

"Well, Fur-Face, what's this joke that's hurting you?"

"'Strewth!" Conway chuckled. "Also, blimey! You secondhand soldier boys don't expect much, do you? First you go and snatch several hundred rifles, four machine guns, no end of ammunition and one man-size motorboat off a ship under the guns of the Portuguese Navy, and then you grouse at losin' a few razor blades."

"My son," Wilde gravely returned, "the razor rules the world. The War was won by clean chins; and by the same token, the Peace got lost amid the beavers. Those blades were most important. How do you expect me to put a good face on affairs with long, sensitive antennæ sprouting from it, the same as yours?"

"Why not have a go at your undergrowth with Richards' razor, then, if your fatal beauty means so much to you?"

"Thanks," said Wilde dryly. "I don't suppose you ever noticed the look of acute bliss Richards puts on when he's shaving. I'll wait to shop for blades when we call at some port on our way back—that is, unless Abdel Krim happens to have spares on hand. Where are we now?"

He bowed his dark head to Conway's blond over the chart case and intently followed the forefinger which traced their course.

"H'm!" Wilde straightened his back; a long blue squint took in again the peaceful panorama of sea and ships and shore. "Through the Straits and off the Riff coast in four hours' time. . . . Breakfast ready, Richards? Then hop aft here and take the wheel."

Some time later he checked a marmaladed biscuit on its way to his mouth and nodded to a port at Conway's back. It framed a rakish ship of war whose funnels were belching smoke in dense volumes some eight miles off to starboard, standing out from the scorched brown loom of Africa.

"Mike, m'lad, what do you make of that mysterious stranger? I've had an eye on her ever since we sat down, and to my mind she looks as businesslike as a lady of leisure in the Folies Bergère."

Conway smartly pivoted his vision to bear on the port, gave one grunt, and straightway left Wilde to finish his breakfast alone. When he came back it was with a grave look and a pair of powerful binoculars.

"She's a French destroyer, and she'll be on our bow in no time if we hold on as we are."

Wilde trained the binoculars through the port.

"Suppose we change our course, what then?"

"It'll look darned suspicious."

"No more than we will at close quarters. It's no good asking for inspection."

At his unruffled ease Wilde followed Conway on deck and stood by, whistling, while the latter, relieving Richards, swung the nose of the Minnow a few points off toward the coast of Spain and again made use of his binoculars.

"She's changed, too, Peetah," he directly reported. "What's that for, d'you think?"

"I expect she's been hearing gossip about high-handed doings on the high seas last night as ever was. Let's have another turn with that glass."

"Thank the Lord, she ain't Portugoose, anyway," Conway in embittered philosophy muttered. "A destroyer don't change her course just to be kittenish. She must want us."

"Seeing that there's no hole hereabouts for us to hide in, and she can run faster than we can, we'll know soon enough."

Within another ten minutes a cry came back from Richards in the bows, "She's stopped, sir!"

"Your mistake, Richards. She's heading for us bows on, that's why she looks stationary. A vessel with no way on her doesn't spurt up white water like that with her stem."

"'Strewth!" Conway wailed. "We're done for, Peetah, unless you can think of something ——"

"The captain may have some razor blades to spare," Wilde reflected; "though being a Frenchman he wears whiskers, chances are, and uses moth-ball."

"Blast it," Conway expostulated, "can't you be serious ever?"

"I tried to once," Wilde absently replied, "but didn't frightfully care for it."

"But, damn it all, here we are a floatin' arsenal of contraband runnin' slap into the arms of a destroyer—and you blether about razor blades as if we were toddlin' into a barber's on Bond Street."

"Furrier's, Mike," Wilde corrected. "I'm afraid it's more like a furrier's. But this little lady seems bent on accosting us, and heavy conversation won't transform rifles into Bibles or the Minnow into a submarine, so let it develop."

"Let what develop?"

"The situation, dear lad, the situation."

It developed first in a string of signal bunting broken out on the halyards of the destroyer.

"That's for us to heave to. What do we do?"

"Keep on minding our helm and business. We don't understand flags."

Breathing smoke and flame from four funnels, with that sweet summer sea furiously foaming up to her gunwales, the Frenchman, like a monster of fable cruising for live forage, bore down on the slim gray motorboat that coolly streamed on to pass her. Across the closing gap of blue and gold came the peremptory scream of a siren. The destroyer began to slow down. A megaphone magnified a bawl from her bridge.

"That's done it," Conway blankly announced. "No use arguin' the point. Heave to is the word."

"Might as well throttle down and pass the time o' day then."

Conway resigned the wheel to Wilde and hopped forward to the engine pit. The drone of coupled aero engines ceased, twin propellers threshed no more, the Minnow swept gracefully up under lee of the destroyer. Down her side a clanking accommodation ladder dropped; at its head a cluster of French sailors made a dull blue background for two brisk young officers.

"What the devil do you want with us?" Wilde crossly shouted. "Can't you see this is a British yacht cruising for pleasure?"

"Have the goodness to come alongside, messieurs!"

"Oh, very well!" Wilde in vast fatigue consented. "Humor the blighters, Mike—shove her under."

The Minnow had way enough still to take her in under the bottom grating of the accommodation. A line was cast, caught and made fast by Richards. Boat hooks steadied the lesser craft while four sailors and one officer, openly armed and alert, leaped aboard.

"Messieurs," the officer ordered, when a keen if rapid survey had told him all he needed to know, "you will now have the goodness to precede me up this ladder."

"Monsieur"—Wilde's shrug was as French as his accent, the perfection of which caused the Frenchman to round his eyes—"your methods are arbitrary; but your captain will no doubt offer the necessary explanations and apologies. Come on, Mike."

And with as much dignity as he could muster, he had the goodness then to mount to the deck of the destroyer, with Conway growling at his heels.

"This is the real, God-forsaken sticky end, Peetah! There's no chance of our putting it over this outfit."

Received civilly enough by a sous-lieutenant the backs of whose eyes harbored a flicker by no means hostile, they were ushered forthwith into the presence of the commanding officer. And, lo! It was even as Peter Wilde had foretold—that one wore a beard.

What was worse, he had English and adored to exercise it. What was better, he was young, well bred and, like his sous-lieutenant, frankly intrigued and amused.

"Allo!" he gave his wonder voice when he had measured Wilde with one glance, Conway with another. "But you do not look such desperate characters, messieurs."

"Monsieur," Wilde politely returned, "may be sure our appearance does not belie us. Why should it? We are peaceable Englishmen cruising for pleasure. It is permitted to ask why we are honored by your distinguished attentions?"

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Wilde Backed Three Paces. "Many Thanks, Messieurs, for a Most Amusing Week-End!"

THE ONE BEST BET

When the Flag Fell Big Three Poked His Nose in Front and Wasn't Never Headed, Winning Easy by Three or Four Lengths

Tales of the Race Track

AM I A BELIEVER in luck? Yes and no. There's folks has a gift for choosin' chances as easy as some women pick the capital prize out of a flock of spring millinery. What is it and how do they do it? I don't know. Nobody does. Oncet in a while you come acrost a citizen that's a natural horseman, and any time he keeps his feet on the ground and don't go to ghost dancin', he can generally beat the races. But he's got to use his eyes, be a good judge of form, and sense when to put his money down. There's mighty few of 'em.

There's one thing you've got to hand me. I come honestly by my knowledge of race horses. I didn't hatch from no tailor's goose, nor I ain't a bun from the kitchen range. My dad before me was a racin' man. When he died he didn't have nothin' much to leave me but a few old sellin' platers that was candidates for the boneyard.

It was spring meetin' at Nashville and one mornin' an ole-timer who'd been hittin' the high spots on the whisky route ast me to work a horse for him. I only weighed about a hundred and eight pounds then. He led me down under the shed and showed me a three-year-old maiden that was as good-lookin' a gee-gee as I ever saw.

"I want you to work him five-eighths of a mile," he stuttered. "Set him down good, boy. He's in a race the day after tomorrow."

Then the old agent faded away in the direction of his stable kitchen and went to sleep, and I didn't see him again for several days. He was still fightin' old Barleycorn and couldn't put me wise to anything.

Well, as I was sayin', a darky groom saddled Big Three—that was his title—and I took him out on the back stretch and broke him from the quarter pole. My, that amarabilis could run! He was as strong as an ox and handy as a pet monkey. Before we'd gone two hundred yards I knowed we was steppin' to town, and when we hit the head of the stretch, while I couldn't figure just how fast we was travelin', I sensed I'd better take him back some. So I put on the brakes and slowed him down as best I could, but he finished still goin' strong and with his mouth wide open. He wasn't blowin' hard enough to put out a match.

I soaked the two goats I had for four hundred dollars, and dug up Bob Francis to do the drivin', as I was about five pounds overweight myself. Bob was some jockey in those days.

When we had saddled this bird up, I strolls into the bettin' ring to see how the prices were. Had the four hundred shekels nailed to my wishbone, intendin' to bet the works. Then I looked up at the slates.

In them days at the spring meetin' sixty bookies or more would be in the ring. The leader of 'em all, and the biggest plunger, was a penciler named Al Burton. He'd take any kind of a bet—provided, of course, he thought he was right. Didn't care what price he laid so long as you was wrong. They had chalked up all the way from twenty to thirty to one against Big Three's chances. I scooted over to Burton's book.

With the idea that he was goin' to corral all the loose change in the ring, Burton had chalked up a hundred to one, and I commenced to pinch. I couldn't seem to get up enough spunk to bet four hundred on a long shot like that, so I weeded my roll until I had in my hand the century bill that was on the outside. First I was goin' to bet it, but when I got closer to Burton's book I weakened. He was always surrounded by a noisy mob and I had hard work to reach him, but I shoves my way to the front and hands him my bill.

"What's this?" yells Burton.

I pointed to the slate. "I want to bet twenty on Big Three."

"Is he runnin' in this race?" queries Burton cynically. "Oh, I see he is. Twenty on a hundred-to-one shot, eh? Why, say, boy, I thought you was a sport. Everybody told me you'd bet the buttons off your clothes. Ha! A sport! That's the kind of a game chicken you are!"

Al Burton never talked in whispers. He generally addressed the world at large—it was his own particular way of doin' business—and the crowd laughed.

"Here's a boy," he shouts, "with a hundred dollars in his hand, but he's afflicted with frozen feet. What do you know about that?"

The crowd laughed again. Burton was a good deal of a comedian, and I didn't want to stand there any longer, so I shoves the bill right into his hand. "Take the whole hundred," I said, kind of careless-like. "I ain't afraid to bet it!" And I grabs a ticket callin' for ten thousand to one hundred, and beats it out of the ring, thinkin' my money was gone.

I knowed Big Three was a bear-cat horse, but that hundred-to-one shot got me, and, just like Burton said, I had frozen feet. When the flag fell Big Three poked his nose in front and wasn't never headed, winning easy by three or four lengths. They called me the Boy Plunger, and the papers had it that I'd won sixty thousand! But that taught me not to lay down on my judgment of a horse, no matter what nobody said.

I wasn't much more'n a kid then, and the money had come too easy. I cashed that ticket for ten thousand dollars and set out to lay plans for puttin' the bookmakers out of business. My dreams lasted until the second race the next day. Then old Burton started badgerin' me again and I bet six thousand at six to five on a colt called Timothy. Timothy led by three or four lengths until they reached the head of the stretch, then he ran out, jumped the fence and wasn't caught till late in the evening.

I had four thousand left, and with that I lasted till the Saratoga meetin'—winnin' and losin', just keepin' my head above water. At the Spa I sensed it would only be a question of time till I was broke, because I knowed the percentage was against me. Then one mornin' as I was turnin' into Horsehaven I met old Bill Heyward. Heyward was then called the dean of the ridin' profession. He was an Englishman and absolutely reliable. As we walked down the road he told me he was goin' to ride a colt that afternoon called Redfellow—said he was a Longfellow colt and a good one. That was a lot for Heyward to say. Whenever he thought a colt was good, he was just a curly wolf.

I was minded to split my pile and bet half on Redfellow. Just as I come from the bettin' ring a tout comes up and introduced a guy from Chicago, intimatin' that he had seen me out with Heyward that mornin'. What did I know about Redfellow? I showed him my tickets for the five hundred I was playin'.

"That's good enough for me," he said. "I don't want any more," and turned away.

There was only three horses to start. Redfellow won. After the race was over the guy from Chicago dug me up and handed me two thousand dollars. It was the easiest money I ever got in my life. The tout come around afterward and wanted his share of the winnings. I expect he got somethin' from the Chicago man, but as it was, I gave him five hundred, and then he suggested that we should work together. He was to dig up the subscribers and I was to keep my eyes open and watch the horses, passin' him my opinion of possible winners.

This looked like a pretty good plan to me, but after I had put him wise to several names and the ledger was well on the winnin' side, I got a sneakin' notion that my new partner was beginnin' to renig. I made sure of this, and then I started out for myself as a full-fledged tout.

My two cheap old sellin' platers came in mighty handy for badge horses, as we used to call 'em. You see, I could sport an owner's badge and impress prospective betters. Sometimes, of course, it didn't work—it wasn't all beer and skittles.

I remember oncet I had staked out an important stable and by gettin' acquainted with the watchman I had the entrée. I would take down a possible subscriber, tell him I was the owner, and show him the horses. Well, this was all right until one day a real moneyed guy blew in and I took him down to inspect my string.

"Here's a mare," says I, "that I expect great things from. Out in Chi last summer she showed 'em all her heels, and when I get ready there's goin' to be somethin' happen. Wait till you see her! You'll say she's the best-lookin' filly in the East."

With that I throws open the door of the box stall. "Look at her!" I exclaims.

And there stood the old gray mule that had been used for pullin' the manure wagon at the track. The big stable had moved out in the night!

Compared with the game now, toutin' in the old way is a lost art. It would be too expensive. I can remember the time, when bookmakin' was at its highest, all one needed was a fat stubby pencil and a miscellaneous bunch of bookmaker's tickets. It was so easy to pick out the horses that couldn't beat a fat man, write tickets on 'em, and hand these to customers, which, as the horses just naturally lost, never knowed the difference.

But this system had some drawbacks too. I knowed a tout oncet that wrote a phony ticket callin' for six hundred to a hundred, on a horse he'd seen out at exercise that mornin' when he was so lame he couldn't put a foot on the ground. It was a great stall for the folks that managed him, because in the afternoon he was goin' sound enough and won all by his lonely. Did the guy that drew the bonanza ever cash his ticket? Well, hardly!

Along in the early nineties I invented a scheme that I figured would work out all right. My system was to leave out the horses that I thought didn't have a ghost of a chance, and give tips on the rest of 'em. That was when I begun to advertise in certain sportin' papers. But that scheme had its drawbacks too. Once in a while the goats I had thrown in the discard came to life and won; and then sometimes they added a starter which was not carded to go in the list published by the papers in the morning. Things like that, of course, scrambled the eggs for the feller that paid his money for the one best special.

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BARGAINS AND BASEMENTS

By [redacted]ara Belle Thompson

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

"A POOR Time to Waste Money," I read in heavy, coal-black type in the advertising section of my newspaper. Beneath in smaller point I learned: "We can furnish you a $275 funeral for $150. By manufacturing our own caskets, we are able to give you a beautiful funeral at a little more than half price. Don't believe us, but ask our satisfied customers."

I am not sure whether the customer is the corpse or the surviving relative who writes the check. In either case, communication is quite feasible and has evidently proved reassuring; for the mortician does an enormous business. He makes possible a last bargain! At the same time he makes public recognition of the great American indoor sport—bargain hunting

I am acquainted with golf players who play an execrable game. I also know tennis and bridge enthusiasts who are not in great demand as partners. Yet these men and women assure me that their pleasure is in the game, not in the winning. I hope that the bargain hunters are equally philosophical and feel that their entertainment has paid for itself. For the past four years I have been sufficiently interested in merchandising to follow the general as well as special advertising, to attend many sales, to compare price mark-ups in a number of cities. I have a few gleanings anent bargains.

Samples of Sales Talk

I SAW a player piano advertised at $289, with bench, twenty-five music rolls, cabinet, piano cover and lamp tossed in for good measure. As the regular price then charged for the piano, sans accessories, was $550, I was sufficiently interested to investigate. Armed with the ad, I entered the store. A polite salesman greeted me.

"I want to see this instrument," I said, indicating the clipping from the paper.

He led me to the rear of the shop, and sure enough there was a good-looking player with all the aforementioned accouterments within easy reaching distance. A couple of rolls were played on it. I professed to like the tone and was ready to talk terms. But the salesman was not.

"It is a good value," he admitted. "Quite suitable for the average person. But I see that you really appreciate music. I want you to look at this instrument."

He started away.

"How much is it?" I asked.

He looked pained.

"It is only $500, but the monthly payments would be the same as on the other. Just the question of a few more months. In buying a piano, a lifetime investment, I would be inclined to get the best."

Again I interrupted: "I like this one well enough. I am not making a life proposition of this investment anyway. As long as I am here at a place convenient for you to take care of this player, I feel it will give me good service."

"But we do not guarantee it," objected the salesman, "as we do the other."

He showed all the signals of a large sales talk, but I cut it short.

"Here is five dollars. I will pay twenty more when you telephone me that you are ready to deliver, and then we can arrange the monthly payments."

He accepted the note reluctantly. Ten days passed and not a word from the piano. I made a call and was told that I would be notified when the instrument was ready for me. At the close of a month I made a second visit. This time the salesman referred me to a manager. He was curt.

"There are 167 similar orders ahead of you. You will have to take your turn. The factory is working overtime to supply our demand, but we cannot ship you the player until it is sent to us," he said.

"Do you suppose I can have mine in another four weeks?" I asked.

"That I do not know. I hope so, of course." But I could see that he did not hope anything of the sort. "On the other hand, it may be several months."

"Then," I decided, "I do not think that I care to wait any longer. I will take my money back."

He refunded it gladly.

I was discussing my experience with a piano manufacturer.

"That salesman has few customers like you," he said "I happen to know that in nine cases out of ten the higher priced instrument is sold. The plan is to have three or four other players near by, priced perhaps $400, $500, $600."

High Hats and Low

"THEY vary only slightly from one another; one may have a little better hammer or smoother finish or easier action, or different case or pilaster. If the salesman sells the $400 one, he has accomplished the expected. If he sells the $500 one, he draws a ten-dollar spif; if the $600, a twenty-dollar spif; and so on. These other players are not equipped with accessories as the $289 was; the price is for the instrument alone."

"I thought that the prices of pianos were fixed by the manufacturer," I interposed.

"So they are, in first-class houses. But we are discussing something else. These bargain pianos are often finished in thirty days, when it takes from six months to a year to complete a proper instrument. And their keys are celluloid instead of ivory, the veneer cheap, the workmanship inferior."

He paused while he searched his pockets. When he found a leaflet he handed it to me for perusal. It mentioned a number of pianos that were to be sold at half price, after being used in a series of concerts.

"There is no such profit in pianos," he said, "as would enable the dealers to make such a concession. Nor would

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The Last Coat Was Sold Before Noon, in Spite of the Man Who Shouted Through His Megaphone, "These Coats Will Positively Not be Exchanged"

WHERE TESSIE MISSED OUT

By SEWELL FORD

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

HE HAD pale-blue eyes, about the shade of Grade B milk after two days in the bottle; pale hands, pale hair; and, as near as I could guess, a pale disposition. Yet here he was for the fourth time since eleven A.M., stalling around the news-and-candy counter, and with Mame out to lunch there was no way for me to side-step him any longer. Besides, he might as well get what was coming to him and have it over with

"Yes, sir-r-r?" says I, crisping it out. "Something in a five-pound box?"

"Ah—er—quite so," says he, tinting up and reaching for his bill fold.

"Delivered on, or wrapped and sent?" says I.

"Beg pardon?" says he. "Oh, yes! I'll take the dashed thing."

And as I'm making change I can see him easing his collar nervous off the front of his neck like he was getting ready to uncork something mushy. He's even working up a ruddy color in the ears before he's said a word, and I has to wonder why he thinks he has to do it if it's so painful. Still, most of 'em do. Somehow I seem to affect 'em that way. Out of ten males who drift up to the stand, about nine will try some sort of sheik stuff on me, from simple eye-rolling to the "Oh, you sweetie!" line. As if I was something the management kept in the lobby for their amusement, like the goldfish pool or the marble statue of Gloriana doing her before-bathing toe dance.

He Didn't Miss My Entrance. Not Him! I Caught the Cut-Up Glance on the Fly and Countered With a Half-Voltage Twinkle

He don't act like one of the regular lobby hounds, either. Too fidgety for one thing, and then he has kind of a simple half-baked look, which might be due to the light eyebrows or else the way he held his mouth ajar. English, I should guess, from his general get-up and the "Quite so." Anyway, when it comes to wearing baby-blue shirts, with collars and cuffs and necktie to match, he gives the prince a close run. About the same type as Walesy boy, only without the well-known smile and not half the pep of his R. H. But when I hands over the fancy box he's right there with his little speech.

"Thanks awfully, Miss Tessie," says he.

"Oh!" says I. "I didn't know we were so well acquainted."

"Hope you don't mind my calling you Tessie," says he. "I asked one of the chappies at the desk, you know."

"How clever!" says I. "But what was the big idea?"

"Why—ah—just following the jolly old rule," says he. "Can't ask a lassie to dine with you unless you know her name, can you?"

"Well, well!" says I, catching my breath. "That comes next, does it—the bid to dinner?"

"Righto!" says he, chirking up. "Didn't think I'd get to it so early, but that's the central thought—nourishment for two. Smart little place, they tell me. One of these night clubs, with a bally padlock on the front door and a tunnel entrance from the next street. Jazzing and all that sort of thing. Eh, what?"

He's beaming across the counter so kiddish, believing he's got it all fixed up, that it seems a shame to bring him out of it sudden. So I strings him along a bit.

"But I hardly know you, sir," says I.

"Oh, I say, Miss Tessie!" says he. "Sir me no sirs. Call me Towney. That's a good girl. Have a go at it."

I shakes my head.

"Not right off," says I. "That would be bold. I might work up to it. But listen—where'd you collect the idea of taking me on a party, and why?"

"Heaven-sent inspiration," says he. "Moment I saw you. 'Ah, Towney,' I tells myself, 'there's a charming lassie for you. Absolutely! Regular Helen of Troy—aureate locks, pearly teeth, eyes like bits of a summer sky. In other words, a perfect stunner. Buck up, Towney, and ply her with fair words.' So I bucked. Terrific strain on the shrinking-violet disposition, I assure you, but I cleared the top rail, eh?"

"I'll say you did," says I. "You're some bucker. You step right in, call me by my first name, and proceed to date me up for the evening. Is that a true sketch of it?"

He grins sappy.

"Sounds too good to be true," says he.

"It is, Towney," says I. "I been letting you chatter along just to see if you were as big a simp as you looked. And you are. Say, whoever this Helen party is that stunned you before, you better go look her up and ask her to sub in, for Tessie isn't that kind—positively."

"Eh?" says he, still open-faced. "You—you mean it's a scratched event?"

"Never was on the card," says I. "Why, say, you had no more chance of picking me up casual like that than you have of fishing a pearl from a plate of clam chowder. What gets me, though, is how a total loss like you ever had the crust to play yourself for a winner. You! Say, that boy-friend line of yours would get a laugh anywhere outside of an old maids' convention. You're a flop, Towney, and it's only a kindness to tell you that ——"

But he groans and holds up both hands.

"Kamerad!" says he. "I knew I couldn't carry it through. Felt it in the old backbone all the while, don't you know. But I just had to have a shy at it."

"Doing it on a bet, were you?" says I.

"Worse than that," says he.

"I don't follow you," says I. "And you've got me curious. Why flutter around at all?"

He scouts about the lobby nervous to see if anybody's near, gives me a shy, almost panicky look, and whispers confidential, "Had to do it, my dear girl. Spirit of the warring Rickhams blazing up. I'm a Rickham, you know. We're last-ditchers, always, with our shield or on it. That's us. Fight on, fight ever, and when we draw our trusty blade let the craven foe beware. G-r-r-r!"

I couldn't keep back a chuckle, for he growls as fierce as a canary.

"Well, well!" says I. "Desperate Desmond, eh? Who'd have thought it? Tell me, which war was it you won?"

"I?" says he. "Why, personally, I have as yet slain none of my fellow men. I did punch a fellow's nose at school once. Little chap too. He should have run off whining to the head master. But the tiresome little beast got up an' mauled me thoroughly. He had no sense of proportion, no respect for tradition. Knew I was one of the warring Rickhams, mind you. I've never punched a nose since. But I can't forget the fighting blood in my veins. From Flodden Field to Mons, it has kept us going and we never give up. So, you see?"

I shakes my head.

"Not a glimmer," says I. "How do I fit into this feud of yours, if any?"

"Oh, I say!" says he. "If I haven't gone and left out the love-and-war part! Silly of me. Why, of course you couldn't get me! But the whole of the grand old tradition is that we make love the way we fight—no quarter, no surrender, and the jolly old flag spiked to the mast. In other words, when we sue for a lovely lady, we stop at nothing. Up drawbridge, let the portcullis fall! Pouff! We swim the moat, scale the battlements, bowl over the halberdiers guarding the watchtower, and carry her off, fair means or foul. That's the Rickham manner. Which is why I'm here at your feet, Miss Tessie."

"You mean you're leaning your elbows on a stack of magazines and smearing the covers so they'll have to go in the returns," says I. "Easy on the stock, mister, when you start pulling the cave-man stuff. And anyhow, why pick on me? Can't you Romeo somebody else just as well?"

"Can't I?" says he. "My word, Miss Tessie, but that's exactly what I'm trying to do!"

"Wha-a-at?" says I. "Then you mean it isn't me that you're ——"

"Oh, I wouldn't have the cheek," he breaks in. "You're too—well, too dashed stunning for me to make up to—that is, really. All I hoped was that I'd have nerve enough to play it was you long enough for the strategy to take effect. But I didn't have a chance, did I? No, I was

beaten the moment you looked at me in that way. Too bad. I'll have to think up something else."

He gathered up the box of candy and was starting to move off when I stopped him, for he'd spilled just enough to make me want to know what it was all about.

"Listen!" says I. "You're soft on some girl, are you?"

"Soft?" says he. "Rather! If you refer to the state of my cardiac organ, a jellyfish would seem flinty in comparison. I'm simply nuts on her."

"And to keep her from knowing it," says I, "you buzz around the news stand and ask me to dinner? Is that the plot?"

I've made a wide guess. No, the idea is entirely different, as he proceeds to explain.

"The young lady is quite aware that I'm daffy about her," says he. "She ought to be, anyway, for I've been her constant shadow for the last three weeks, morning, noon and night. You see, she was on the same steamer with me and couldn't escape. All the way up from Buenos Aires we came together. Fancy that, Miss Tessie! It—it was heavenly."

"For her?" I asks.

"I say!" he protests. "No spoofing! I don't know what she thought about it. At least, she didn't seem to mind. True, the poor girl had to have someone to walk the deck with, and praise be there was hardly anyone else. Oh, there was that wool buyer from Boston, but he wasn't sober long enough at a time to be much of a menace. And the two young Argentine ranch owners bound for Paris were busy with those Chilean girls, and neither the Peruvian nor the Scotch civil engineer counted. So I had her all to myself. Evening after evening we promenaded around the ship by moonlight or under the blessed stars."

"Listens thrilling," says I. "And I expect you told her all about it."

"I wish I had," says he, "but I just couldn't pull it off. I told everyone else—that bridge fiend aunt of hers, who was supposed to be chaperoning Bobbie—name's Roberta, you know. Yes, I whispered it to the first officer, who sat at our table; I confided in the ship's surgeon; I made even the deck stewards listen while I sang her praises. But to Bobbie herself I couldn't say a word of it. Funked it every time. But she must have known by the way I trotted around after her, by the dumb look in my eyes. Yes, I'm sure she knew. And we were getting along fine until—until that blithering old aunt had to produce this gay widower. Met 'em at the pier, the old sinner did, helped 'em through the customs, whirled 'em off in a taxi, and I've hardly had sight of Bobbie since. Stopping right here in this hotel, too."

"I see," says I. "I get the tragedy part clear enough, but how I figure ——"

Well, by degrees I got him to sketch it out. Seems this old bird that had kidnaped his Bobbie girl has the rep of being a bad actor when it comes to playing around with the ladies. Anyhow, that's the way Towney has him sized up—as a middle-aged sheik who has a past that the least said about the better. Now he specializes in flappers, and the wilder the tales they tell about him the harder the girls fall for him. And Bobbie's like the rest.

So what does Towney dope out but that he must qualify in the same class. At least, he wants Bobbie to believe he's a bold bad man, in spite of his watery blue eyes and his Percy-boy manners. His scheme for registering wickedness with her is to spring me as one of his idle fancies. He's found out where his hated rival is taking her that night; and he plans to blow into the same joint with me on his arm, let on to be all cut up at first about being discovered, and then brass it out reckless.

"Some scenario!" says I. "But you're a bum director, Towney. Couldn't even screen the first reel, could you? Spirit of the warring Rickhams sort of flickered out on you, eh?"

"Nothing less," he admits. "The old bean told me I couldn't wangle it. Not with a girl like you. But that johnny at the desk gave me the wrong tip. You see, I asked him where I could find a snappy dinner partner who wouldn't be fussy about being introduced proper and all that sort of thing, and he tells me, 'Oh, take Tessie.' 'Think she'd go?' I asks him. 'Tessie!' says he. 'At the drop of a hat. Just tell her where and when.' Stringing me, wasn't he? And I slipped the beggar a fiver for it!"

"You did?" says I. "Which one?"

"The slick-haired little bounder with crooked nose and the jutty front teeth," says Towney. "See? He's grinning over this way now."

"Kinsey? That pinhead! Who told him he was a kidder!"

"Well, he's got it on me this time, I'm afraid," says Towney. "Sorry, Miss Tessie. No offense."

"Wait a sec," says I. "Watch me shoot that peep a dirty look. There! That ought to hold him for a while. And don't hurry about sneaking off. Stick around a bit while we show him he isn't so comic as he thinks. Come now, edge in with your chin up and smile for Tessie—that's better—like you was about to make the date. And tell me some more about this Bobbie of yours. What's she like?"

"Oh, she's perfectly ripping, Bobbie is," says he. "She—she's a wonder."

"As a describer, Towney," says I, "you use too much paint for the brush. Details, old thing. Is she blond or otherwise, tall or short, and what about her eyes?"

He stares at me vague and rubs his chin.

"Why, let me see," says he. "She's a little thing, of course. Comes about here," and he indicates the lower edge of his bow tie. "Has sort of greenish eyes, like those jade affairs they try to sell you in Japan; and across her nose —— Oh, I say, there's a nose for you! An uppity nose, chirky and independent and ——"

"Now you're splashing paint again," says I. "What does she wear across her nose? Not cheaters?"

"Freckles," says he. "Most adorable freckles. Some under her eyes, too. Aren't you keen for freckles, Miss Tessie? Not spattered around thick, but touched in here and there, same as the Orkneys and Shetlands are on the map. Little reddish-brown sprays of 'em that ——"

"I've raised freckles myself," I breaks in, "and I know what they look like. But I'm not getting much of a picture of your Bobbie. A squab type for size, I take it, with hair that needs a henna wash now and then. And I suppose she's rather an easy looker in spite of her handicaps. But what's her best line?"

"Eh?" says he. "Oh, I see! Why, Bobbie does things—golf and tennis and high diving and riding. But she doesn't hunt. Fancy that! Never rode to hounds in her life. And what a winner she'd be on a good horse! I can just see her taking off for a water jump, that precious little nose of hers in the air, her saucy lips puckered, her ——"

(Continued on Page 82)

"What Gets Me, Though, is How a Total Loss Like You Ever Had the Crust to Play Yourself for a Winner"

HALF A BRICK

By George Allan England

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

Silence Held Them Both, While Each Looked Deep Into the Other's Eye

THAT July morning heavy rain had fallen on the just and on the unjust of Boomburg. Though now the sun was shining again, water not wholly innocent of mud still lay in ruts of the Main Street pavement. It was into one of these ruts that a hind wheel of Mr. Felix Puffendorf's wonderful limousine dropped with a plop that squirted both mud and water over Mr. Giuseppe Spezzia, formerly of the Rialto in Venice.

Liberally bespattered, even unto the eyes, Mr. Giuseppe stood there a second as if dazed in front of his modest little fruit store. The limousine slowed to the entrance of the magnificent twenty-story Puffendorf Building next door.

"*Corpo di Bacco!*" vociferated Mr. Giuseppe. Then, dripping, he snatched up a loose half brick from the sidewalk and with imprecation was about to hurl it through the rear plate glass of the limousine, when a friendly Celtic hand fell on his arm.

"None o' that, Seppe!" warned Patrolman Martin Kenneally. "Sure, I know; but this ain't Italy. If ye want to be a hundred per-center, ye can't go heavin' bricks. Drop ut, me b'y; drop ut!"

As Mr. Giuseppe dropped the half brick back into the little vacancy in the sidewalk whence he had grabbed it, Mr. Felix Puffendorf descended from the limousine, whereof the door was being held open by his liveried chauffeur, and cast a glance of scornful hostility at his victim.

"Serve him right for gettin' in the way!" remarked Mr. Puffendorf.

Then Mr. Puffendorf, real-estate man, entered the new and ornate Puffendorf Building and ascended in a shiny elevator to his own elaborate suite of offices on the twentieth story. Those offices were located at the side of the building that abutted Mr. Giuseppe's humble fruit store and dwelling. But vastly far above that emporium of Pomona, they commanded a view of nearly all Boomburg, even unto the extensions and subdivisions thereof.

Martin Kenneally helped himself to a Bartlett pear and strolled on. Mr. Giuseppe with his bandanna smeared off some of the mud and water. The shiny limousine drove away. The sun kept on shining, Boomburg kept on booming and all seemed just as it had been.

But ——

But no, nothing was quite as it had been. Nothing ever is. Mr. Felix Puffendorf sat down at his rosewood desk, while Mr. Giuseppe Spezzia sat down in his bulgy-bottomed old chair beside his sidewalk display of fruit, each with heightened irritation at the other.

"That wop!" growled the real-estate magnate. "As if he hadn't made me trouble enough already, when he refused to sell me that disgraceful shack of his! Kept me from sugaring off a full-orbed deal by preventing me from building right to the corner of Boomopolis Avenue. And now he almost throws a brick at me! If I ever get the chance I'll fix him!"

"Da meellionaire!" pondered Mr. Giuseppe. "He put up twenty-story buildin' nex' door to my nice leetla t'ree-story house, where I live an' do business twelve year! Keep all da mornin' sun off me. Make-a my windows dark. An' now he t'row mud an' water on me! If I ever getta da chance, I feexa heem!"

Thus brooding—one from the Rialto and one prominent among the real-estate dealers—these two American citizens pondered dark doings. The sun meanwhile continued to shine and Boomburg to boom.

And as the sun shone, it illuminated the half brick that Mr. Giuseppe had all but hurled through the plate glass of the limousine. A fine, husky half brick that was, eminently well fitted to sing a ballistic Hymn of Hate. It lay at the extreme end of Mr. Giuseppe's sidewalk, close against the smooth walk of contrasting concrete that—on a slightly higher level—fronted the Puffendorf Building. Mr. Giuseppe leaned forward in his chair, picked it up, hefted it regretfully and was once more about to drop it back, when something beneath it caught his Latin eye.

This something was a small white triangle of stone, perhaps two inches on a side. It seemed to form part of a larger stone, over most of which the Puffendorf concrete had been laid. Mr. Giuseppe blinked at it a moment, made nothing of it, dropped the half brick back into place, lighted a cigarette and kept on pondering vain things. And the loom of Old Lady Fate, steadily weaving, picked up a few new threads.

For nearly a week Mr. Giuseppe forgot all about the loose half brick and the stone triangle under it. For nearly a week Boomburg's hundred per-centers and others not quite so decimally desirable continued to walk around, over and upon the brick and the stone. But eventually one morning a barefoot youth of Ethiopian extraction stubbed a somewhat simian toe on the half brick and recalled the same to Mr. Giuseppe's memory.

A certain vague wonder penetrated from his subjectivity into his objectivity; and Martin Kenneally happening along at something the same time, Mr. Giuseppe asked him. He always asked Martin everything, for Martin to him represented the law and a certain slight diminution of the profits.

"Brick, is ut?" demanded Martin. "Piece o' stone, is ut? Oh, that!" And he inspected the triangle. "Sure, looks like a boundary mark to me!"

"Mark? W'at you mean—mark?"

"Well, ain't you the ignorant wop, though! There's all kinds o' marks, see? There's German marks. They don't mane nothin'. There's E. Z. Marks. If there wasn't, half the world'd starve to death. There's marks left by a night stick. They manes the hospital. An' there's boundary marks. They kapes the lawyers busy."

"*Non capisc'!*"

"Talk U-nited States, ye scut! Ye don't savvy? Is that ut? Boundary mark, I'm tellin' ye! This here's got mostly all covered up by the new sidewalk. What ye see is the corner of ut. Them marks is 'most always square stones wid a little piece o' brass set in the middle of 'em. That there brass shows where your line runs."

"Brass? I ain't see no brass!"

"Sure ye can't! The ce-ment's laid over ut. Say, is all wops as bonehead as you?"

Martin carefully selected the best banana in sight and was on his way. Mr. Giuseppe again replaced the half brick and once more sat him down to ponder between customers; to watch the drift of Boomburg's life along Main Street; to resent the fact that his morning sun was now cut off by the wholly objectionable new Puffendorf Building next door.

"Line?" he wondered. "My line, mark' by piece o' brass, under da cement? But ——"

He arose with some effort, being stouter by far than in his old Rialto days in Venice. Scratching a double chin constitutionally in need of a shave, he posed himself over the half brick, squinted across the sidewalk and stood a moment brooding

"*Corpo di Bacco!*" he murmured. Then he hove mightily into his store and proceeded to the phone.

The passage of thirty-two minutes brought one Mr Marco Volenti to him. Mr. Volenti was a lawyer, and among his compatriots bore the title of the fox, which sufficiently characterizes him. He and Mr. Giuseppe viewed the half brick and the stone triangle, and went into conference. Thereafter

"Martuccia!" Mr. Giuseppe addressed his good wife. "You keep-a da store. We goin' away. One hour, two hour—mebbe"

They went away for one hour; and when they came back, another gentleman came with them. His name was MacGregor, and he had steel tapes, blue-prints and other like matters. He busied himself awhile with the half brick and the stone triangle under it, which triangle was the corner of a square stone indeed. Also, he consulted plans and blue-prints and examined the sidewalk and the wall of the Puffendorf Building.

On that building he made little blue arrows and crosses. He measured them, wrote things in a notebook and performed certain cabalistic reckonings. Then he departed with Mr. Volenti, the fox; and Mr. Giuseppe sat down once more in his old cane-bottomed chair, brooding in the sunshine. For now that afternoon had come, not even the Puffendorf Building could bar the sun from him.

Perhaps it was the sunshine, perhaps something else, that caused Mr. Giuseppe to smile as he sat there warmly enhaloed by the smoke of a crooked *sigaro di Napoli* with a straw down the middle to promote combustion and contentment.

Two days later, Mr. Giuseppe ascended in the shiny elevator to the elaborate suite of Puffendorf offices on the twentieth story and demanded audience of the real-estate man

"Watcha want?" demanded a pert person—female—at a switchboard. "Got a card? No peddlers admitted here, an' he ain't in; an' besides, he's in conference an' can't see nobody!"

Mr. Giuseppe thrust open the gate in the mahogany rail, advanced to the door marked Private and walked in upon Mr. Puffendorf's conference. Mr. P., leaning far back in a swivel chair, had both feet on a window sill and was conferring with a cigar—though one without a straw down the middle—the while his eye rested lovingly on Puffendorf's Subdivision.

Stretched upon a hillside in all the glory of its up-to-the-minute bungalows, the subdivision was smeared all over the northwestern landscape of Boomburg. To be reft away from contemplating it, Mr. Puffendorf considered a great grievance.

"Hello!" he demanded, lowering his feet and swinging round. "What the devil d' you want?"

"Me? I wanta talk wit' you."

"Well, this is my busy — Say, how the what's-this did you get in here, anyhow?"

"I walk in, an' ——"

"You better walk out then! I'll fire that girl! Good-by!"

"You looka here!" exclaimed Mr. Giuseppe, and kicked the door shut behind him. He advanced menacingly toward the desk. Mr. P. had uncomfortable visions of bombs, stilettos and the like. "Looka here now! You not too busy to listen while I tella you you got you' buildin' here four inch over on my land!"

"I got what?"

"You hear me firs' time!" And Mr. Giuseppe's prominent Venetian eye darkened a trifle more. "You take-a you' buildin' offa my land!"

For a long moment Mr. Puffendorf stared at his visitor with an unblinking blue gaze, while his fat, hard-shaven jowls reddened. Then he reached for his push button.

"Stop!" warned Mr. Giuseppe. "You putta me out, it costa you one meellion dollar!"

Something in Mr. Giuseppe's air warned the real-estate magnate to withdraw his reaching hand. Silence held them both, while each looked deep into the other's eye. What each saw there steadied the encounter from a guerrilla skirmish to the beginnings of trench warfare.

"Well," at last demanded Mr. Puffendorf, "what's the big idea? What kind of a hold-up are you tryin' to sugar off on me? You might's well spill it good. You say my buildin' here is ——"

"Four inch over on my piece o' land, yes! 'Bout size of half a brick over on my land. *Corpo di Bacco*, yes!"

"Don't know your friend Bacco. Never heard of him. But if he says so, he's a—I mean, he's mistaken. When I bought this here piece o' land and run up this here buildin', I bought right to your line. I built right up 'longside o' your wall. That's the line. You're crazy!"

"Crazy, eh? Line, eh? No, sir!" And Mr. Giuseppe smote the rosewood desk with a grimed fist. "My buildin', she ain't build on de line! She's four inch west of de line. My store, wit' my house on top, she's all four inch west of de line! So you four inch on my land, an' ——"

"The devil I am!" retorted Mr. Puffendorf, nevertheless swallowing rather hard. He laid his cigar on a bronze tray and leaned forward over the rosewood. "You been lettin' some bum surveyor or some shyster wop lawyer string you, Giuseppe, and ——"

"My name, for you, ain't Giuseppe! My name, for you, is Mr. Spezzia! And ain't nobody string-a me, not even you. You look up da line you'self! Look her up! Den—see me! One week I geeva you, Puffendorf. One week, no more!"

With a final glare, Mr. Giuseppe turned and departed. He slammed the door so hard that the fancy glass therein almost sprang from its casing. Also he gave the pert person at the switchboard so Black-Handish a look that it haunted her for some time, especially at night.

(Continued on Page 105)

The Quarter, Spinning High in Air, Twinkled, Descended—and Falling Down a Catch Basin at the Curb, Forever Vanished

INSIDE BOX-OFFICE STUFF

By Walter De Leon

The Interior of the New York Hippodrome During a Performance

AT SOME time or other nearly everyone who has bought tickets at a theater has become irritated, offended, incensed, even infuriated by the manner, words or face of the person on the other side of the box-office window. Thousands of chafed theater patrons have stormed out of a lobby vowing that if a just heaven gave them strength, never again would they enter the portals of that misnamed house of amusement.

There are two classic examples of the widespread public antagonism against the box office. There was the gentleman in a sovereign Southern state where grasses grow long and tempers short who lived on a plantation a few miles outside a town whose first-class theater, housing traveling attractions, he often attended.

A generous and habitual entertainer, it was his custom to telephone his reservations to the theater, drive in with his party just in time for the performance, and pay for his seats the next day or the next week or whenever he thought of it. The local management knew the colonel intimately, and as a friendly courtesy broke its own rules for his convenience.

The Colonel's Idea of Getting Even

THE trouble came when a new manager took charge. The regular treasurer was at dinner one evening when the box-office phone rang. The new manager answered it. Colonel Julep desired ten seats that evening for friends he was entertaining at a house party.

"Ten, in the sixth row; yes, sir. We'll hold them until 7:30 for you. What is the name, please?"

"The name is Z——, and you'll hold them till I get there!" declared the choleric colonel.

"I'm sorry, sir; we can't hold them after 7:30, unless you wish to send someone to pay for them."

"Pay for them!" exploded the affronted Southerner. "Pay for them! How dare you insinuate——"

One word inevitably leading to another, the colonel did not attend the theater that evening. But he did, the very next day, send for architects and contractors and begin the building of a new theater which he could run as he thought a theater should be run.

But when his new playhouse was completed; when, after much difficulty, he succeeded in booking some attractions, the colonel discovered that it was highly necessary to install the same regulations to which he had objected if he expected to keep his books straight.

Another apt example of prejudice based upon ignorance occurred during the run of Bought and Paid For, the success of some seasons agone. After a two-year run on Broadway the original cast was given a brief lay-off before being taken to Chicago. In that cast were such stars as Julia Dean, Charles Richman, Frank Craven and Marie Nordstrom.

There were five road companies of the show on tour at the time. During a rehearsal after the lay-off, Mr. Brady decided it would be a good idea to let the original company stop off at Middletown, New York, on its way to Chicago and play the show there, instead of the Number Five Show, which was booked into Middletown. A performance before a regular audience is worth a dozen rehearsals.

There was no time to print new programs or advertise that Miss Dean, Mr. Richman and the original Broadway cast would appear instead of the far cheaper Number Five Company. The members of the Number Five Show found great and unholy glee in forwarding to Chicago the local newspaper criticisms of that Middletown performance. Three critics violently condemned, denounced and excoriated Mr. Brady for daring to send such an inferior, incompetent company to Middletown and charge the same prices for seats that he had for his star Broadway company.

The inhabitants of a theater box office are the house manager, the manager of the company temporarily playing the house, and the treasurer and his assistants. Their titles only partially explain their duties.

The house manager is a cross between a certified accountant and a janitor. His province ranges from the front door to the back wall and from basement to roof. Under him are his ushers, orchestra, billposters, stage crew; and over him, awaiting his weekly detailed accounts, are the owners of the theater or the holding company operating it. He has access to the box office because it is obviously necessary that he get his contracted percentage of the receipts, and full, free, unimpeded observation of the manner said receipts are compiled.

No Job for a Lazy Man

THE company manager's job can be sincerely recommended as one for any individual who craves to lose himself in his work. For a lover of multitudinous detail, an eager seeker after unending trouble, an inviter of grand and petty larceny directed against his peace, temper, health and happiness, no known occupation offers more opportunity than the managing of a theatrical troupe, especially a traveling troupe. He is responsible for the nightly performance of the company, its morale, discipline and as much harmony as is humanly possible to maintain.

The company manager counts up the house after each performance, with the house manager and treasurer. He figures—and gets—his percentage of the receipts. He pays his pro rata of the expenses and sends box-office statements of the week's business to the author. He also sends another set of elaborate statements showing receipts, expenses and the proportionate share of profits accruing to the owner and his partners.

The treasurer of a theater is responsible for the tickets sold and the moneys resulting. He is under a heavy bond as well as a heavy handicap so far as pleasing his public is concerned. For instance, the treasurer of

Looking Up Broadway From 43d Street, the Theater District of New York

any one of three or four musical hits now running in New York handles tickets and cash to the amount of $35,000 every week. The ticket agencies relieve him of handling tickets to seats in the first sixteen or eighteen rows downstairs, thereby adding to his daily troubles. For it is no smiling sinecure to inform hundreds of people every day that the very best seats he can sell them for three weeks from Friday night are two in the nineteenth row, on the side, at $4.40 per each.

Why will people pay $8.80 for two seats in the nineteenth row? Simply because they want to see that particular show just that hard. It is an axiom that the same people who will pay almost any amount to see a hit show cannot be dragged into a theater at any price for a show that doesn't interest them.

No understanding of the ticket situation can be possible without a knowledge of the guaranty system which obtains in New York, and the stop clauses in leasing contracts which theater owners in Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and other large cities demand.

With so many productions gravitating around in the sticks trying to get onto Broadway, the New York theater owners asked themselves why they should gamble on hits and flops. They found not one reason for so doing. On the other hand, taxes, overhead, interest on their investments and other expenses continued fifty-two weeks a year whether the shows in their theaters played to $3000 or $30,000 weekly. Fifty-two weeks' expenses had to be met on an average of a forty-week season.

The split of the box-office receipts between attraction and theater in the larger cities is usually fifty-fifty for straight dramatic shows, and sixty-forty for the more expensive, bigger cast, costlier production musical things. In other words, the weekly receipts are divided equally between theater and company in the case of dramatic shows, while to musical comedies the house allows 10 per cent more. On the road, percentages between house and attraction vary, a musical comedy or a hit show sometimes being able to contract for as much as 75 per cent of the receipts.

In New York the theater has to provide a stage crew of fifteen men, a corps of ushers, a box-office staff, usually about $200 of newspaper advertising and $50 of billposting per week. Adding taxes, interest and other necessary items, the expenses of a big theater may run close to $4000 a week in some instances. When an attraction appearing in such a theater plays to a total gross of, say, $6000, half of which goes to the attraction itself, the remaining $3000 represents a loss to the owner.

How Theater Owners Play Safe

IT IS to be understood that the above figures are purely optional. A show can easily play to less than $6000 a week, and not all theaters cost $4000 weekly. Recently a dramatic show opened in New York on a Monday night to $350 worth of cash customers. Tuesday morning most of the reviewers printed fulsome encomiums; to listen to them the play was a breath-taking wow, the dramatic achievement of the decade. Tuesday night the receipts were $290.

On Wednesday those critics who had attended the Tuesday night performance burst into print with laudatory paragraphs even more lavish and eulogistic than those of the first-night reviewers, with the result that Friday night the show played to $187 actual money. Needless to add, on Saturday night the show folded up its wings and departed thence.

The repetition of similar doleful experiences inspired theater owners and operators to inaugurate the guaranty system. The attraction seeking a theater must guarantee its receipts. The producer contracts that the first $4000 or $5000 that comes into the box office each week belongs to the theater for its kindness in housing the show, and a check covering the sum of this guaranty for a period of two to four weeks must be placed in escrow.

Besides the guaranty, obtainable usually only in New York, leasing contracts contain stop-mark provisions. This stipulates that if the weekly receipts fall below a certain sum, such a fall automatically cancels the contract and, at the option of the house, forces the attraction to move elsewhere. This stop mark is often fixed in the neighborhood of $10,000 gross, or at any gettable figure the theater can operate on profitably with its share.

From which it will be seen that about the only risk the theater owner takes is the chance that his theater may fall down some night.

A consideration of these conditions leads gradually and inexorably—as it led the producers—to the problem of

Part of the Crowd on an Opening Night

ticket agencies and ticket speculators. There must be made a sharp distinction between the authorized ticket agencies and ticket scalpers. The regular agencies operate under a law which fixes their charges at fifty cents above the printed price on each ticket they sell. They work more or less amicably on a purely business basis with the box office. On the other hand, the ticket specs—or diggers, in the language of the box office—operate under their own laws and according to their own desires. Box-office men call them guerrillas, gyps and other highly uncomplimentary names.

A large percentage of big-city theater patrons refuse to be annoyed by having to go to a theater box office to buy seats. In many cases a man or woman will not know until dinnertime whether he can attend a theater that evening, and often then he will not know what show to go to. In every large city there are numerous accounts run at the different ticket agencies by people who rely on the agency's judgment of current attractions for their choice of amusements. There are stands in many hotels which accommodate transient theatergoers who consider the additional fifty cents above the regular price of the ticket well worth the service.

The treasurer, in charge of all tickets printed for his theater, does a wholesale business at retail prices with the agencies, on contracts sometimes drawn and signed before the show is brought into town. Distributing tickets among the agencies according to their buys, said buys reflecting exactly their estimate of the play's probable drawing power, a production may come into a New York theater in which the first twelve or fourteen rows of seats have been sold solid for four weeks. Such a buy as this usually covers the expenses of a show—gives it a chance, as they say. If the piece looks particularly good, the ticket agencies may contract to take 300 tickets a performance for ten weeks, with an option for further buys. It is evident what this means to the producer, up against a big guaranty and a high stop mark.

The Eight-o'Clock Ticket Buyer

ON AN outright buy, the agencies do not have the privilege of returning any unsold seats to the box office. Depending upon the individual contract, a return privilege may be granted.

This may explain a matter that has been the source of much annoyance and distrust on the part of the public the fact that Jimmy Jones went to the box office Tuesday night at ten minutes past eight and got two seats in the fourth row, when last Saturday Billy Brown was told flatly by the boy in the box office that the best he had for Tuesday night were two in the sixteenth row. And if that agency return privilege doesn't explain why night after night one may get choice seats around eight o'clock at the box office, perhaps the following fact will.

For every performance there are a dozen or more tickets, good ones, laid aside to be held on the house manager's order. These are known as house seats, and the purpose of holding them out is to accommodate friends of the owner or producer or important personages desirous of witnessing the performance. Sometimes these house seats are converted into passes; sometimes sold. In any event, the seats left undisposed of by about eight o'clock or a few minutes after every night are released by the house manager and become available at the window.

The wail of the ticket agents is that they are forced to make buys of dubious shows in order to get the number of seats they know they can sell for the good live shows.

By way of illustration, some years ago the managers' association agreed to prohibit all buys. They weren't going to do business with the agencies any longer, because they—the agents—were an unnecessary evil and were hurting the delicate little show business. The agreement did not cover productions already made for which agency buys had been contracted. It referred to new productions. The managers signed their real and other names to the solemn agreement.

Some months later one of them produced a new show. He spent much money on it, but the longer he looked at it the worse it looked to him. He had already two successful shows playing on Broadway. But he feared—you'd be surprised how fearfully managers can fear—that his new show would lose a lot of the profits made by his hits.

Secretly he assembled a few of the most important of the ticket agents, and bluntly he informed them that if they didn't buy enough seats to cover the expenses of his new show for four weeks, they couldn't buy any more seats for his two hits. Being business men, they made a four-week buy. And the signed agreement —— Oh, there are a lot of laughs turned up in the show business every week.

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MINOR CHANGES

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

MR. SHORTY HAMP was, at the moment, standing upon a manhole cover in a prominent Hollywood street, with his cap in his hand, bidding farewell to a young person, a rather sartorial young person with fluffy lemon-colored hair and red shoes with green straps; a sport-model sort of modern young damsel in abbreviated skirts, brisk in her manner and unusually demulcent upon the retina of the human eye. Shorty was making a Roman ceremony of the leave-taking, trusting that scores of passers-by, noontime boulevardiers, would stare admiringly at him and his lady friend, and he was having 80 per cent of his hope.

Among Those Contemplating the Formal Farewell Was Walter Wesley Gilfillan

Among those contemplating the formal farewell was Walter Wesley Gilfillan, the two-reel-comedy star, Shorty's immediate friend, employer and director. Gil, as it chanced to happen, was emerging from The Red Front Drug Store, where he had been contributing to the general welfare of the drug business by purchasing grass seed, shoe blacking and a saddle, and as he stepped into the sunlight he observed his comedian partner, bowing low and flourishing his cap in a final moment of what appeared to be rapture. Gil stared fixedly at this spectacle.

The lady smilingly disappeared into a fragile sedan of a type much favored by the lower classes in Hollywood, and Shorty remained spiritually frozen in the roadway, gazing into distance and brought back by the sound of Gil's voice.

"Who's the dame?" Gil asked impersonally.

"Huh!" said Shorty, still dreamy eyed.

"The lady?"

"Oh," said Shorty. "Friend of mine. I just met her lately, and her name's Ivy Lee."

"Bring her around to the studio sometime. She's a nice looker and maybe we could work her into the business."

"That's what I told her," Shorty agreed with warm enthusiasm. "Ain't she a lovely little thing?"

Gil nodded and the comedians wended their way back to work. It was the hour of lunch and the boulevard seethed with stenographers eating salted peanuts, and hatless actors hurrying along, pretending that someone wanted them. Now and then a fourteen-thousand-dollar limousine passed in velvety elegance, with a proud young actress staring stonily at the low creatures she saw everywhere about her.

Within twenty-four hours—in fact at ten o'clock the following morning—Miss Ivy Lee was introduced by Shorty to Mr. Gilfillan, who approved of her, and at the precise moment of introduction Shorty Hamp lost his new flame and was plunged into bitter recriminations. He put his feelings into words.

"The big egg," he said, meaning Gil. "Why don't he go out and dig them up himself?"

Following a custom that seems to be quite ancient among ladies, Miss Lee suddenly and without visible effort transferred her affections from Shorty to Gil. Looking at the situation from all sides, and prompted by girlish common sense, she perceived that Mr. Gilfillan was the real star of the comedy company, a man of obvious importance, knock-kneed, to be sure, but otherwise not particularly bad-looking. Shorty, she discovered, was a mere nobody in the studio and it was within Gil's power to dismiss him at a moment's notice. Shorty could do very little to advance her art, and as Ivy had had her art only a short time she was anxious to have it advanced as speedily as might be.

To go back into the earlier episodes, Shorty's sentimental claims were none too authentic. His title was slightly clouded, because, in a manner of speaking, Shorty had stolen and absconded with the regard of the young lady, had pilfered her fond affections away from a humble studio employe named Monty Wiss, and had dazzled the fair creature with vague promises of jobs, tests and possibly immediate attachment to the pay roll of the O'Day and Grogan Pictures Corporation; all of which would now be designated in flippant Hollywood by that acornful word which means a sauce made of cinnamon, sugar and apples.

Monty Wiss, the plundered one, was a company truck driver, stunt man, property boy, chore doer, errand runner and general all-around handy man. He was an athlete, swimmer, strong man and animal tamer, and could bestride either a bucking bronco or a diving airplane. As it appeared to outsiders, Miss Lee seemed to be having a mildly sentimental affair with Mr. Wiss until Shorty Hamp bounded into the arena. The Wiss salary was thirty dollars a week; moderate enough, but steady pay, from one New Year's to the next.

There was nothing heroic about Monty Wiss. He was a small, nervous man with a twitching eyelid, ungifted in his physical aspects and not the sort to sweep a girl off her feet into mad infatuation. Monty had been laboring for O'Day and Grogan for three years, always in an obscure capacity, and little attention was paid him, except when persons desired to side-step disagreeable jobs. They then sent a boy to find Monty.

He was pallid, serious-looking and unpopular in the studio, but the official forces appreciated his usefulness and kept him on pay. That was the large, main difference between being Monty Wiss and being a regular actor. Actors were laid off, without remuneration, between pictures, idle mayhap for months and having long talks with the grocer and butcher, but Monty's thirty a week dripped, dripped and dripped, as immutable as the gas bill or any other permanent thing in Nature.

He accepted all assignments and avoided nothing. If O'Day found a storeroom in need of dusting Monty cleaned it without comment, and if Gil required a man to fall off a cliff Monty fell off a cliff. He drove trucks, played lowly extra parts, risked his neck and thought up gags for the comedies, none of which was ever used.

He had a vague history, before he came to Hollywood, but no one knew the details, except that he had been an acrobat in a cheap circus, with a little clown work on the side. Studio people disliked him because he seemed sullen.

His acquaintance with the fickle Ivy Lee began at a dance given by the Hollywood Dyers, Cleaners and Spotters' Association in Wingfoot Hall, where he shook hands and informed her that he was connected with the movies. He was immediately accepted as a friend, and Ivy purred over him. Subsequently he escorted the fair one to film dramas at the Gem Theater, wooden seats twenty cents, leather seats four bits, and he fed her on the boulevard in the lunch bazaars—not, to be sure, in the expensive cafés with bank curtains in the windows, but in the modest beaneries, where a man can get plenty of action for two dollars.

Monty was driving an O'Day and Grogan truck at the time, there being nothing else required of him, and the truck happened to be hauling props, lights and extra men for the Gil-and-Shorty unit, which was polishing off an outdoor comedy of the rugged West in a mountain setting. It was here amid the cactus and decomposed granite, far from the studio, that Shorty Hamp met Miss Lee and asked her if she was employed.

"No," she replied. "I just rode out on the truck with Mr. Wiss."

"Oh," said Shorty admiringly. "You're a nice-looking girl. Your hair is lovely. You ought to be in the movies."

"Do you think so, Mr. Hamp?"

"I sure do. Maybe I can use my influence. Of course, you know about me."

"Oh, Mr. Hamp, I do," she breathed; and it was the way she breathed it.

Discussing the problem in a serious way, Miss Lee gave it her warm approval, and about this time Monty Wiss lost his girl. She rode back to Hollywood, not on the hard seat of the bounding truck, but in a touring car, with Shorty Hamp telling her earnestly that the screen needed new faces, and that a girl of her type, especially with her hair and eyes, not to mention her mouth and figure, would be pretty certain to start a riot, once she got on the screen and going.

Shorty's previous love affair had ended disastrously some two weeks before, the lady in that case marrying a trunk salesman from Wooster, Ohio, and he was ready for fresh dalliance along the rosy road of romance. There is no telling to what sentimental lengths this new *amour* might have carried or what spiritual depths he might have plumbed—Shorty and Ivy of the flaxen hair.

Shorty Was Making a Roman Ceremony of the Leave-Taking

Gil stepped in and Shorty stepped out, and that fact became evident the morning Gil interviewed the lady in his office at the studio, whither she had been brought in state by the delighted Mr. Hamp.

"Yes," said Gil gravely, making a box in the air with his fingers, and regarding Miss Lee through the aperture. "We do happen to need a girl of your type, Miss Lee. You have no experience, but I can help you. It won't take you long to get onto the ropes, under my direction. You start tomorrow."

"Thank you, Mr. Gilfillan," Ivy said, looking at Gil with her large expressive eyes.

"And I'll show you what I know about comedy," volunteered Shorty, who, though sitting physically in the office in a large leather chair, seemed somehow to have passed completely out of the picture.

"If you're going to work with us," Gil continued, paying no attention to Shorty, and addressing Ivy, "I think you ought to know something of my comedy methods. I ought to have a good long talk with you. Could you go to lunch with me?"

It was luckily approaching lunch time, and Ivy, after a moment's thought, said that she could very easily go to lunch with him. So it was arranged. She thanked Shorty in her nicest way for bringing her to the studio and introducing her to the leading comedian.

"I am sure, Shorty," she said with a bright smile, nodding the yellow curls, "that I shall get on well with Mr. Gilfillan."

"You said it," remarked Gil. "Where'll we eat?"

At this point Shorty descended from his leather chair and announced that if everyone present thought he could bear the shock of it, he, Shorty, would withdraw to his own office. Gil and Ivy were both friendly and smiling, and Ivy said that while she hated to see him go and leave them, she would make no fuss about it. Shorty thereupon tooled himself slowly out of Gil's domain, looking, as he emerged, like a man who has just called Jack Dempsey a frightful name without knowing.

"Certainly is one on me," he reflected as he walked down the asphalt. "Women are all alike. You can't trust a woman. They ditch you like that." He snapped his fingers gloomily to indicate which "that" he meant. "The big stew," he continued, turning into his own modest cubicle. "He knows she can't act. Both of them make me weary. I hope they eat fish and it chokes them."

The comedy star informed Messrs. O'Day and Grogan that he had discovered a promising young actress named Ivy Lee, and the officials made no serious objection when Gil suggested that the company start her at the nominal salary of a hundred a week.

"I'll play her opposite me in this new one," Gil suggested, "and I'll wager you're going to like the young lady."

"Everybody seems to like her," Shorty said gloomily, looking at Gil.

From the moment of her employment in the films Ivy treated Shorty pleasantly, but coldly. She did not actually ignore him, but maintained toward him the air of a woman who has made a slight mistake and rectified it in time.

"Another thing," Gil remarked, during the conference in O'Day's office; "we've got to have Van Hoven back again. I'm lost without him."

"Very well," agreed O'Day. "Get him."

"It may not be so easy. Van's plenty sore at this company."

This was accurate. Mr. Van Hoven regarded the tribe of O'Day and Grogan and all their works with loathing and contempt, reason being that without notice and in a moment of irritation President O'Day had caused Van to be dismissed, cast out and discharged from the pay roll.

This unpleasantness was now part of the past, but Van Hoven, one of Hollywood's few excellent gag men, was still burning with resentment. He liked Gil, but O'Day he regarded as a blight upon the face of Nature, and Grogan a creature of the lower orders, closely allied with the reptilian.

"Go see Van Hoven," suggested the vice president. "We'll take him back and pay him what we paid him before."

"You mean we'll take him back if we can get him back," corrected Gil.

The name of the new two-reel masterpiece was down on O'Day's wall chart as Hard Rock, with Gilfillan starring, Gilfillan directing, Gilfillan supplying the gags and bits of business, and in general dominating the entire opus.

"Where can I find Van Hoven?" Gil asked Shorty.

"How do I know?" the little man snapped, being permanently embittered with life and expecting nothing from the future but misery in many forms.

"What's the matter with you?" Gil asked in astonishment.

That his little comrade might be suffering from sentimental wounds never occurred to him. He had taken Shorty's girl, to be sure, lightly, thoughtlessly, as a barn owl might spear a water bug, but he could see no cause for unhappiness. Gil was always a complete egoist.

Hard Rock had been prepared for the screen by Horace Rascoe, the smooth-running two-reel-comedy scenarist, who has written four hundred scripts in his time. It was a good job, but it lacked gags, and Gil's contention has always been that if you give him four good gags he can shoot a comedy that will make money, story or no story.

"Hello," Replied the Shell Layer. "What Unpleasant Breeze Blows You This Way?"

Therefore the star called in person at the bungalow home of Eugene Van Hoven, whom he had not seen before for several months. He discovered the gag gentleman down on his knees constructing a wall of oyster shells around a bed of geraniums.

"Hello, Van," Gil said cheerily.

"Hello," replied the shell layer. "What unpleasant breeze blows you this way?"

"Oh, now," protested the hurler of film pies, "that's no kind of talk from you to me. I bring you tidings of joy. I want you to come back to your old job."

"You do, eh?"

Van arose, dusting shell fragments from his fingers. He was a plump pleasant man of forty, a naturally genial individual, who could maintain an air of severity only by continuous effort.

"You do, do you?" he repeated, looking hard at Gil. "Which one of those mental giants sent you—O'Day or Grogan?"

"Neither. I want you back, and I told them so, because you're the greatest gag man in the business. My coming picture needs gags. You've got them. That's the story in a nutshell."

"Sit down," said Van. "We'll talk it over."

In the discussion that ensued Mr. Van Hoven informed Gil that if he did resume business relations it would be in spite of O'Day and Grogan, who were a couple of obstacles to the success of the entire motion-picture industry.

"Certainly," Gil agreed. "You can't tell me anything new about them. I know 'em."

"And another thing," the gag man announced thoughtfully, "I will not go back at the old salary. It's fifty a week more, or there'll be nothing doing."

"I'll see to that," Gil agreed.

"Still another thing," Van continued, lighting his pipe and enjoying the triumph. "I won't go back at all unless you promise to use the clock gag in this Hard Rock picture."

At this announcement Gil suddenly looked depressed for the first time.

"Oh, now, Van," he said, "be reasonable. There's a limit."

"You heard me. The clock gag goes into this new job, or Van Hoven stays here with his geraniums. I don't think much of the movie business anyhow."

Mr. Gilfillan stared gloomily at a Hollywood householder across the way who was innocently painting his garage.

"Van, listen," he pleaded. "The clock gag's a cheese and always was."

"The clock gag," returned its inventor, "is a good gag; in fact one of the best. It's funny, only you can't see how funny it is, which is a reflection on your intelligence. If you once shot that gag and looked at it in the projection room, you'd laugh yourself sick."

"I can get ill just thinking about it," said Gil. "I did shoot it once, and we threw it away."

"You shot part of it—not all of it. I say it's a high-class gag. Do I know gags? Am I a gag man or not? You were always wrong about that particular gag."

"It's terrible," protested Gil, unwavering. "It's murderous."

"All right," said Van Hoven. "It's my gag. I created it, and what I say to you, standing right here on my own creeping bent grass, is that we either shoot it into this Hard Rock thing or else you can toddle back and tell O'Day and Grogan to go plumb to. I'm off them forever."

Gil studied the garage painter.

"Zeek," he said with grim determination, "you win. We shoot your precious clock gag in Hard Rock. Now put on your hat and come along down to the studio with me."

Mr. Gilfillan made no light concession when he agreed to take back the rebellious Van Hoven on the terms stipulated. The clock gag was one of Van Hoven's pets and he had been trying in vain, undeterred by failure, to sneak it into a film comedy for months and even years. It was one of Van's early gags, when the business was new, and it had been rejected, not only by Gil but by other comedy makers, in other studios. It had become a sort of byword, but Van never gave up or lost faith.

Funny gag it was, as he would swear, and he maintained that some day an intelligent man would shoot it, the screen would display it, and countless thousands would curl in laughter and howl their appreciation. Gilfillan's arrival seemed to be the right moment for clinching the matter.

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Presently the Clock-Gag Set Was Finished and Monty Wise Was Summoned

THE KIND DUKE

By F. E. BAILY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Nothing Will be Done and You Will Sing the Song, Miss Dane, Unless You Want Quoechie Concannon to Have Your Part"

ROLLO considered the three faces whose eyes drilled him as though their owners would eat into his vitals. He had been accustomed to recognize in Marta, Muriel and Peggy three bland and open countenances sculptured by Providence into attractive shapes, interpreting the generous souls of three nice, jolly, sensible, happy girls. Gradually he discerned three she wolves ravening for their prey, three hostile mixtures of Cleopatra, Messalina and the Mona Lisa. There occurred in him with terrific suddenness a spiritual revolution. The bitter truth dawned on him that his mother was right, that General Barragan was right, that Scrymgeour and Mr. Dorian were right.

"The world—the mocking, cynical world knows best, and I am the victim of an out-of-date chivalry, a poor deluded lunatic who tries to give girls a square deal. First Frederica threw me into the gutter and then Peggy, Marta and Muriel strolled about over me; but I've had enough. This is the child's last grief. Now I will become a man—a cold, greedy, calculating man of the world. Heaven help the next girl who crosses my path!" he said in his soul.

Outwardly he developed a calm and devastating politeness, masked by an icy smile.

"What is it proposed that I should do?" he inquired. "Am I in your debt, for instance? Is it suggested that I owe you anything?"

"You owe us an apology first of all for getting us into such a mess. Why, a baby could have foreseen it! Haven't you gone about with us everywhere day and night, to all sorts of expensive places? You don't suppose people haven't noticed us, do you? And after the apology, you must help us out of the mess you've got us into. I always thought a gentleman couldn't bear to see a girl in distress," said Peggy, who had taken elocution lessons, all in a breath.

"Have you forgotten how I saved you from possible arrest in the Auditorium Café?" demanded Rollo reproachfully. "Do you intend to let distress become a habit with you, or what?"

Peggy tossed her fair young head in scorn.

"You only wanted to scrape acquaintance. That's an old trick. I could have left my wrist watch quite well."

"And you, Muriel," proceeded her stricken host, "what can you hold against me? Didn't I prevent you from getting the sack? You might have starved by now if it hadn't been for me."

"I wish I had got the sack then," she whimpered. "At least it would have been for a respectable reason. It's perfectly respectable to be inattentive or careless. Heaps of girls are. Scrymgeour would just have not said anything about carelessness in my reference and I should have got another job. An employer who sacks you always gives you a jolly good reference, he's so pleased to get rid of you. But now he'll say I'm difficult to fit in with the office staff, or lacking in tact or something horrible, and the next place I go to will guess what that means. It always means the boss tried to kiss you and you didn't let him, or else the manager tried to and you did let him, and the boss saw you."

"At any rate, don't attempt to cry over me. Tears leave me absolutely unmoved. And what did I do to you, Marta? You at least can't accuse me of damaging your social prospects. Even if your respectability is tarnished through your friendship with me, that doesn't matter to an artist. On the contrary, the value of your work will increase. Nobody ever imagines an artist to be respectable."

"For a duke to say a thing like that is the pot calling the kettle black. When were dukes ever respectable?"

Rollo drew himself up to his full height.

"If down the long corridors of history," he declared, "an occasional duke has fallen from grace, it was undoubtedly with the connivance of some girl. You might just as reasonably ask, 'When were girls ever respectable?' Don't be so foolish, Marta."

Peggy, diving a hand into her little wrist bag, produced three one-pound notes.

"All I have in the world, and I owe a month's rent," she announced hopelessly. "Of course, Dorian'll blacklist me with all the other managers. I might as well go straight into the river when I leave here, and a lot you'd care if I did, Rollo."

"Never mind, dear," said Marta with bitter scorn. "What can you expect of a man who drives a car like his? Why, every flivver on the road must be laughing at it!"

There is one point of sensitiveness which, if found and sacrificed, will transform the mildest into a potential murderer. Mock a woman's child and there is aroused an avenging monster; criticize a young man's sweetheart and life is not worth a moment's purchase. Leaving Frederica aside, Rollo adored nothing in the world so much as his 1912 Blitz. Thus at Marta's words the angry blood ran into his cheeks and ebbed slowly.

"No one regrets more than I do that I ever troubled any of you to ride in it," he replied at last. "Never again will it take you to the second-rate dance places some of you chose or to visit the tedious relations others of you inflicted on me. Since, purely through your own foolishness as far as I can see, you all appear to be down and out, I will put you on your feet again somehow, but that will be the end After that I shall draw out my nest egg and go round the world. Now you can all run away and leave me. I want to think and I can't think while you chatter."

Peggy, raising plucked eyebrows to their extreme limit, spoke her epilogue:

"Fancy! I might have been the fiancée of a millionaire ironmaster who'd have kept poor Dorian's show running if it hadn't been for you!"

Rollo only opened the door with a firm hand.

"You simply chucked him because you thought a duke sounded better than an ironmaster; and besides, a millionaire is far too intelligent to want to marry a silly little girl like you," he answered.

They went out speechless from amazement at the change in him; the hall door clanged behind them and Rollo returned to his writing table. There lay the four bracelets, the farewell letter to Frederica. He picked up the bracelets one by one—little delicate toys fashioned for how small an arm!—and sighed.

"Naturally, I could take them back to the shop, but it goes to one's heart. Perhaps when the three hussies are established somehow I will so far forgive them as to send them the bracelets at parting. Frederica's will go to her, of course, when I start on my trip round the world."

Shaking his head at the prospect, he locked his gifts away, Frederica's apart from the rest. Then he squared his shoulders.

"The last lap, the last lap!" he chanted. "Soon I shall be free, no woman loving me and I loving no woman 'The old lost stars wheel back again, and blaze in the velvet blue!' Meanwhile be gay, Rollo old lad, be gay, gay, gay!"

That night Frederica, dining and dancing at the Ambassadors' Club, beheld Rollo the life and soul of a party given by Lord Portwater, commanding the Royal Horse Guards Green. She saw Rollo dancing dance after dance with a charming American girl, evidently a guest of Lady Portwater. Stupidly enough, the spectacle caused Frederica quite unnecessary annoyance.

II

IT DID Mrs. Gregg's kind heart good to take note of the breakfast Rollo ate the morning after. She said as much to her husband as he brushed a pair of dress trousers, and he smiled a reminiscent smile

"Bringin' 'is batteries up to war strength, that's what 'e's doin'," asserted Gregg. "That there Frederica Lune give 'im a nasty knock, and 'e fell back on 'is reserves and started fooling round with them three birds. But they 'ad words yesterday and we shall be brigaded with them no more. And 'aving said that, I shouldn't be surprised at nothing."

Rollo, considering himself in a mirror, took courage.

"Not exactly at death's door; got all my arms and legs. What I need is a little fun. There are wonderful spots in the world Buenos Aires, Valparaiso, Santa Barbara, the Thousand Isles; I believe one can be very bad at Beira; I rather fancy trying the overland route to Bagdad. I've never shot an elephant, nor a lion, nor a tiger. Now what about these three absurd girls? I need advice and counsel, but where shall I go to find them? Not to my mother; she would be too fierce. Not to old Barragan; he would die of joy."

The door opened to admit Gregg, who said, "A Mr. Dorian wishes to speak to Your Grace on the telephone"

"Dorian? Ah, Dorian! Switch him through, please," murmured His Grace very thoughtfully.

"Is that the Duke of Jermyn?" queried a suave voice. "Good morning, Your Grace. You may remember that General Barragan introduced me once at Ciro's. I want to ask if you could manage to take a little luncheon with me there—today if possible. I have a rather interesting proposition, something that'll appeal to you in view of what you said on that occasion."

"Am I a dog that I should eat this canaille's food?" queried Rollo of himself. Aloud he replied, "'Fraid I can't today, Mr. Dorian, and I think of leaving for the country tomorrow Is it very important?"

"It is very important, very important, indeed," declared Mr. Dorian, almost with a break in his voice. "Even if you could only spare me ten minutes, I should be eternally grateful. Reluctant as I am to encroach on your time "

"The hound cringes," murmured Rollo, a hand over the transmitter. "At least I might wish Peggy back on him" And then aloud, "Very well, Mr. Dorian, I can see you at 11:30 if you care to call here -16A Bath Street, S. W. G'-by"

The appointed hour brought Mr. Dorian. Though externally he still shone at all points, the inward glow had vanished. He seemed mentally to be looking down a long and wistful vista of champagne suppers never to be repeated. He sat in Rollo's room, drawing, as it were, his armchair closer about his shrinking form, and smiled at his host as brave men are said to smile in the face of death.

"The fact is," he began, "Pink Peaches is coming off tonight after less than a month's run. I don't suppose that means much to Your Grace; but when I tell you it would have taken three months of full houses to pay for the production, the tragedy of the situation may go home."

"Lamentable, lamentable, Mr. Dorian," said Rollo vaguely. "Still, it isn't your own money, so why worry?"

Figuratively knotting his armchair under his chin, Mr. Dorian continued:

"Ah, but that's where the trouble comes in. My backers, in view of the failure of Pink Peaches, are just a little shy of a fresh venture. Now what I like in a financier is pluck. Providence is on the side of the big battalions. But it isn't like the old days before the war. You don't get the same stamp of backer—nothing like. And so I had a brain wave 'Blood tells in the long run,' I said to myself. 'Why not turn to the aristocracy? Why not let our fine old families in on a good thing? Why not go to the Duke of Jermyn, who once offered very generously to put money into Pink Peaches without naming any terms whatsoever except to do a little welfare work among the chorus? Why not approach him with regard to Limbs and Laces, the forthcoming production?'"

"And what was your next emotion, Mr. Dorian?" inquired the cold young figure opposite.

"I felt just like a fairy godmother," confessed Mr Dorian. "I got your number on the telephone right away, and here I am"

Rollo gazed pensively over Mr. Dorian's head. All in a moment he saw a magnificent scheme come to birth, grow and march on with the pomp and bravado of military music. He beheld the problem of Peggy, Muriel and Marta settled, and fun, fun all the way. He lowered his glance to the level of Mr. Dorian's face.

"I will take over your theater on conditions," he announced.

Mr. Dorian, like some aged unsatisfactory boxer, attempted to come back.

"It's not a question of taking over my theater, but investing money in my new production. There's a very nice large room in the theater we could set aside for a canteen ——"

"I understood," interrupted Rollo, "that you were on your uppers. Are you or are you not on your uppers, Mr. Dorian?"

The shining figure of Mr. Dorian shrank back into the upholstery. He had delivered his last punch.

"Yes, Your Grace," he admitted, "I am on my uppers."

"Then you'll have to agree to my conditions. Here they are: I've got three girls on my hands to settle in life; one you know, a chorus girl called Peggy Dane; she wouldn't encourage a millionaire and that's why you're on your uppers, apart from your dreadful judgment in putting on shows. Another girl is a typist and the third is an artist. We shall not put on Limbs and Laces at all. We shall put on a piece I shall cause to be written and Peggy will star in it, and Marta—she's the artist—will design the scenery and dresses. Muriel -she's the typist—can have a job as my secretary and in the box office." He paused and added, "There is also a certain firm which will supply hats for the ladies of the company."

Mr. Dorian sat up as if shot.

"My dear boy," he said pityingly and disrespectfully, "you don't know what you're talking about. Limbs and Laces is ready to go into rehearsal. You haven't even got the book of this—this thing done; it would take a composer six months to write the music. Even then we don't know if it would be any good."

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"You Owe Us an Apology First of All for Getting Us Into Such a Mess. Why, a Baby Could Have Foreseen It!"

AN IMPERFECT IMPOSTOR

IX

By Norman Venner

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

JEREMY'S bag was packed, all his preparations were made, the new arrivals installed in the castle; he had played his part at Pulldan to the best of his ability—and failed. "When you do come back, my worthy friend Arthur, I can't imagine you handing out any of the well-done-thou-good-and-faithful business. I've held the fort, it's true; but your reputation as a real live lord will need dry cleaning before you're able to use it again."

He thought of the inextricable tangle everything was in, and of the worse tangle it would get into if he were to remain any longer.

There was a knock at the door of the gun room, where he had formed a habit of sitting, and Joe Polkins, the American pill manufacturer, entered. Joe was a good sort.

"Excuse me, Lord Amlett," he said cheerily, "but I wanted to mention one or two items."

"Fire away," said Jeremy. "Will you smoke?"

"I think not; I been figuring it out and I can't see why you should leave just because I've rented the place. If you care to stay on I'd be only too pleased. I'm rather lonely and I'd be glad of company."

"Jolly decent of you," said Jeremy. "But the fact is I'm going to London incognito simply for the sake of escaping from myself for a little while. I should be happy to see more of you afterward, but at present I can only hope you'll understand that I've got to get away."

Polkins, who was enormously wealthy, young, unmarried and appreciative of everything English, was admiring the finished beauty of the lawns that stretched down from the window.

"I believe there's someone moving across there; looks like a lady," he said. "And by the way, before you go, would you mind putting me right about your neighbors?"

"To tell the truth," said Jeremy, "I know next to nothing about them. I don't visit much, and for some time past I have been living in London."

"But tell me," said Mr. Polkins, who was anxious for information. "I want to get this right. Back home we figure that the county families kind of go with the estate. You'd be brought up with 'em. You'd certainly know them."

"The war's changed a good deal of that," said Jeremy. "You see, I was out of England for years, and since I came back I haven't had time to pick up things."

Mr. Joe Polkins, who was a shrewd judge of men, looked quizzically at Jeremy.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I can see you're trying to put me off. Naturally you don't want to rent the county families along with the plate and the servants. I get you."

"Don't be a clown," said Jeremy, "or a bonehead, or whatever it is you call it. I'm not trying to freeze you off. I honestly mean what I said. I don't snub people like that. If I want to tell 'em something I tell 'em. Dash it all, America hasn't got a monopoly of sincerity. You expect us to be snobs, and then when you find something you think fits the theory you jump at it. I like you, Polkins. But you mustn't be so thin-skinned. We've got used to speaking the truth in England since the war. Perhaps the contact with America did it."

Polkins roared with laughter at that.

"There's something in that!" he said. "You did me the honor to say you liked me. Well, I'm glad you do. And I'm relieved that you didn't try to hand me out any of the lord stuff. I must say I'd really be pleased if you'd stay on here as my guest."

"I'd like to; but really I daren't," said Jeremy. "Perhaps some day I'll claim your hospitality in America."

"You would have a great welcome," said Polkins. "I don't see why you don't go to America to live. That's the country!"

"I was afraid for a moment," said Jeremy, "that you were going to tell me it was 'God's own country'!"

Polkins grinned.

Lastly There Was Olivia

"I'm really serious in this. I want to see more of your kind in America. I came over to England for two reasons. One was to get the right dope about it. That's easy as lying. The other was to find a Mrs. Joe Polkins."

"That'll be easier than lying," said Jeremy—"or it ought to be."

"Not so easy as you think," said Polkins.

"I'd be very happy to oblige," said Jeremy. "What kind of a wife would you like?"

The moving figure they had seen emerged from the trees. As Jeremy watched, a wild idea came into his head. If only ——

"She ought to be a lady, and her family should be the genuine article," said Polkins. "My own tree's got its roots down in the South country for a hundred years and then some.

"Also, the future Mrs. Polkins ought to have the kind of mind that'll take to new ideas as a dog takes to rabbits. And she should be a good looker. She should have brains; she'll need them."

Watching the distant figure moving across the lawn toward them, Jeremy reflected with whimsical delight that the description fitted Lady Dorothy to a nicety. What a solution! Then he groaned inwardly and added "What a hope!"

"It's up to you, Polkins," he said. "No man can butt in on another's matrimonial plans. It's about the most unhealthy No Man's Land known to civilization. You keep your eyes open, and when you see your chance, close on it and hold on."

"I reckon that lady is coming here," said Polkins.

"I reckon she is," said Jeremy, "and I don't want to see her. I'm not at home to callers. Besides, you're king of the castle now."

"Only too happy," said Polkins. "Could you put me right about the lady anyway?"

"Well," said Jeremy, "that is Lady Dorothy; and if you'd like to do me a great favor, now's your chance."

"Count me in," said Polkins

"Well then," said Jeremy, "I wonder would you mind strolling casually across that way and telling as many full-blooded lies as may be necessary. I want it to be understood that I have already left for London."

Jeremy saw Polkins cross the lawn to meet her; saw them walk off together toward the stream. They were much of a height, they were both wealthy, and Polkins surely represented exactly all that was newest and most original in tradition, culture and breeding.

"He drips originality and he's got sense," thought Jeremy, "and heaven send that he likes shingled hair!"

He took a stick and a pipe, and after leaving instructions for his luggage to be sent on, he walked out of the castle and away. No one saw him go. No one cared very much whether he went or stayed, save his new friend, Polkins. But as the great gates clanged to behind him he felt a load slip from his shoulders. The worst, he thought, was over. Once free of the castle and its responsibilities and back in St. John's Wood as an ordinary flat dweller, he could breathe again.

As he walked down the long and lonely road to the station he tried to think of the future. The real Lord Amlett was overdue, and within a short time would return anyway. What was he to do then? What about Olivia? What about Lady Dorothy?

His attention was distracted by a faint sound from the wood which ran along the road most of the way to the station. It was thick and full of shadowed larch spinneys; it offered perfect cover. A great holly hedge ran for a long distance, screening everything behind. Jeremy stood still. The silence of the countryside closed over the wood and the road. Nothing moved. Then in violent, surprising contrast came the sound of a breaking twig. Then silence again. Someone who wished to be unnoticed on the other side of that hedge had stepped on a rotten stick. "Poacher?" thought Jeremy, and then realized that people don't poach in broad daylight. He moved on again and, listening carefully, caught a succession of tiny sounds made by someone passing through the wood, parallel to the road.

"Rum go. I'll look into this," he thought.

The road was deserted, and he walked straight ahead until he saw a partial break in the hedge. As he came opposite to it he turned swiftly and plunged through into the wood. A sudden glimpse of a disappearing figure, a startled "Oh!" and the noise of footsteps receding into the depths of the wood told him he had missed his object.

"But the soup thickens, my friend," he said whimsically, "and I am in the soup. For she was dressed in green, and she's the one who's been hanging about all this time. And I'd like to know what she's after; but she wouldn't stay to be asked."

The feeling that he was leaving Pulldan Castle behind him made him reckless, so that when he saw old Milton, the station master, pottering about, he joked him about his lady friend in green:

"It's all very well, Milton, but I'm not the only one who has seen you talking to her. They tell me she's very attractive."

"I don't know, my lord. It's none of my business. She asked me questions. I answered them as best I could, my lord."

"Well, if you should see her again," called Jeremy from his carriage, "tell her that she's a rotten conspirator. You're another, Milton. You're an old fraud really."

The train slid out of the station leaving a very puzzled old man. He could not reconcile Jeremy's attitude with his own suspicions. Rogues did not behave as he behaved.

Later that day he had more to puzzle him. Lady Dorothy drove up to the station in a hurry for the afternoon train. She was in the magnificent new car brought by that Mr. Polkins who was now at the castle. Of course if Lady Dorothy intended to be friendly, well, perhaps it was all right. She seemed in a bad temper of sorts, and insisted on a carriage to herself, with the blinds drawn and the door locked.

That is perhaps why she did not notice a running figure upon the road, the figure of a woman in green, who raced up to the gate, bumped into Joe Polkins as he turned to go, seized the station master's arm as he was about to wave his flag, and, taking advantage of the momentary delay, jumped into a carriage and slammed the door.

Joe Polkins watched old Milton with some amusement.

"Funny old prehistoric," he thought. "There's a lot of big things happening all round him, and he knows no more'n Cæsar's mule what it's all about. Poor fish!"

In which Mr. Joe Polkins did old Milton an injustice. Old Milton knew a good deal more than Mr. Polkins was ever likely to know; but he had the supreme power of looking like an idiot and so concealing his knowledge.

Lady Dorothy was furious. She had been sidetracked by Mr. Polkins in a masterly fashion, but his New World tactics were no match for her Old World subtlety. She had the truth out of him in less than no time.

She had begun to dislike Jeremy. The first fine exaltation of her love for him had disappeared; he had not helped her at all; he had hurt her pride. She summoned to her mental aid all the tradition of her race, all the quiet age-old pride of the stately countryside of which she was still a part in spite of her modern superficial crust, all her own self-pity and outraged self-esteem, all the damaged prestige and shamed self-consciousness; and from them she drew large and very satisfying draughts of bitterness. The absent Arthur's image glowed with a heightened color. She had been taken in by an impostor, she had made a mistake; it was the real Arthur whom she wanted, not this cuckoo in the nest. The liberties he had taken! He should pay for them all. She would expose him. She guessed where he had gone. She would go straight to him and denounce him. Olivia should know the truth. Everyone should know the truth. She began to appreciate the novelty of the situation, and its queer inverted drama. What if there were more in it than met the eye? Where was the real Lord Amlett? People could not be allowed to trifle with serious matters in this way. Somebody had to make a stand somewhere. She saw herself as the guardian of her class, putting right an outrageous wrong, perhaps discovering a crime.

There was that man Polkins, for example, a decent sort of man. He had been taken in. They had all been taken in; and the man who had taken them all in was laughing in his sleeve, growing rich, no doubt, on the profits of his amazing impudence.

Jeremy might have appreciated the humor of this had he known about it; but he was all unconscious of the impending row. He was installed once more in the flat, had given Willett, his man, orders that he was at home to no one, and was preparing a little well-chosen dinner for himself and Olivia. There were to be oysters and cold salmon, plovers' eggs and a pheasant; and he was looking forward to a long, peaceful talk with Olivia, safe from any interruption.

They had reached the fish when Willett approached his chair and murmured, "Lady Dorothy is downstairs, milord."

"I'm out," said Jeremy.

"I know, milord. But she insists on waiting. I think, milord, she knows you're in."

The humor of the situation struck Jeremy, who, of course, had no idea of the violent conclusions to which Lady Dorothy had come.

"Put another cover, Willett," he said, "and ask her ladyship to come up."

"Ah," said Jeremy, rising as Lady Dorothy entered, "this is unexpected!"

"They told me you were out."

"Yes," said Jeremy easily, "I told Willett I was not at home. But I hope you'll dine with us now."

Lady Dorothy kissed Olivia with more than usual warmth, and then, keeping her arm about her, said, "I have something I want to say first."

"Take my advice," said Jeremy; "have dinner first. There's nothing like a meal for restoring the sense of reality."

"Can't you ever be serious?"

"Not between courses," said Jeremy. "The salmon, Willett."

He beat her on that point, and it was not until the dishes had been cleared away and coffee brought in that Lady Dorothy was able to begin her task. Somehow, in this quiet room, lighted by candles and very beautiful in its serenity, she found it very difficult. The man himself made it difficult too. He was curiously elusive. She found it difficult to pin him down. "You had something serious to say?" he challenged her at last.

"Would you like me to go?" said Olivia.

"No, my dear; it concerns you; it concerns all of us."

Olivia looked at her with dawning amusement. What dramatic disclosure was this strange woman about to make? Olivia felt sorry for her. They had none of them been quite fair to Lady Dorothy, and if the disclosure was what she thought it might be, they would be still more unfair.

"I have come to say," said Lady Dorothy, "that I can no longer be a party to this farce. That is not Lord Amlett. It is not your brother."

To her horror, Lady Dorothy realized that Olivia was laughing. She rose, deeply affronted.

"No, no," said Olivia, "don't go. I'm sorry I laughed. But really it is too comic. I've known all along that he wasn't. You don't suppose that if he couldn't take you in he could deceive me? I knew from the very first. There's no harm in it. Arthur is goodness only knows where. Until he comes back Mr. Laytree is taking his place. No harm has come to anyone. It's not his fault that he's supposed to be Lord Amlett. No harm need come to anyone. You can denounce him if you like. But you'll find it difficult to persuade people that you know better than his own sister Philip acknowledged him as his brother before his death. Everybody knows that. Where's your proof?"

Lady Dorothy was silent for a while. Her fine profile, accentuated by her astonishingly individual type of hairdressing, stood out against the dark paneling of the room. Her peculiar pallor was exactly the type which goes so well by candlelight. In spite of her emotional excitement, there was yet a smile in her eyes—the mocking, fugitive smile of the woman who can only laugh at everything lest she should too easily cry.

Life had been kind to Lady Dorothy; it had given her beauty, wealth, friends, culture, amusement, a beautiful home, a long tradition; but the last gift was withheld, and she knew it.

She watched Olivia as the girl's eyes turned back to Jeremy. There was the explanation. Olivia loved him!

From a great distance she heard a voice come to her—Jeremy's voice, that was so like Arthur's voice, that had so much in it she was to lose. She listened to its queer warm tones, to the slight hesitations and mannerisms she knew so well, to the hidden laughter in it, and the faint note of wistfulness.

What did it matter to her what the man was saying? Soon she would not hear that voice any more. As though words mattered! She smiled vaguely, half at herself, half at the scene in which she was taking part. She could see herself as from outside. She could stand apart in consciousness and watch her own attitude in the drama, reflect upon her own bearing and expression in the triangle; she was too self-conscious ever to find reality. She could only see reality through the veil of her own consciousness, know that it was reality, and pass on to the subtler hair-splittings of her own modernist creed.

Jeremy, with Olivia at his elbow and Lady Dorothy before him, apparently in some sort of trance, mumbled incoherently. The voice which to Lady Dorothy's ears sounded so intimate, so musical, was to Jeremy a washout. He was making a mess of things.

"I'm sorry, Lady Dorothy," he said haltingly, "but it's hardly my fault. I can hardly expect you to care a hoot for my difficulties; but when I was launched with a manservant and a stock of boiled shirts I was told nothing of your existence. I was to live in this flat and hold the fort. It was a lark, and a rotten lark at that. Well, it's done now. You know the truth, and you know that Olivia knows"

"I know more than that," said Lady Dorothy, with a puzzling smile that had more hostility than friendship in it. She still held her head high, facing them as though they were two enemies and she was afraid of their slightest movement. Her voice was cool and well under control, her big eyes fixed now

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"You Fool!"

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 6, 1925

A Preference Adventure

UNDER this quizzical title the London Economist presents a critical review of the experiment in preferential trade now being conducted between Canada and British Caribbean colonies. Before the war Canada had a commercial treaty with the British West Indies, not including, however, Bermuda, British Guiana or British Honduras. The results of the commerce under this treaty were not satisfactory and the treaty lapsed during the war. In 1920 a new treaty was concluded, in which Canada gave substantial preference in duties to West Indian products coming from the British colonies—including, for example, lower duties on sugar, rum, limes, grapefruit and cocoa beans, with a general provision for duties not higher than 50 per cent of those levied on products coming from foreign sources. In return, the West Indian colonies granted lower rates on imports from Canada, varying from colony to colony. It was mutually agreed that the preferences should apply only to goods entered by direct shipment, and there was an understanding that freight rates were to be mutually controlled. In conformity with these provisions, Canada has since maintained a ship subsidy for the service to the West Indies.

Recent years have witnessed numerous attempts to establish preferential trade relations between Great Britain and the dominions and between the dominions and colonies.

The new budget of the present British Government, recently introduced by Churchill, contains recommendations for the establishment of preferential trade relations within the empire. But the traditional British traders have little faith in such devices and point to the results of existing trade preferences in support of the objection that preferences do not enlarge trade between the countries. Trade data from the West Indies are adduced to support this position.

Cuba, Porto Rico, Haiti and San Domingo raise in general the same products that come from the British colonies that are included in the Canadian preference treaty. The purpose of the treaty was to increase the trade of Canada with the British colonies at the expense of the non-British West Indies. The trade figures are, in general, the test of the success or failure of the agreement. These figures fail to show that the treaty has accomplished much, as illustrated by the following comparisons of imports and exports:

CANADIAN TRADE WITH BRITISH WEST INDIES, IN MILLIONS STERLING

	IMPORTS	EXPORTS
1919	8.4	11.2
1923	12.4	19.5
1924	13.8	11.0

CANADIAN TRADE WITH NON-BRITISH WEST INDIES, IN MILLIONS STERLING

1919	7.9	5.1
1923	17.4	7.3
1924	19.7	8.2

It is hard to find in these figures evidence that Canadian trade with the British colonies has been relatively improved or Canadian trade with the foreign West Indies retarded under the operations of the treaty. The foreign countries seem to keep up their exports to Canada despite higher duties and shipping discriminations. It is not merely the Economist that finds the results negative; the Canadians find them disappointing and a governmental trade commission has been sent to the West Indies to find out why the preferential treaty has not given positive results. Perhaps they may find that commerce sometimes follows other influences than the color of flags.

Taxes and Mystery

TAXES, like any other heavy expense, would not be so disturbing if there were no mystery about them. It is said that aside from death, nothing is certain except taxes. But the amount—the total—is often but vaguely defined right up to the day of payment. It is not so much the cost of building a new wing to the factory or meeting the surgeon's fee that hurts; it is the dread of expenses larger than expected.

To the extent that revenue laws are wisely conceived and intelligently administered the payment of taxes will be rendered tolerable. With the high rates of the Federal income tax and the many complex questions that necessarily arise in their application, we must not expect collection and payment to be simple. There is less excuse, however, for so much of the mystery that is connected with public understanding of state taxes.

To a constantly increasing extent both individuals and business concerns are moving from state to state to avoid what they regard as intolerable levies. New legal residences are taken up to avoid state income taxes, death duties, mill taxes on intangibles and various forms of fees or licenses on business operations. To the extent that these laws tend toward confiscation, or discriminate unfairly as between classes, or produce revenue which is unwisely spent, the victim can hardly be blamed for seeking a more complaisant legal residence.

But it is to be feared that much of the talk concerning the relative burden of taxes in different states is only poorly informed gossip. Wealthy sojourners in expensive resort hotels are told by fellow vacationists and idlers not to settle here or there because the taxes are simply terrible. Perhaps they are and perhaps not. Shifting about may prove to be the usual unhappy process of jumping from the frying pan into the fire.

What citizens need is more accurate and comprehensive knowledge not only of the exact burdens of government but of what it will mean to them. It would be well if every state handed to all newcomers and prospective settlers a full exhibit of its governmental expenses and what a person with a given income and a given amount and kind of property is expected to pay and will be compelled to pay.

Farmers who settle in a new state usually find that the agricultural department of the state university has prepared suggestions for their help. Why shouldn't state treasurers, controllers and tax commissions enlighten the newcomer as to his burdens as well as his opportunities?

It is a standing and disgraceful challenge to our powers of self-government that investors never quite know whether they should pay or will be forced to pay local and state taxes on stocks and bonds. Usually they are expected to, theoretically, and for the most part in practice they do not. There is no uniformity in law or practice.

The states have different needs and resources and are not all at the same stage of development. One may be obliged to spend more than another, or its legislature feels that it must. Complete uniformity in revenue measures is quite impossible. Yet the spectacle of citizens, whether real persons or corporate entities, moving about, seeking isles of fiscal safety is most unpleasant. It does not make for good citizenship, for loyalty and patriotism, or for sound, constructive community building.

There can be sane leadership in these as well as in more strictly political issues. There are states inclined to punish the rich and penalize corporations, with a natural result that affluent individuals and companies alike are migrating. Other states offer the attractions of nearly complete refuge from taxation. The socialistically inclined states make possible those that are slack, and these latter isles-of-refuge states create in the public mind a false and vicious idea that government can be conducted without cost or by the simple expedient of letting George pay for it.

People are beginning to understand the harm that results from unnecessarily high Federal income taxes. They need to learn the possibilities for evil that lie in our helter-skelter system of state taxes. Absolute uniformity is not possible and perhaps not desirable. But no good reason exists for continuing the present confusion and uncertainty.

Seen and Not Heard

AN EXPERIENCED and observant ranger in one of the national parks was asked if most of the visitors put many questions to him.

"Yes," he replied; "but they don't wait for an answer."

Getting on is greatly facilitated by the ability to listen to other people, by a self-control that avoids monopolizing the conversation. But a merely studied listening is a poor substitute for the real thing, which is a genuine interest in what the other person has to say. There is a play in which a good-looking but brainless woman has sense enough to look up into the face of every man she meets, exclaiming, "Oh, how wonderful you are!"

Business and professional success does not, fortunately, require such artificial make-believe interest in the other person. But it is helped by a real interest in and sympathy for the point of view of others. The advice formerly given to children that they should be seen and not heard applies to doctors, reporters, sales people and many others.

I wonder if physicians fully realize what a favorable impression they make upon their patients when they listen quietly, and as if they were really concerned, to the patient's story!

Very many of the failures in human intercourse are caused by one person holding the stage so long that the reasonable feelings of the other person do not find a natural expression. Newspaper reporters learn early in their careers that if they appear quiet and unconcerned when obtaining valuable information the person being interviewed is likely to keep on. People not only like to talk but they don't like to be interrupted by the rustling of papers, by exclamations or an overeager manner on the part of others.

A goal is often reached most quickly by giving the impression that it is of no particular importance. Yet young men are told to be enthusiastic and zealous. Is there not inconsistency here, a clash of opposing advice? In reality, no. Zeal and enthusiasm should be inner forces. They are more than manner. Not only should they be tempered with consideration for the enthusiasms of others; they accomplish most when trained and harnessed.

Self-discipline, self-control, the trained tongue as well as the trained mind—these, when combined with force, make an effective weapon. One learns more by observing others than by always talking of oneself. It is amazing how few people will accommodate themselves to even the little peculiarities in their companions. The deaf are always so grateful to the relatively few among their friends who will raise their voices or speak more clearly or move from one side to the other.

Success in business and happiness in personal life depend quite largely upon our relations with other men. How can such relations be harmonious if we are always hammering away at our own opinions and preferences rather than listening to the other fellow's?

ALARMISTS AND PACIFISTS

By William R. Green

Chairman Ways and Means Committee

WE HAVE always had the alarmists and the pacifists with us, and probably always shall. The extremists of the two classes are in violent disagreement, the moderates nearly in accord. Some alarmists would flourish a big stick in our international relations, while others, who sincerely desire peace, believe that nothing but a huge armament will preserve it. On the other hand there are extreme pacifists who would have the United States submit to any indignity rather than defend itself, openly declaring that no matter what the circumstances, they will neither wear a uniform nor bear arms. Others, although often referred to as pacifists, are quite ready to serve their country in time of need. The first group of pacifists, fortunately, are few in number and have little influence, although they are very vociferous. The latter group strive constantly to promote peace, and believe that there are other and better ways of preserving it than by maintaining the greatest armament in the world. Especially do they insist that an attempt to acquire such power is more likely to provoke war than to prevent it. The two classes are, therefore, not definitely aligned. There are all gradations of both, ranging from the extreme jingoes among the alarmists to the extreme internationalists among the pacifists, who acknowledge no allegiance to any country.

This is an age of propaganda, and upon no other subject has it been so freely used as upon that of national armament. A pamphleteering war has ensued, with the platform and the press as auxiliaries. And in one respect the alarmist has a decided advantage, for any statement which startles or frightens is eagerly sought by the sensational newspapers and is more likely to obtain publicity even in the most reputable and conservative journals than prosaic facts or calm discussion and argument.

The contending parties have produced a mass of conflicting claims which relate in part to technical matters upon which experts disagree and which cannot be properly treated here. A part of the dispute involves plain facts as to which there should be no disagreement, although there often is, and a part is with reference to governmental policies, upon which the student and publicist may properly express an opinion, and as to which a member of Congress must sooner or later come to a definite conclusion, if he has not done so already, for both the national legislature and the administration are beset by the opposing forces. The questions involved are of such super-importance that every citizen ought, if possible, to inform himself correctly with relation to them.

Since the World War every nation professes to be against a war for conquest. Each insists that it desires merely to be able to defend itself. So also the alarmist says that his only purpose is to prepare against attack. Certainly our nation should be prepared to resist aggression, but what is reasonable preparation, and what preparation do we have or can we have? In answering this question it will be necessary to consider what our position is as a result of the Disarmament Treaty and what our national policy ought to be.

The most violent contention has been over our Navy, for it is generally agreed that the Navy is and always will be our first line of defense. Its place in history began with

(Continued on Page 166)

Anyway the Old Slipper Doesn't Need Half-Soling

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Mr. and Mrs. Beans

"Some House, I'll Say! I'll Just Run Home and Bring Vi to Look It Over"

"Oh, Vi! I've Found the New House You've So Long Wanted. We Won't Stand Leaky Roofs and Pirate Landlords Any Longer"

"Say, Isn't It a Little Dream? Reasonable Rent; Peachy Neighborhood and Everything. Hop in and Look It Over"

"Beans! I Wouldn't Live in This Neighborhood Rent Free. It's Obviously Too Peachy for Us"

Class Day at Asterisk University

IN THE lee of Drinkwater Hall a tent with a banner of the class of '05. Several members of the class of '05, dressed in baby clothes, stand about a keg of near-beer. They clink mugs and sing bravely:

"Then pour down the whisky and highball,
There's beer and there's brandy to follow,
We can't stir a foot or an eyeball,
But hurrah, boys! We're able to swallow!"

Under the Washington Oak a veteran of '95, dressed as an esthetic dancer with horn spectacles, is telling his son, in the cap and gown of '25, how they used to bullyrag the policemen, cutting all their buttons off and holding their heads under the fire hydrants. The son listens with respectful incredulity, and quite right too.

In front of Biddulph Laboratory two members of the class of '10, dressed as sailor boys, are conversing:

"Gosh, it's great to see you, old man!"

"Well, if it isn't old —— Well, you haven't changed a particle!"

"Say, old horse, we had a great time when we were roomies freshman year, didn't we?"

"I'll say so! Why don't you look me up sometime—lunch or something? Like to talk over old times."

"Sure. We certainly ought to keep in touch."

"Well, it's been great to see you, you old rascal."

"Does a fellow good, don't it? Well, so long, you poor old fish!"

Each approaches the secretary of his class surreptitiously to inquire the name of his roommate of freshman year.

Back of Wohlgemuth Library the class prophet's voice is heard:

"And then I dreamt I went down Wall Street, looking for Spike Kennedy. I says to myself that anybody who could make all that money out of the Student Laundry would make a big clean-up in Wall Street. So I stopped and asked a street cleaner if he knew of Spike Kennedy, who'd probably just made a big clean-up in Wall Street. And he says, 'Sure! I'm Spike Kennedy.' And sure enough, he'd just made a big clean-up in Wall Street."

Four campus dogs, tired of barking at the class prophet, dig up the newly planted Class Ivy, which was to grow and cling for all time as a symbol of the class's affection.

In the shadow of Wakeman Hall the chairman of the endowment drive has maneuvered a wealthy member of the class of '90 into a bad position between a rubbish can and the stone wall.

In the portico of the Administration Building stands a desperate professor. He has just wounded the feelings of Walker, '05, by confusing him with Winkler, '85, who was expelled for cheating in exams. He has been trying in vain to explain to Stillson, '00, why Stillson '28 failed to make his father's fraternity. Miss Ada Abercrombie, his bright graduate student of 1910, to whom he had proposed marriage, is crying softly. He has greeted her as Suzanne.

On the steps two members of the class of '15, dressed as sheiks, are exchanging photographs of their wives, children, houses and cars.

The president of the university emerges from the building. He has just run into his office to spray his throat. He begins to a group of the class of '80 his ninth speech that day:

"Men of '80, sons of old Asterisk, in welcoming you I feel that you strengthen those bonds with the past of Asterisk of which we are so proud, and which, in a higher, deeper and wider sense, is, or are, nevertheless, an earnest of that future which, if I may venture the prophecy, is still to come. It has been a year of achievement, on the football field, in our classrooms, in our new experimental cow barns, generously presented by the Hon. Olaf Hanson, to whom we are to present tomorrow the degree of Doctor of Classical Letters. But we must not lie down upon our laurels; we urgently require a gift of cows to put in our splendid experimental cow barns. And in conclusion, even as that beacon light which warns mariners of the reefs and shoals which compass them round, so will your Alma Mater, your kind foster mother, bid welcome, thrice welcome, to you one and all!"

"A long yell for Prexy!" goes up the cry. And the old yell rings forth:

"Gobble gobble gobble gobble, sis-boom-ah!
Asterisk! Asterisk! Blah! Blah! Blah!"

—Morris Bishop.

How They Made Dad Feel When He Insisted on Having a Voice in the Vacation Plans

Rime Fever

I HOLD a perpetrator of the shabbiest of shabby crimes
The idiotic person who invented trisyllabic rimes;
The art's extremely simple, almost anyone can do it; he
Requires no depth of feeling, only verbal ingenuity.
For small remuneration I've no doubt he could be sent a list
Of all the stock in trade to start the young experimentalist.
In fact no more exertion than is used in shelling peas it asks
(A simile proverbial for the easiest of easy tasks.)
It has not added greatly to the sum of human joy below,
And none enormous fortunes to this melancholy foible owe.
But once you catch the malady, a kind of subtle germ it is,
That preys upon the poet's intellectual infirmities.
I'm sure I'd be supported by
a universal vote if I
Suggested the disease is one
physicians ought to notify.
The treatment should be drastic; after each successive
orgy an
Immediate application of
some ultra-Neo-Georgian;
For, bitten by the silly craze,
the patient won't be floored
in it;
The jingle's all he cares
about—the rest is quite
subordinate.
And neither sense of decency
nor scruples of religion'll
Restrain him from compos-
ing rimes he fancies are
original.
The poets all disown him,
and he's hounded out of
Helicon.
He's stranded in the wilder-
ness, a solitary pelican,
Until at last he's found
alone, a knife protruding
from his hide,
The victim of deplorable but
salutary homicide.

—J. M. C. Scranton.

Drab Ballads

XXI

LAST night, at the Sorghum Corners Opera House down here, HANK G.

(Continued on Page 141)

For tonight's dinner!

Pea Soup!

Give your family this special treat tonight!

Serve the pea soup made by the most famous soup chefs in the world—Campbell's! Know what it is to taste pea soup blended in such wonderful kitchens!

When the peas are selected with such expert care, when they're blended with such rich, smooth country butter, when the seasoning is so delightfully French, don't you believe that the pea soup will be the best you ever tasted?

So easy to prepare *this* Cream of Pea!

Simply heat Campbell's Pea Soup in a saucepan and stir until smooth. Heat an equal quantity of milk or cream to the boiling point separately, and add to the soup *a little at a time, stirring constantly* (using a spoon or Dover egg beater) to keep soup smooth. Serve immediately.

My iron nerve; my cannon curve
To Campbell's Soup I owe.
Oh, that's the lunch that gives me punch,
So out the batters go!

21 kinds
12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

THE SILVER SWORD

He Had Run Out to the Sidewalk, the Chinaman Confessed, to See What Was Afoot; and a Moment After He Did So, Sophie Came Running Out of the Shop

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

V

SO DANA came again to the little shop upon the squalid street. In his first unreasoning haste to protect Sophie from the insane anger of the mad old man, he would have run the whole of the way; but even with the best of wills, he found himself presently panting and exhausted, and he looked around for a taxicab, and for a while spied none, though he fretted with impatience at the delay. When he succeeded in hailing a passing vehicle, the cab immediately became involved in a maze of traffic from which Dana thought the driver would never extricate himself; they emerged into comparatively empty streets only to begin an alarming bumping and swaying, testifying to a flattened tire. Dana thrust some money into the man's hand and continued his way afoot, running, darting through alleys, cutting across corners, taking what seemed to him the most direct route toward the spot he sought.

But he had always hitherto come to the little shop along a certain thoroughfare; his present approach confused him; and after ten or fifteen minutes of blind haste, he abruptly recognized his surroundings and realized that he had borne too far to the east, was still blocks away from where he wished to be. He tried another taxi, but this driver was inexperienced and the town was strange to him; the man attempted to take a shorter route which turned out to be longer. Dana, peering up and down the intersecting streets they crossed, at last discovered the familiar Elevated structure two blocks away to his left and shouted through the window to the driver; and a moment later they were on the mean and sordid street at last.

Dana was quite sure they must turn to the right; they did so; and he perceived at once that he had been wrong and shouted to the man to swing around. These continuing delays worked him to a turn of frantic impatience; he had time to imagine the most appalling enormities; and he flung himself from the cab at last, before the door of Jasper's shop, with his blood afire.

It was a little after sunset. In open spaces, a pleasant dusk must have been falling, shadows collecting in every corner while the opalescent light of the western sky filled the quivering air; but here, in this narrow way, beneath the shadow of the Elevated structure where the trains full of commuters roared by, the beauty of the dusk was lost and there was only a dull and somber shadow like an evil night. Lighted bulbs or gas jets had appeared in store windows here and there, and the street was full of people, released from their day's employment, moving to and fro on many errands before seeking their homes and their evening meal. Dana blindly, and of habit, paid the taxi man and let him go; it did not occur to him that he might presently need transportation. Then he swung toward the shabby little store.

Doing so, he saw that he was too late to avert whatever had occurred. For the door of the shop stood open, and as he hurried in, he noticed that the dirty glass in its upper part was shattered and gone.

He stood within the doorway, his hand upon the knob, and he called, "Sophie!" And more loudly, with a desperate appeal in his voice, "Sophie!"

But he got no answer to his call; and he had again that consciousness of an oppressive silence in this musty room, full of the smell of mold, packed with shattered furniture and worthless odds and ends. Outside, the noises of the street rolled by; the voices of people speaking many tongues came to him, and the odor from a thousand cooking dinners and the stench from the litter underfoot. But these things struck his senses only faintly; he was deafened by the silence within the store. It was dark here; only a single gas jet sputtered sardonically, as though to wink a lewd and knowing eye at his discomfiture.

The stairs were at his left, incased within a false wall; and he flung himself at them and mounted, reckless of whether old Jasper might be murderously waiting for him at their head. But when he reached their top and found himself in the little cubby-hole which served Jasper as bedroom and office, the old man was not there. Dana stood for a moment looking to right and left; and in the half darkness he could still see the squalor and disorder here, the littered desk, the shabby chairs, the cot against the wall. On the window sill a small flower of some pitifully courageous sort bloomed in an earthen pot, and he knew Sophie had put it there.

Sophie! He saw the door that must lead to her room; and his heart pounded with affright, for the panels of the door were shattered and the door itself was wide. Muscles ready, he bore through this gaping opening, and so came into the room which had been hers. He knew it by the orderliness it wore like a seemly garment; by the crisp cleanliness of the linen on the bed; by the fact that here, too, there was a flower. The room was lighted by a skylight; the illumination had ghostly and unearthly quality, and Dana caught himself trembling. His eyes shot this way and that, discovering nothing save an overturned table in the middle of the room, its contents spilled across the floor.

There was another door at the rear, closed; he opened this with a wrench and found himself in the kitchen. Its barred windows looked upon an alleyway behind. The narrow bathroom adjoining was as empty as the kitchen. Neither Sophie nor Jasper was here.

Yet Sophie had been here—had sought to barricade herself against her uncle. To so much the shattered door of her room gave testimony. When Jasper broke in she must somehow have won by him, down the stairs—might be, Dana thought, below stairs now. And at a run he retraced his steps and plunged down to the lower floor. In the shop below there was, save for the small circle of light thrown by the gas jet, almost total darkness. He turned up this gas, and lighted another jet, and peered here and there in the welter of chairs and clocks and chests and bureaus and ancient tables; even looked into the closet under the stairs where Sophie had found the sword.

But Sophie was not here; nor was Jasper here. And Dana knew himself baffled, and stood uncertain what to do.

(Continued on Page 39)

Make your muffins and biscuits this way!

—*they'll have an extra fine, delicate flavor*

Fine flavor—how you do strive for it in your own cooking! But at one time or another when you have been dining out, haven't you been disappointed with foods that just didn't taste as good as you expected?

Muffins and biscuits, for instance: perhaps you have had them when they *looked* good; yet *tasted* flat—lacked the full, fine flavor that you like in those you make yourself.

This fine flavor depends so much upon the shortening! That's why women are particular to use Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard. Rendered pure and sweet from the best pork fat, it makes muffins and biscuits taste *extra* good—gives them an especially delicate, tempting flavor.

It makes them light and tender, too. For it's creamy smooth, and of the proper consistency to mix just right with other ingredients.

Make up the recipe for Blueberry Muffins given above; and see what an extra fine flavor they have! And see how good "Silverleaf" makes biscuits and pie crust taste—and all kinds of fried foods, too.

You can get "Silverleaf" in various convenient quantities to suit your needs—in special one-pound measuring cartons, and in pails of 2, 4 and 8 pounds. Ask your dealer today for Swift's "Silverleaf" in one of these convenient forms.

Swift & Company

Blueberry Muffins—Cream ½ cup Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard with ⅓ cup sugar and add 1 beaten egg. Mix and sift 2⅔ cups flour, 5 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt. Add the dry ingredients alternately with 1 cup of milk to the lard, sugar and egg. Lastly add 1 cup blueberries or other berries in season and bake in muffin tins

This exclusive new "Silverleaf" carton saves you all the old bother of packing measuring cups and spoons. You just score the print as shown on the flap of the carton, and in a twinkling cut the *exact* amount you need

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

NAIRN
INLAID
LINOLEUM

Universal Inlaid Pattern No 11,146

Universal Inlaid Pattern No 1-49

A Quality Product Since 1888

The name Nairn has always been an assurance of highest quality in linoleum.

During the past 40 years the makers of Nairn Linoleum have devised processes that insure linoleum of highest quality and beauty of design. And manufacturing economies, resulting from large quantity production, make possible very low prices.

Congoleum-Nairn Inc. are the largest manufacturers of Inlaid Linoleum in the world.

In addition to the new and exclusive *Belflor* Inlaid, the company makes the famous Universal Inlaids as well as Battleship and Plain Linoleums, Cork Carpets, etc.

Whatever your floor problem, we will help you solve it.

Universal Inlaid Pattern No. 59-44

Universal Inlaid Pattern No. 50-05

Beautiful, low priced Inlaids for the kitchen –

AFTER all the modern idea is right. The kitchen, where you spend so much of your time, should be just as attractive in its own fashion, as any other room in the house.

There can be no better way to make the "workroom" of the home bright, cheerful—really charming—than to cover the floor with Nairn Inlaid.

Two popular lines of Nairn Inlaids are *Universal* and *Belflor*. *Universal* Inlaid comes in "straight line" tile effects especially suited for the kitchen, pantry and bathroom. The new and exclusive *Belflor* Inlaid is made in a variety of beautiful, prismatic patterns suitable for every room in the house.

Nairn Inlaids are genuine inlaid linoleum of the highest quality. The colors are permanent, the patterns go through to the back.

Exclusive new processes of manufacture make possible their very low prices.

Your linoleum dealer will show you Nairn Inlaids "in the piece," so that you can appreciate their easily cleaned surface, resiliency and charming colorings.

He will help you select exactly the right floor for any room of your house which you wish to bring up-to-date by adding the modern touch of color to the floors.

Color Reproductions, Free

Write for folders showing many patterns in colors and describing *Belflor* Inlaid, *Universal* Inlaid and the other types of Nairn Linoleum.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City
San Francisco Atlanta Minneapolis Cleveland
Pittsburgh Dallas New Orleans

(Continued from Page 36

He remembered then that the glass in the street door was broken, and he went that way and out to the paving again. An old iron candlestick lay in the street just beyond the curb; and he picked it up and fingered it, and thought it might have been the missile which broke the pane in the door. The pushing throngs of people brushed past him, regarding him not at all; he looked here and there among them for the face of someone who might give him enlightenment, but found no responsive eye; turned to the right and dropped at random into the Chinese laundry in the basement there—and so came by the information which he sought.

He got it slowly, for the Chinaman was taciturn and suspicious, evidently unwilling to be involved in any trouble that might arise from the affair. Dana had to use all the arts he knew to persuade the man to answer his questions, to tell him what had occurred. And when the other slowly yielded, Dana still had trouble in understanding, since the Chinaman's utterances were obscure and halting, not always easily intelligible.

But in the end Dana understood—understood that old Jasper had come home, walking more swiftly than was his custom, shuffling along the sidewalk, brushing his way heedlessly through the good-natured throng. The old man had gone into the shop; and a little after, the Chinaman said he thought he heard outcries in Jasper's voice, and then the sound of blows and shattering wood, and then a turmoil, dimly audible above the uproar in the street.

He had run out to the sidewalk, the Chinaman confessed, to see what was afoot; and a moment after he did so, the girl who worked for Jasper, Sophie, came running out of the shop. Something flew after her, through the glass of the door, and it struck her on the back of the head and she fell to her knees, but got up and fled again. And then old Jasper appeared, and ran after her. But he lost ground steadily; the girl was, it appeared, much the fleeter.

He said that at about this point in the affair he saw a policeman coming from the other direction and made himself inconspicuous, and he knew no more of what had happened. But he felt sure that both the girl and Jasper were away before the officer arrived.

With this much Dana had to be satisfied; with this knowledge that Sophie had escaped from her uncle's clutches, at least for the time. But he had to accept also the fact that Jasper was free and that he had sought to follow the girl; and that she had fled empty-handed, into the city that was still strange to her, where she knew no one, where no safety offered anywhere, where he, Dana, was her only friend. The young man came up out of the laundry full of perplexity, full of a desperate eagerness to find her and to protect her and comfort her. And he stood still for a moment, uncertain which way to turn.

He thought then that she must in her moment of need have remembered that he had gone to Crooper's—must have tried to find him there. It would, he calculated, take her some time to make her way to that establishment; she would have to inquire her way. He guessed that she must be without money, since she could have had no time to prepare for flight; pictured her as he had left her, hatless, in that slightly faded yet crisp and attractive dress which she habitually wore about the shop; and groaned to think of her helplessly groping her way, asking directions from chance passers-by, attracting by her very appearance the attentions of the curious. If she was making her way toward Crooper's, he might still be there before her, and he set off swiftly. It was now full dark, near the theater hour; and the thought of Sophie tormented him. Crooper's would be closed; but if he could be there before she found her way to the spot, he might receive her.

He remembered that Jasper, when the old man realized that the girl had escaped him, might well turn his steps toward Crooper's too. The sword must act upon him like a magnet. But if Jasper went back to the spot, he might so easily encounter Sophie there. Thus more and more impressed with the necessity for haste, Dana spurred himself on.

So he came by and by in sight of the shop, and felt a burst of relief, because there was in the vicinity no suggestion of excitement such as must have followed any encounter between Jasper and the girl. Still he hurried his steps, till he reached the lighted show windows. The sword, he saw, was gone; and he had a momentary thought that Jasper might have returned and tried again, more successfully, to lay his hands upon it. Then decided this was unlikely; thought it more probable that Crooper had put the thing in security for the night.

He looked around, to right and left, and saw no trace of Sophie; but he did discover the policeman who had been here before, still at hand, and watching him somewhat narrowly.

Dana at once approached this man, said smilingly, "Remember me, don't you?"

The officer nodded.

"You're the fellow that took it on the run here a while ago."

"That's right," Dana agreed.

"Been a young lady here. Guess she was looking for you," the policeman told him.

And Dana asked sharply, "Looking for me?"

"Described you pretty close," the policeman assured him; and he added dryly, "Said you were good-looking, though."

"Where is she?" Dana demanded.

"She went on," the officer replied.

"A mighty pretty girl, in a kind of blue dress, without a hat?" Dana suggested, and the other nodded in assent. Dana hesitated for a moment, then gave the man some explanation.

"The old fellow who made the row here went back and tried to take it out on her for selling that sword in the beginning," he explained.

"You know a lot about it," the policeman remarked.

"I've been in it from the start," Dana agreed. "But now I'm trying to look out for her. The old man's hunting for her. You haven't seen him, have you?"

"Yes, he came back too," the other replied. "But he spotted me, and he ducked again."

"Was this before she came?"

"No, after," the officer said, reassuringly. "She'd gone."

"If you see him again, grab him," Dana directed. "He'd have killed her if he could. The old fellow's crazy—not safe to be at large."

"I'm staying around here long as I'm on," the other assented. "We're keeping a man here all night, case of trouble. I guess we'll pick up the old coot before morning."

"Keep Away From Me!" He Cried Passionately. "Don't Lay Your Hands on Me!"

"I won't feel safe till you do." Dana assured him; and he asked quickly, "What did you tell the girl?"

"Told her you went off at a run, and she said you'd probably started for the shop."

"That's where I went," Dana agreed.

"I think she set out to go back there," the policeman suggested.

"She's apt to run into him there," Dana protested, startled and uncertain. "I don't believe she'd go back. She wouldn't dare."

"She didn't act scared to me."

Dana smiled faintly.

"She has a lot of courage." He considered. "I just came from the shop," he confessed. "I must have passed her on the way. I'm going to hop back down there again. If she comes this way, you keep her here, will you?"

"Keep her here?"

"She doesn't know anybody in town," Dana explained. "She's just like a baby. Somebody has to take care of her. You keep her for me if she comes."

"Well, I'll tell her, anyway," the other agreed; and Dana nodded and turned away, starting for the second time to retrace his steps toward the shop.

But he was cooler now, able to think more clearly; and thus thinking, it began to seem to him more and more doubtful that Sophie would, indeed, return to the haunt where she was most likely to encounter Jasper. Whatever her courage, she could not be willing to face that insane old man again; she would try every means first in the effort to get in touch with Dana. Of this the young man felt sure.

She did not know where he lived; Dana had never told her this. But she did know, he remembered, the name of his paper; and if she was as cool and as much mistress of herself as the policeman thought, she would at least telephone and leave a message for him there. Dana was by this time in a taxicab, which he had directed to the shop. He decided to stop and himself telephone an inquiry to the office; then it occurred to him that it would take only a little more time to go himself, so he hailed the driver and changed the man's instructions; and five minutes later he alighted before the building in which the paper's editorial rooms were housed.

They were, these rooms, on the third floor. He took the elevator and alighted at that floor, and entered the anteroom, and stopped then, full of a relief so great that it choked him.

For Sophie was composedly waiting for him there.

VI

THE paper on which Dana was employed published both a morning and an evening edition, Dana being on the evening staff. The two organizations were, as is often the case, separate and in decided rivalry; but they occupied the same quarters. As a consequence, there were at this hour in the early evening as many men about as though it had been midday; they were continually coming and going through the anteroom, on their way to or from the elevator or the composing room below stairs. Busy men, often in their shirt sleeves, with green shades above their eyes and a smell of stale cigars and hot ink and burning metal clinging to their garments. Other folk came and went—came to see someone on the staff within, waited in the little anteroom, were admitted or dismissed. The place was small, not a dozen feet in any direction; and its only furnishings were the desk where a cynical office boy sat shearing clippings from the afternoon papers and receiving callers, and two benches upon which callers could wait when it was necessary for them to do so.

Thus the spot was hardly one to be chosen for trysting purposes. It was no more private than the canvas-walled pulpit of a traffic officer. But in this hour neither Dana nor Sophie was conscious of its shortcomings. He was too pleased to have found her, and she was too delighted to be found, to quarrel with their surroundings. This was for them the hour which comes to many young people related as they were, in which much is said without being spoken; they had been, thus far, and without any open recognition of the fact on the part of either of them, drawing steadily together.

In this moment of his finding her, the process was completed. It was as though the encounter which ended their brief separation was also a union of their two persons which should never be dissolved; and both felt this, and found support and comfort in the knowledge that hereafter and forever each of them would be of the other a large and larger part.

But what they said had to do only with the business in hand. When Dana first saw her his relief was enormous; when he looked more closely, approached her, sat down by her side, he perceived the strain under which she had suffered and the weariness in her eyes; and he remembered that matter of the candlestick flung after her through the shop door, and asked softly, "Are you hurt, Sophie? Are you all right?"

She nodded, smiling reassuringly.

"Yes, quite all right," she told him. "But I'm very glad you've come."

"He didn't hurt you?"

She shook her head. "No."

"The Chinaman said he threw a candlestick at you, knocked you down."

She raised her hand to touch the spot.

"There's a bump there," she assented quietly. "It made me dizzy for a moment; but it didn't break the skin. No, I'm quite all right."

"I've been trying desperately to find you."

Their voices were low; they were completely unconscious of the scrutiny of the office boy. He spoke to Dana now in a scornful tone.

"She come here looking for you, but I told her you wouldn't be here till in the morning," he said, as though accusing Dana of breaking faith by thus returning to confound him.

"But I am here, you see," Dana told the youngster amiably.

"You ain't no business here," the boy insisted. "I told her so. She said she was going to wait; and if she wanted to do that, why it wasn't up to me. I told her you wouldn't be back."

"Well, that's all right," Dana assured him. "There's no harm done."

"You hadn't no business coming back tonight," the boy insisted aggrievedly.

Sophie spoke to him reassuringly.

"I'm sure you were right," she declared. "But, you see, I thought this was a good place to sit and rest for a while, and I knew he might come back. I'd seen him after you did, you see."

She smiled, and the boy melted under this smile.

"Well, all right," he agreed grudgingly. "But you'd sit around here a year and not find him after five o'clock, most of the time."

Dana spoke to Sophie again, once more lowering his voice.

"I knew something had happened to you," he told her.

"How did you know?"

He told her how he first came to Crooper's and what he discovered there.

"I guessed your uncle would go back to the shop," he explained, "and I was afraid of what might happen. I got there quick as I could, but half a dozen things went wrong. And when I did get there, you were gone."

She shuddered a little.

"Yes."

"You ought to have come away before," he reminded her. "It was no place for you."

"What was it maddened him so?" she asked.

"He found out what Crooper paid Pendleton, I guess," Dana explained. "He saw the sword there, and tried to take it; claimed it had been stolen from him. They called a policeman. He's going to have to be put in an institution, Sophie. It isn't safe for him to be abroad."

"No," she assented; "no, he mustn't be left to himself again. Have they arrested him?"

"No," Dana told her. "But they will." He touched her hand. "Tell me what happened," he urged, "if you can. I hunted for you all through the shop, and upstairs. I was wild, Sophie." She nodded.

"I know. You must have been. But I couldn't leave word for you, Dana. I couldn't think of anything but getting away."

"He broke in your door," he reminded her.

"Yes," she assented; and for a moment she was silent, her eyes fixed, her body rigid. With a little shiver she freed herself from this spell. "I was downstairs when he first got back," she explained. "But at first he didn't pay any attention to me. He just muttered and raved to himself, and I could see how wild he was. I had never seen him so bad. So I got out of his way, Dana. I didn't dare to speak to him, so I went upstairs."

"You ought to have gone out on the street—come after me," he protested.

"I couldn't," she reminded him. "I hadn't hat or coat or anything. I did think of doing it, but I had to go upstairs to get my things; and when I'd done that, he came up after me, into his room at the head of the stairs And I didn't dare try to pass him, that room's so small. So I just jammed the chair under the knob of my door there wasn't any key in the lock—and for a while I listened to him, trying to make out what had happened."

"You poor kid!"

"He was furious with you," she explained, touching his hand. "Talked terribly about you. I could tell that he was sitting at his desk, and I knew he wouldn't move. I thought of getting supper for him; thought that might quiet him. So I took off my hat again and went into the kitchen. I couldn't hear him so plainly from there, and it was a relief, in a way But I left the kitchen door open, because I was afraid of what he might do. And then he tried to open my door and called my name"

"You ought to have dropped out of the kitchen window," he told her.

"The windows there are barred, the way they are on the ground floor," she reminded him. "Oh, I'd have run if I could. But there wasn't any way, so I went into my room and spoke to him through the door. He told me to open the door, and he called me frightful things; but I said I couldn't. I told him I was dressing—tried to put him off.

"I can see now that was the wrong thing to do," she continued. "The opposition only made him angrier; and he picked up an andiron and began to pound on the door panels, shouting what he would do to me. And I tried to push the bureau against the door, but I couldn't move it; and then I saw the panels give way and he was sticking his arm through." She was, Dana saw, trembling at the memory. "I was pretty desperate," she confessed. "I lost my head, I suppose. Anyway, I caught his wrist in my hands and tried to hold it; but he was ever so much too strong for me. He was appallingly strong. He just wrenched free and jerked my hands against the splintered panels." Dana saw then that her hands were scratched and torn, and he pressed them in his with a cry of protest. "And then he reached through again and pushed the chair aside and thrust the door open," she continued. "And he came in. His eyes were wild and his mouth was open and his teeth seemed to stick out." She tried to laugh. "The sort of man you see in nightmares," she confessed. "I never shall forget him, Dana."

"You mustn't—you mustn't be so distressed," he urged. "It's all right now. I'm going to look out for you from now on."

"I know, but it was terrible," she insisted.

"I know."

"He just jumped at me," she explained. "I had backed away; I was behind the table, and I guess he didn't even see it I hadn't lighted the gas and it was already beginning to grow dark. Or perhaps he was too angry to see anything. Anyway, he tripped over the table and overturned it and fell over it right at my feet, clutching at them; and I jumped past him, Dana, and I ran." She laughed shamedly. "Oh, I ran like a little coward—after I'd said I wasn't a bit afraid of him."

"I'm afraid of him myself," he assured her.

"And he came scrambling down the stairs after me, and I heard the glass shatter in the door, and something hit me in the head; but it just made me run faster, I guess." She smiled. "I got away from there mighty quickly, I tell you."

"The policeman said you came to Crooper's," Dana suggested. She nodded.

"I thought I might catch you there. I wanted you—wanted to be with you." He pressed her hands. "At first I just kept running; but when I came to better streets, I felt safe, and I asked directions, and a man told me how to go. I had to keep asking. But when I got there you weren't there. Only the policeman said you had been there and run away."

"I hurried to get to you," he explained.

"I guessed you must have done that," she agreed. "But I was afraid to go back to the shop again alone, so I came here. And the boy said you wouldn't be back here; but it was quiet and safe, so I just waited. I thought you might come."

"You're the bravest thing!" he cried.

"When I ran so?"

"I know; but you looked brave when I came in here. You weren't flurried or excited; you were just using your head. This was the safest place for you."

"I think I'd have stayed here till you came," she told him. "I was afraid to go out again; so I tried to look very composed and very much as though I belonged here."

"You belong anywhere I belong," he assured her.

She smiled at that.

"That sounds very nice," she said. "But—it isn't particularly practical, is it?"

"I'll tell you," he explained, "what we'll do. I want you to go up to my mother's for a while. I could probably get you a job on the paper here, but there's no sense in that, no reason for your working. Mother'll be mighty glad to have you; and I'm going to take a week off next month, and I'll be at home then, and—we can plan what we'll do."

"She'll think it's funny," she reminded him.

"Oh, I've written her about you," he assured her. "I think if you didn't go up there pretty soon she'd be down here to see you."

He saw her faint color and leaned toward her; but the office boy chuckled audibly, and Dana realized that they were, after all, not alone; the world was with them. Even as he checked himself, the night city editor, a man named Slade, passed through on his way to the composing room and spoke to Dana in the curt and nervous fashion habitual to him. Dana returned the greeting and in more matter-of-fact tones addressed Sophie.

"But there's no train up there tonight," he told her; "and if there were, I couldn't go up with you; and I want to take you when you go. I can arrange to get off tomorrow; the day after's my regular day off, and I can shift it."

She said uncertainly, "I don't know what to say. It's as though I'd been uprooted; I'm more or less at a loss."

"I'll take you up to that hotel for women for the night," he said. "You can get some sleep and rest there; and then in the morning we'll go to mother."

(Continued on Page 142)

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FOURS AND EIGHTS

GOG ANTHRACITE—By Phil Moore

BOB WEIR is one of the meanest men this side of hell." So he said. I heard him. I'm Bob Weir. He did not mean by this sweeping accusation that I had broken all the Commandments from the fifth on, in order to be so mean, but that I had cracked some of them by ignoring the golden rule.

I have. I have demoted and fired men by the hundred, have climbed over their heads, have pushed them out of my way, turned deaf ears to their pleas and have remained calm when confronted by their tears. I have worked and made men work, and then worked harder. I have cut wages, pared expenses; and when the men gained a seeming ascendancy with their union I have had their leaders spotted, watched, for an infraction of our rules, and then had them discharged.

I have never blacklisted a man. It takes one meaner than I am to do that, and I am mean enough to be immune against poison ivy. The blame for my meanness is more with the jobs I have held than upon me personally—for I am a mine boss.

I am the old-fashioned kind of mine boss. I believe in making men do what I do—work. Some will think the old-fashioned kind does not exist today. Apple sauce! They do. They're scarce. I'm living and I'm bossing and I know of several that are just as mean as I am. The woods—or the mines—are full of them.

Hard-boiled? No. Gruff? No. I am at times somewhat agreeable. I am not sanctimonious—not a bit—and I am an expert dollar chaser for our company. I had the rough corners on me knocked off in the mines years ago. A polished diamond, that's me; black, but polished. None of the finer attributes interfere with me. I push on. If you don't believe it, search me out if you can and try to get a strangle hold.

But let's move on and see about it.

Strikes That I Have Known

I WAS born August 1, 1877. That was the day of the riot in Scranton. I don't remember it, naturally, but I've heard both sides of it discussed. First, I heard the men's side, my father being a miner. I guess the men pretty nearly starved during that strike—the six months' or the big strike, as it was variously called—and I have heard my father say that the big boys down in New York didn't miss a meal. That struck me as being funny. I resolved then to be one of the big boys.

Anyway, it gave the men all the strike they wanted, for there was not another strike until 1902, except a local one at Hazleton in 1888. The Regular Army encamped on Shanty Hill, Scranton, following that riot; and it was not long afterward that the men started to work, licked, and licked right, at the reduced wages.

The ascendancy the companies gained in 1877 they held until 1902, twenty-five years. The ascendancy the men gained in 1902 they have held since that time, nearly twenty-five years. If there is any way to break their hold, I am looking for it; and I think I am going to find it when or before the men's twenty-five years are over.

On that fatal day of August 1, 1877, the men began gathering early in the morning on the flats below the city, since built up, and in a few hours a large crowd had assembled. There was much talking, some speech-making and plain hunger among them; and when one of them cried out "Let's march into the city," everybody followed the lead.

They were met at the car shops by the mayor, who read the Riot Act to them and whose life was threatened. But he escaped unharmed; and the mob—for it had become one—marched on and were met at the junction of two avenues by the Coal and Iron Police, fired upon, two of them killed and the rest stampeded. And thus ended the riot of August 1, 1877, except for the marks on the brick walls of the adjacent building made by the bullets that went wild, occupied by a cracker bakery.

That twenty-five-year interval, 1877–1902, was not an extremely fruitful one in the anthracite regions. There were no strikes, true enough, except the minor one mentioned; neither was there any work. One hundred and thirty to one hundred and seventy days a year was all the time necessary for the breakers to run to supply the demand, and during that period 30 per cent of the output from the mines went onto the culm banks built like mountains around the breakers.

The short Hazleton strike was a boon to the other districts, languishing under a dull demand. The trade revived, the striking miners went into other fields to work, and for a brief period there was real activity in the coal business. At that time the term "scab" was unknown. An unfair workman was called a blackleg. Our district was filled with them; but because of the lethargy of the men, there were no epithets used and no hard feelings developed, and these strikers dwelt and worked unmolested among us.

I was loading coal for my father at that time. My recollection starts in the mines with a shovel in my hands. I guess I was born with a shovel in my hands instead of a silver spoon in my mouth. Boyhood, I had none; and with schooling enough to know how to read and to add figures, so that I could compute our wages and verify the figures on our monthly due bills, I started to work. Every hand in the family able to work was needed to help fill our stomachs. I remember acutely that one February during the late 80's our colliery worked three days, and the money that came into our home that month was less than twenty dollars. Do the companies or the men want to go back to that base?

I know from talk I heard among the miners that we worked under a sliding scale, but she didn't slide much. The selling price of coal determined the rate of wages paid us, and as the selling price remained low, our wages remained low. The scale was known as the labor-basis scale, and that is all I know or want to know of it. Like a ratchet, it worked only one way for us—downward.

There were things that I did want to know. The one prominently in my mind was, in a short time, how bosses were made. These short, sharp, decisive men who visited us once a month with a tape line and book and measured our yardage, and put it down in figures in the book several feet less than the number of feet we had driven, were an object of a great curiosity. There was always a dispute about these figures when the due bills were given out. Father's measurement with his homemade yardstick was always a yard more than the measurement made with the tape, reckoning from the peg where the previous month's measurement had ended. But he was paid by the tape measurement and no other. They all were.

These bosses impressed me. They did not seem to be accountable to anyone for what they said or did. Their word was law. From their decision there was no appeal. The roughest bully in the mines was afraid of them. The humble miner was their abject servant. When they said "Take your pail and go home," the discharged man took his pail and went home. When they censured a miner about the condition of his breast, or props, or the way he loaded his car, the miner listened and did not talk back. What did they possess that I did not possess? Size? I was larger than any I saw. Strength? I inwardly knew that I could tie them in a knot. Intelligence? No. Knowledge? I was not sure.

I asked our boss one day for a job. I was going to try him out. I had not said a word to father about it. So when he had wound up his tape, after measuring our gangway, put it in his pocket, patted the outside of his coat to be sure it was there, lighted his pipe—we smoked in the mines then—and was ready to depart, I said right out, speaking loud, "Give me a job, Jonesy, will you?"

Jonesy! Well, that's what we called him when he wasn't around.

Jonesy looked startled. He turned on me like a flash. He pulled hard on his pipe and tried to eye me down before he spoke. I suppose he thought I'd die right in front of him. I didn't.

"A job?" he asked. "Man dear, you got a job."

Getting What I Went After

"THIS is no job," I retorted. Father had come around the mine car and stood ready to make propitiation for his son's sins of disrespect. "Do you think I'm going to load coal all my life?"

That made Jonesy gasp like a fish.

"Dear me, Sandy, who is this young upstart?"

"You'll have to excuse him, Mr. Jones, he's my son."

I felt sorry for father then. I realized how well his spirit had been broken.

"Oh!" Jonesy said again. That word "oh" seemed to clarify his brain. He often used it. "What kind of a job do you want?" he asked, turning back to me.

"Driver boss, for a start."

"Oh, is that all? I thought you wanted my job."

"I'll have it or one like it some day."

He looked me over pretty thoroughly then. I saw a smile dawning in his eyes.

"Driver boss? And what would you do if I made you a driver boss?"

"I'd make these lazy driver boys get more cars around for the miners to load and make the track layers fix up the tracks so we aren't all the time putting dumps back on the road."

That went through his hide. I was talking where Jonesy lived. I saw him straighten up his back.

"My goodness, I believe you would!" he said. I made no reply. When I have nothing to say, I keep quiet. Let what you have said sink in. I saw it sinking into Jonesy. He squared his shoulders, took a pull at his pipe, said "I'll see," and left us.

I got the job, and started out by doing just what I said I would do. I had to beat two driver boys and a car runner

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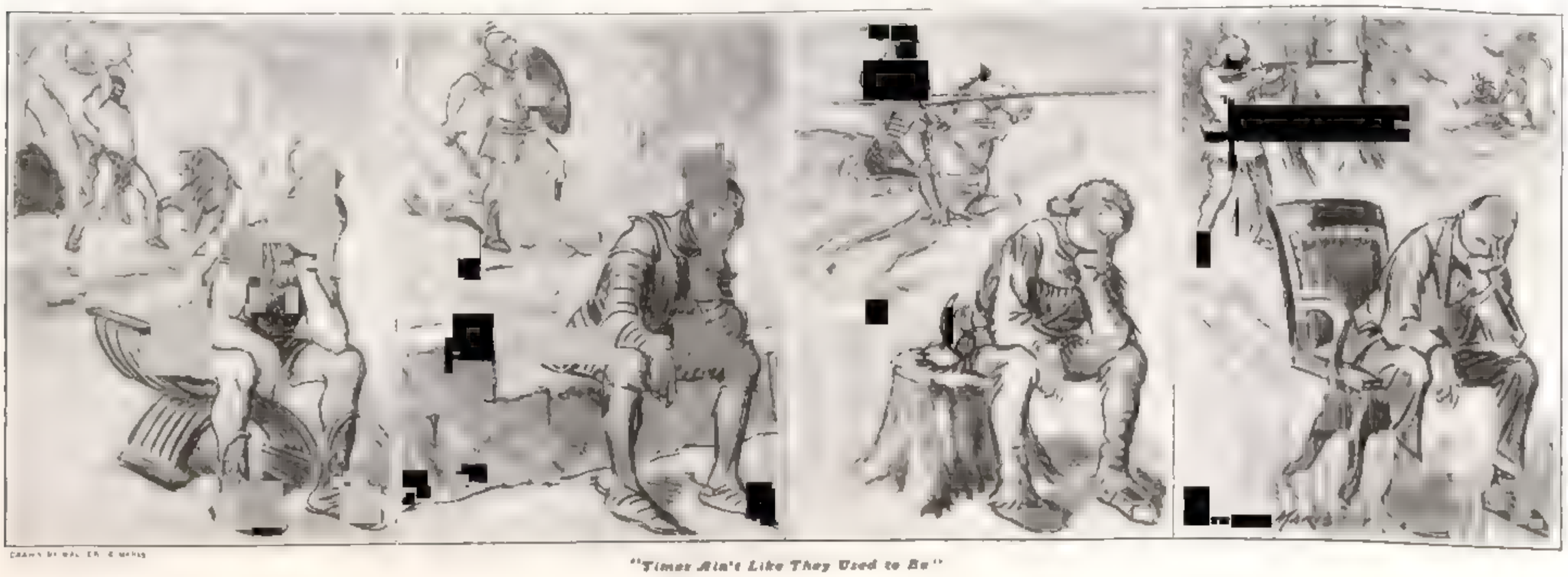

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(Continued from Page 42)

into insensibility and subjection before I got the action I wanted, and I threatened to tear the hide off the track boss. He was as big as I was, older, harder; but after we had called each other all the pet names in our vocabularies, and very choice ones they were, he began stirring his stumps. He knew I had Jonesy behind me and he knew Jonesy had a bad habit of saying "Take your pail and go home," so he put men to work where the roads were the poorest, putting in new ties, respiking the rails and regrading. I worked and I made him and his men work.

The first result, in less than a month, was more mine cars hoisted up the shaft every day we worked. Jonesy didn't say anything about this to me. He didn't need to. I saw him two or three times a day now, and I could feel his eyes following me around and his ears listening to my remarks while he said "Oh!" I soon ran him into his hole He had to go out after more coal, because my men got out all the cars loaded in jig time. That made him work.

We were the first colliery under the company to get out 30,000 tons in one month, and I did it. That was the kind of a mean fellow I was at that time.

I heard Jonesy and the big boss from headquarters talking about it one day. The conversation was not meant for my ears—not Jonesy's end of it. He took all the credit. After he had absorbed all that was floating around, I went inside the shanty where they were talking. I had been standing outside near the open door, watching the footmen caging the unending string of mine cars my men were hauling to the foot. Mules, not motors in those days, remember, too.

Jonesy looked up at me and scowled. The other fellow looked at me and asked, "Who the hell is this man?" without opening his mouth. I wasn't afraid of either of them, scowls or looks or questions.

"I want another job," I blurted out.

Jonesy gasped and the other fellow leaned back in his chair and smiled. He looked at me a while and then looked at Jonesy.

Jonesy was paralyzed. He kept on gasping.

"What kind of a job have you got and what kind of a job do you want?" the big fellow asked. "Who are you?"

"I'm the driver boss, Bob Weir," I answered. "I want a job with more work and more pay in it."

"Is that all?" He seemed to be pleased about it. "The first part of your demand is an easy one to grant."

"Dear me," said Jonesy, recovering. "Do you know who you're talking to?"

"You and him," I answered, nodding my head at them.

The big fellow laughed at that and I cracked a smile. Jonesy was getting mad.

"This is Mr. Bonner, our division superintendent," Jonesy said with awe in his voice.

There you have it -Gog -gog anthracite. What did I care for Mr. Bonner? I wasn't worshiping him. I waited.

"You come in here interrupting us with your demand for another job as if we didn't have anything else to do but listen to you."

"How long have you been driver boss?" Mr. Bonner asked.

"Six months."

Bonner put two and two together right away. He was studying my face carefully. From that his eyes went to my shoulders and down to my hips, where the table between us intervened and shut off my legs and feet, and back to my eyes, which had been watching his intently. There was a cry outside, a crash, and I turned and ran out. Car in the sump!

The Bosses of Yesterday

WE SLUNG a chain from the bottom of the shaft cage around the car and hauled it up to the road level, tugging it back as the engineer lowered the cage until it was on the track again where it belonged, half the coal in the sump under the water. Three minutes. Not a word spoken; cars going up the shaft again.

"Be careful," I admonished the footman, and turning to go back to the office almost bumped into Mr. Bonner, who had been standing directly behind me.

"Quick work, Bob," he said. I was his then and there. The tone of his voice won me. "Do you do all your work as quietly as you pulled that car out of the sump?"

"No. If they don't do things the way I want them to they hear from me, and they know it," I answered. "Any man that will work can get along with me."

I was attached to the tail of Mr. Bonner's kite a few weeks later and began going upward with him. We had a lot of lazy foremen up and down the valley and I was put on their trail. That was the beginning of my acquiring a title, the one that still sticks to me, justly or unjustly. The company, the Grand Hollow Coal Company, became my fetish, and for it I brushed everything else aside and walked right ahead over anything and everybody that opposed it or me.

At that time a boss, big or little, was held in veneration. That feeling at present has given way entirely to veneration of another kind, the one given by the men to their union. Both of them are bad enough, but I think the latter is the worse.

I do not think I was the object of any of this kind of regard. If I was, I was not entitled to it, nor did I crave it. In some localities the blood of the bosses and their followers accounted for most of it three kinds of racial strain then, but now dissipated by the flood of a different blood.

We ran a racial trio—Welsh, Irish, Scotch. All you had to do to know which kind was predominant was to talk to the first employe you met. His accent or brogue would tell you at once the place the boss or his forbears came from.

Then the Huns began flocking into the region, a motley horde that were willing to do any task given them to do, no matter how hard or disagreeable. As for danger, they did not realize that there was any, and were therefore that much more valuable. They were good hard workers and obeyed orders when they understood them.

Jonesy took the credit for discovering me. I went to him for advice on technical questions. He was skilled in mathematics and I was skilled in handling men. He coached me along until I was able to pass the required examination to get the coveted mine foreman's certificate

The questions the solemn examiners ask have always amused me. How long and how far and how many and how often? Volumetric efficiency; horse power of a fan, of an engine, and the thousands of cubic feet of air passing through a gangway or a return airway where you stand holding your anemometer; and the symbols of the different gases given off. All very useful in their proper place, but I hold today and have always held that a boss' knowledge is summed up in his knowledge of men. Let the engineering departments solve these other questions.

Letting Bob Do It

INSTEAD of queering a man by asking him to write down the distances between chamber centers driven on an 80-degree angle from the gangway, I'd ask him this for a change: "Two men apply to you for the same job, one union, one nonunion; which one would you hire?"

Which one would I? I'll tell you without fear or favor. The union and nonunion have nothing to do with it. I'd hire the man. If I were not capable of telling which one he was, I should not be entitled to be a boss.

My answer is not the correct answer in some quarters where the old order changes not, but it is the right one.

Whenever I fired a man, I did not ask him if he were a union man or not. Why ask them that question when you hire them? Leave that to the unions. They'll have him soon enough. They've got us 100 per cent now, and it is entirely our own fault. You don't believe it? You don't have to. But when I was on Bonner's kite we were not bothered by union questions.

The coal business was beginning to pick up a little. We began gradually, as the years slid along, to work more days. The country was growing. They were buying more coal. And Bonner kept trying to tread on my heels or the tail of my coat for more tonnage. He was the most persistent cuss I ever knew. It kept me busy day and night keeping out of his way. He was forever coming around and catching me in a muss-up or a run-in with one of the bosses; seemed to smell them out, and he'd stand to one side until I was through.

When I went into a mine to boost the tonnage, the first thing I did was to look over the tracks. Generally they were bad, full of water, mud and filth, and were out of alignment, and the poor mules' heels were covered with sores—grease heel we called it. After a two-or-three-day inspection I'd drop into the foreman's shanty around quitting time and tell him about it. What followed depended entirely on him. If he agreed with me, that ended it until a subsequent inspection and a close watch of the tally sheets again disclosed bad tracks and no increase in coal. If he disagreed with me, then we wired right into each other and I talked my side until I had talked him down—and often turned around to find Mr. Bonner standing there listening. If the foreman was too stubborn I fired him; and if that didn't satisfy him I showed him with my fists that I was a better man than he was when I had to. I had only two come at me that way. You see, I kept right on adding to my reputation.

There's another thing that went along with my job, and that was the topping of coal on the miners' cars. We paid for a car of coal with six inches of topping on it at the breaker. The whole thing could have been settled forever years ago by weighing each miner's car of coal. Where they do, at a few places, they have no trouble about topping. There's more coal on top of the car than there is inside of it. But when anyone mentioned weighing coal we held up our hands in holy horror; never do—my, no!—to weigh coal. I don't know why. I begin to think we were wrong.

In the districts where the coal is on a heavy pitch and the miner earns his pay by rib yardage, and his coal is loaded by the company, they avoid this topping trouble. The mine car is big enough to keep house in, but they don't load them water-level full. I've often wondered about this. The coal is nearly all dirt, with a few small chunks here and there, but it doesn't cost any more to haul a full car than to haul one that isn't full.

It soon became customary for Mr. Bonner to say "Have Bob do it." Thus I was let in for jobs that I did not like. I became a claims agent, carried checks from the company to widows whose husbands had been killed in our mines and took from them signed legal releases; visited injured miners and had them sign exemption from damages; all of which was right and proper, but not in my line. This was before the exactment of the indemnity laws. But I was often able to override protests and counsel against suits which claimants' friends had urged, and kept the company out of the courts.

The twenty-five-year period of immunity—I almost wrote "impunity"—was drawing to a close, and those of us who had our ears open began to hear vague mutterings of discontent. Mr. Bonner asked me one day if I had heard anything about the new organization. I was in his office and we had been looking over the maps of our many mine workings.

"Yes," I answered; "I've been hearing more about organization every day."

"Do you think our men will organize?"

"They will if the others do."

"Why should they? We treat them well."

"Not from their point of view, we don't."

"What is their point of view? What do you know about their point of view? Speak right out."

"To begin with, my father is a miner and I know his point of view. He's a steady, conservative man, but he is in favor of a union. Here is what he contends—that since the strike of '77 the companies have not increased the wages of one man one cent."

"He's wrong."

We looked at each other and we both smiled. I did not contradict him.

"He claims," I went on, "that they have been given an opportunity to raise wages voluntarily and have failed to make any concessions, and that now the men will organize and force the companies to do what they have failed to do."

"They can't do it."

"That's what I said and thought at first, but I've changed my mind. They can do it and they will do it. Our men are not the quiet men they were a month ago. I've noticed that. The organizers are at work among them, telling them of their power."

"I can't believe it. Wherein have we, the Grand Hollow Coal Company, failed in our duties to our men?"

"Are you asking me that question expecting an answer?"

"Certainly, if you can answer it."

When the Men Were Organized

"I CAN answer it and you won't like the answer. I'm going to cite one case. Take my friend Jonesy, foreman at the Meadow Lark. Jonesy is what I would call a model foreman—keeps his tracks in good order, supplies a full shift of cars to his miners every day they work, doesn't abuse or swear at them and treats them with decency and consideration. I was in his office yesterday afternoon at four o'clock, when the miners were coming out and reporting to him. Once when five of them were in there at the same time he halted them as they were going out and asked them point-blank if there was any union talk going on at the Meadow Lark. Yes—five yeses. Did they think the men would be foolish enough to join the union if they were given the chance? Five more nods—yeses. Why? No answer. Were they going to join? The five of them looked at one another and back at us, and then one of them spoke up and said they had already joined—were in fact union men at that very moment and waiting for the organization to be completed to act. You can give your own answer as to how we have failed in our duties. They did."

Bonner was limp.

"Why haven't you kept me informed, Bob?"

"I said 'yesterday afternoon,'" I replied. "That's what I came here for—to inform you. There's a lot of foremen think their men won't join, that they have no reason to join; but I tell you now that every man in the anthracite regions already has joined or will join the United Mine Workers of America."

The strike of 1902 came as a distinct shock. No one expected it, least of all the men. The miners met and formulated their demands, presented them; the demands were refused and the men struck. An epic in one sentence. Where were we? At sea—all of us—operators and men—in the same boat. Two captains, two crews, two sailing orders and no navigator.

The men left the mines, the boilers, the pumps—oh, they left the entire works to us, and we had to get busy to keep up steam to keep the mines from drowning out. It was a new experience. But gradually we got shaken down, manned the shovels in the fireroom, manned the pumps in the mines and slowly assembled a new organization

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FISHER BODIES

The emblem—Body by Fisher—is only the beginning of the owner's satisfaction. For the ultimate satisfaction is in the longer service, the greater comfort and convenience, which the vast Fisher facilities enable us to build into Fisher bodies in every motor car price-division.

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HOTEL AND BANK CROOKS

More and More of Late We Find Skippers Hunting in Couples, a Man and a Woman

By William J. Burns

HOTEL crooks hunt their prey in any of the populous countries of the world, but they find game most plentiful and the killing season widest open in the United States. The reasons are several and obvious. This genus of criminal, male and female, is divided into three quite distinct classifications, in this order of bookkeeping importance: Paper men, skippers and prowlers, the latter including sneaks as a subdivision. The two first are dangerous in a financial sense only, but the prowlers proper are usually armed and are prepared to wound or kill if cornered in a room or while escaping.

Of the bad-check criminals—paper men—and the bill-cheating crooks—skippers—it is a question which are the hotels' worse enemies. But of all three classes, the skippers are the most curious and psychologically interesting. The particular game they stalk is a good time, by which they mean a gay time, with trimmings, for nothing. More and more of late we find skippers hunting in couples, a man and a woman. She is always his wife in name. Sometimes she is in fact. I have yet to find her an innocent confederate.

One early summer evening, ten months ago, an expensive, well-kept touring car drew up to the doors of a leading Buffalo hotel. A man got out, assisted his companion to alight, tipped the carriage man and left him to send in the several pieces of hand luggage, and with the woman entered and registered; all in the casual and approved fashion.

Skipping in Couples

HE INTRODUCED himself to the desk as from a city in a neighboring state, on a two weeks' motoring vacation with his wife. He arranged with the clerk to have his car cared for in a near-by garage, saying he would call for it himself whenever he required it instead of having the garage send it to the hotel. He chose an excellent suite of rooms, but not the most luxurious.

They were a middle-aged couple; by their car and the quality of their baggage, apparently persons of some means. There was nothing specially to distinguish them from the run of well-to-do transient guests of a first-class hotel except that they were rather flashily dressed. But so are hundreds of others in a year. The man said they would stay a week or possibly ten days. He registered as J. M. Thomas and wife—the name is my own selection. This was on a Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas had their breakfasts served in their rooms, took their luncheons in the hotel restaurant and dined always in the main dining room. All meal checks he signed. On his standing order, the desk supplied him nightly with the best theater tickets and charged them to his account. Some mornings they motored about the city and shopped, and Mrs. Thomas would instruct the desk to pay for any store parcels arriving C. O. D. Usually after luncheon they went for a spin into the country, the ever-obliging management helping them plan these delightful little trips. Mr. Thomas liked one of the lobby's best brands of cigars, bought them by the box and had them charged to his rooms. The garage kept his automobile in gas, put it on his bill and charged that to the hotel as authorized by the hotel.

Saturday evening arrived again. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas came down to an early dinner, stopped pleasantly at the desk, and while she chatted with a junior clerk he asked the chief clerk to have his account made up, as they would be checking out late that evening. Mrs. Thomas here remarked that it was so beautiful and cool they had decided to make a night drive instead of going in the heat of the morning. She said she would lie down for an hour or two's rest before starting.

She stopped and told that to the switchboard operator, too, on the way to the dining room, and asked if she would please not ring her. The girl said she certainly would not. The Thomases were such friendly people!

They dined.

From their rooms Mr. Thomas phoned to send up a porter. The fine bags were brought down. Mr. Thomas went around to the garage and got his car. He parked it a little way down the block from the hotel's side entrance. Mrs. Thomas, stepping from the elevator without hat or wraps, strolled out through the lobby as he came in, and she called distinctly to him that she was going to the car to get something. The porter heard that. This was soon after eight o'clock.

She was sitting idly in the car a moment later when the porter, by her husband's order, brought out their bags and stowed them with care in the tonneau. Then he went back to Mr. Thomas to get his tip. Mr. Thomas got his bill from the desk and went upstairs. On the outside of the door of their suite hung the hotel's Please Don't Disturb card. Mrs. Thomas had placed it there just after the floor night watch came on at eight, and she had called the night maid's attention to it. Then when the maid disappeared she had gone down to the car. Her hat and wraps were in one of the bags.

Mr. Thomas presently came downstairs, handed back his bill at the desk and explained that his wife had changed her mind; she was not feeling quite well, so they would remain over until the following evening. Then he lit a cigar and strolled out to his car, where Mrs. Thomas waited, guarding the bags and the coast.

Settled Without an Argument

THANKS to the Please Don't Disturb sign and the changing of watches upstairs and down, it was Monday morning before the Thomases' rooms were entered by a belatedly alarmed management and found to be empty except of their furniture. The week's bill for suite, the best of meals, theater tickets, cigars, garage livery and gas, and C. O. D. charges for wearing apparel and readily pawnable articles "bought" and carried off by the woman, totaled more than $400.

And the costly touring car that had been such obvious and ample security was—far, far away.

In seven cities within a year the gay middle-aged Thomases played this crook game and got away with it in six. The victims were a hotel each in Buffalo, Toronto, Cleveland, St. Louis, Philadelphia and Chicago, at none of which did they pay anything for their week's pleasure spree except in tips.

Then they staged it a seventh time, in Detroit, and walked into a net.

Rather than submit to arrest and prosecution, Thomas quietly and without any argument paid all seven bills from a fat roll, and they were permitted to climb into their fine car and disappear. How many other hotels they may have defrauded I don't know. But we haven't heard of them now in ten months.

To put up the gate against such a carefully planned, cleverly acted crime as this, we advised hotels throughout

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Performance that inspires confidence

IF YOU will take the wheel of this 1925 Oldsmobile Six and drive—as we invite you to do—you will feel a sense of complete satisfaction almost immediately.

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OLDSMOBILE SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

GOG ANTHRACITE

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composed of foremen, clerks, coal inspectors, weighmasters and the odds and ends of nonunion men that drifted to us, climbed into our own boat and sailed away on our own hook, with everybody trying a hand at navigation.

"The strike won't last long," Bonner commented.

"Can't," I agreed.

When it had lasted a month, he repeated himself. So did I. Then we began to take stock.

"Can't we get some miners to work cutting coal?" he asked.

"Dead easy."

I talked it over with Jonesy. He shook his head.

"Too soon," he said.

Bonner believed in a punch.

"Start around, Bob. You know our men and they know you. Collect enough to start work at one of our collieries and when the time comes we'll put them to work. Then, gradually, we can fill up the ranks until we have one place working with a full quota. Get busy."

I got busy. I traveled up and down the valley from one town to the next, interviewing the men, butting into groups of them as they stood around, throwing out hints, asking questions; and when I got two or three of them segregated, coming out flat-footed with what I wanted. The strike was a month older before I had gone the rounds, and you'd be surprised by the number of men I recruited. Not one! Encouraging, wasn't it?

When I reported to Mr. Bonner he looked at me as if I was a complete failure.

"I'll get some," he said. "I know some of them. Flacker's got some miners working behind a fence and I can get some."

"Flacker's an individual operator and his men come from down country."

"What's the difference? They're working."

"Look at the wages he pays."

"We'll pay bonus wages. We can sell all the bone in the coal and the bone will pay the bonus. We'll go down country."

Well, we came back empty-handed. He tried another tack.

"We'll drive down to the Whippoorwill and see Kammer and Kohlkee; they're Polish. We can get them and they'll draw the others."

Miners' Logic

So we drove down and led them up on top of a mountain to tempt them. They were brothers-in-law. Bonner was a good talker and I never heard him talk harder than he talked to those two men that afternoon. He explained, pleaded and appealed, and they listened intently and quietly to every word he said. I saw he wasn't getting below the surface; but he kept on, made promises, quoted in figures the money they could make, and in half an hour had exhausted the subject and himself.

"Now what do you think of my proposition?" he asked.

They both shook their heads slowly and sadly.

"Do you think we'd have our children called scabs?" Kammer asked quietly.

"What's the children got to do with it?"

"If we went to work for you, and got other men to work, our children would always be known as the children of scabs. No, Mr. Bonner."

And so it has remained until today, twenty-three years later.

"But think of the company!" he pleaded.

Yes, the company, the battle cry of freedom. I smiled. They didn't live there at all.

"What have we got to do with the company?"

"What? Don't you work for it?"

"Yes, we have worked for it."

"Don't you expect to work for it again?"

"We hope so."

"Then you've got a lot to do with it. Why, man, without the company there'd be no work!"

"There'd be another company."

"Yes, but that would still be a company. Don't you men see what the company means to you, to me, to us?"

No, they did not.

"Aren't you loyal? Don't you feel loyal to it—love it?"

Not a cent's worth. They didn't understand what he was driving at.

"See here, fellows," I said, taking a hand, "the Grand Hollow Company gives you work, and feeds, clothes and houses you and your children. Don't you think you owe it something in return?"

"See here, Mr. Bob, we've got to work for our living and we'd as soon work for one company as another. They're all alike."

If any of you can improve on that conversation, go ahead. It has been set down word for word as spoken at the period mentioned. I heard it. I took a small part in it. And I do not think it has changed materially during the interval of time that has passed, and I am not going to try to explain it.

Wise Foremen and Others

We did get a few men to work cutting coal—less than 100 all told. The idea, of course, was to discourage the strikers. It didn't. It was a futile effort. I had some choice bits of sarcasm flung at me and I heard the company cursed, reviled and spat upon. Our company was not any different in this respect from the other companies that make up the roster of names in the anthracite coal fields. And do not criticize me for recording my observation during and since that period, for this is not written as criticism, but as facts.

Mr. Bonner was disillusioned. We all were, I think. Jonesy even swore about it.

"Dear me," he said.

I should like, as a company man, to be able to chronicle greater success attending our efforts than I am able to. A few individuals started up bank washeries, and one man collected enough miners to be able to produce a creditable tonnage; but as for making a real dent in the ranks of the strikers, we did not.

We started to work again under the award of the Anthracite Coal Commission. The men had won. The boot was on the other foot. And since 1902 they have been making the same mistakes the companies made from 1877 to that year.

Mr. Bonner counseled moderation at first and a gradual tightening of the screws of discipline. Some of the foremen tightened down too quickly and we had a few petty strikes. That made it harder all around, for the grievance committees got in their fine work and had men who had been discharged reinstated and some figures changed on the due bills. The wise foremen steered a straight course and avoided trouble.

But after all, it did not much matter. If the foreman did no wrong, he was in warm—not to say hot—water most of the time; and there was an unending clamor of complaints and a constant seeking after new allowances by the pit committee, trying to get pay for items that had never been paid for and had not been considered in the award. It kept me busy going from one colliery to another settling disputes. I had learned how to say no early in life and it stood by me now. I said no every day and made it stick. I reasoned it out that the pit committees wanted to take their victories into the local meetings, and the more they took the more they would take and, inversely, the fewer they took the fewer they would take. The men struck on one of my noes. I went to Mr. Bonner about it.

"Let it stand, boss," I said; "let them strike. It's a bluff."

The wrong advice seemingly when the country was hollering for coal and winter at hand. But he stood pat; not, however, until he had gone over the entire situation and credited Jonesy and me with being right. Then he stuck.

The committee, having exhausted the resources of the colliery officials, asked for a meeting with him. He went over their claims and calmly told them our contention.

"We are right, men, and you are wrong," he said. It was a somewhat technical question having to do with rib allowance. "Whenever you come to me and can show that you are right and we are wrong, I shall be just as quick to tell you that as I am to tell you now that you are wrong."

I do not think they believed him; but, at any rate, they returned to their local and later informed Jonesy that they would go to work. That, of course, made him feel pleasant; but what could he do? He had been the one who had been in the habit of telling them when they could go to work; but that part of his duties had been taken away from him and relegated to a new boss -and an unfriendly boss, at that, for whatever loyalty the men had felt for the company had been transferred to the union. It and not the company was the one that had got them their increase in wages and decrease in hours. Their allegiance went with their loyalty.

This may be considered a very bold statement to make, but I think that one who has followed the controversies through the years will credit it as a general proposition. We had good union men who were faithful company men, but they were scarce. The union was decidedly in the ascendancy. The word "company" was no longer a fetish.

It was soon noticeable that the foremen possessing the greatest amount of common sense were the ones who made the most progress. It was impossible to evolve a fixed policy, for the union was constantly searching for flaws, for seams in our breastplate, and sticking pins and needles through the slits. Every man in our employ imagined he had a grievance against us, and at the meetings of the locals these were aired and brought to our attention. We were on the defensive at last—a bad position.

I do not mean that we had lost any of our aggressiveness, but that it had lost its effectiveness. The men were indifferent. They felt that they could do as they pleased, and they did. None of them flatly refused to obey an order, but the order was often carried out in such a slipshod manner that we were amazed at the hold their new power had on them. In plain English, they did not care.

A Strike Averted

Jonesy related one incident to me. He had entered a miner's breast, and noticing that the laborer was not throwing out all the large pieces of rock from the loose coal he was shoveling into the mine car, directed the attention of the two men to it.

"What of it?" the miners asked.

"Clean your coal—that's what of it."

"The coal's clean enough."

"No, it isn't. Your laborer is loading rock in the car."

"Well, we didn't put the rock in the coal, did we?"

"No, you didn't; but you're supposed to separate it from the coal."

"What if we don't?"

"I'll stop your cars."

"Stop them. We're loading the coal as clean as we're going to load it."

Jonesy stopped their cars then and there. There was nothing else left for him to do. The men struck. I went in with him and the committee to view the remains. Jonesy climbed on the bumper of the partly loaded car and began throwing out slabs of rock—his testimonials.

"Is that all there was in his car?" a committeeman asked, looking at the pile Jonesy had made.

"Isn't it enough?" I asked.

"It isn't much—not enough to stop a man's cars for."

"See here, men," I protested, "our agreement allows you 600 pounds of rock in one car, courthouse record, and here's that much out of a car half filled."

"This place isn't the courthouse."

"What's the difference? The rock was in the car."

"This difference: If Mr. Jones was in doubt about the car, he should have marked it, had it run into the courthouse and cleaned, and then the union would have had to stand the penalty."

"Pete, the miner, told me it was as clean as he was going to load it," Jonesy said. "He practically defied me to make him load it any better."

"We stand on the courthouse record."

"Will you?" I asked.

The committee looked uneasily at me a moment and then nodded their heads. They would.

"Is that satisfactory to you, Mr. Jones?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed."

"Call off your strike. It is satisfactory to the company."

Days of Dissension

This stopped petty strikes for a while about dirty coal, but we were in hot water all the time after that about the stoppage of men's cars for rock, using the courthouse records. When a miner loaded 700 pounds of rock he was stopped one day and stopped one day more for each additional 100 pounds. Our courthouse soon resembled the one at the county seat by the number of men gathered around it looking over the rock piles that the courthouse men had taken out of the mine cars.

Oh, dear, my mind tires when I review these years of strife and dissension! It is unnecessary to burden the record with a narration of the differences that followed. Props and payment for them, allowances for real or imaginary obstacles, the shifting of a man from one job to another job, a gradual tightening of the meshes around our nonunion men—these and a thousand and one other items made up the daily grind of the coal operator's life and were brought to his attention by grievance committees. I began to hate the two words. It began to be harder for me to meet them with calm courtesy. They never brought a request; they brought a demand—"demand," yes, that is the word they used, are still using.

In 1912, the operators, under pressure—and we had been under, over and inside of that pressure—signed a wage scale. Of course, we always had a wage scale, every business has; but our wage scale did not suit the union; they wanted a joint wage scale and they got it. In that scale the payment for everything and everybody inside and outside was indicated opposite the particular class of work done. Every company job was classified and rated at so much an hour. Props of different lengths and sizes were rated Rock of different thickness was rated The lifting of bottom rock, the blowing down of top rock, the yardage under every actual and possible condition, the yardage of pitching breasts of varying degrees of stratum thickness, the building of a platform, the condition under which one class of work became another class of work under a higher scale price, and so forth, until our rate sheets were thick and bulky and we learned what a complicated business we were engaged in.

And then Bonner left us. Another coal company wanted him more than ours did; at least, they offered him more money, and he went with them, and the Grand Hollow catapulted me into his job with a new title—president. Me, Bob Weir, the mean man, with a shovel in my hands, with which I had

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Practical control of a large manufacturing waste

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"Tell me what your children eat and I will show you the kind of men and women they will be!"

THIS is the statement of a famous scientist. Of course, he referred to their *physical* future—their health, their size, their appearance.

Think how our food—the poor or proper balance of food elements—influences our welfare as adults! Then consider how much greater is this influence over children, whose bodies are just being formed—whose development is being determined, day by day!

For instance, it is startling to know that even the contours of the face and head—the very outlines which make up the appearance in later life—depend, to a surprising degree, on the exercise of the jaws and facial muscles. For normal development of these bones and muscles, children must eat foods that require chewing.

Essential food elements, plus crispness to encourage chewing

Much of our modern diet is deficient in one or more of the basic food elements. A lack of any one of these elements is serious—critically serious to children. But we can't all be food dietitians, and arrange each meal from the standpoint of basic food elements.

It was to help overcome this fault that Grape-Nuts was originated—a food designed, deliberately, to supply elements essential to the diet: dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for the teeth and bones; proteins for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B—a builder of the appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an exceptionally well-balanced ration.

And Grape-Nuts is a crisp food! A food children like to chew. A food which exercises the bones and muscles that give the face its outlines.

Dentists agree, moreover, that the appalling prevalence of poor teeth is due largely to the soft food we habitually eat today. The teeth and gums are not properly exercised. Grape-Nuts corrects this.

A special baking process prepares Grape-Nuts for digestion—gives children the fuel and body-building elements they need, with the least digestive effort.

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Give your youngsters Grape-Nuts for breakfast. Serve with whole milk or cream. Two tablespoonfuls are enough—for this food is rich in nourishment. They will love the nut-like flavor stored up in the crisp, golden grains—a flavor which is the favorite of millions.

Get a package from your grocer today or accept the following offer.

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cleared a pathway to the company's highest office. Absurd! But there I was, in the big office building, surrounded by men, women and machinery to do my bidding. I sent for Jonesy.

"Tell me, Mr. Jones," I said, when he had entered and seated himself, a look of wonder on his face for what was coming—"tell me, what does a man do when he's the president of a coal company?"

"Dear me, Bob—Mr. "

"Bob—stick to Bob."

"—— how do I know? I've never been one."

"Nor I. Am I supposed to swell up or do anything like that?"

He eyed me, considering.

"No," he answered presently, "you're supposed to act natural."

That was pretty good advice, though hard to follow.

"But I can't sit around here all day. I've got to get out—go inside."

"You—go inside?" Jonsey was frightened. "You mustn't do that."

"I'm going to do that. Now tell me what would you think if we began to operate each one of our collieries as a separate unit?"

"That's what they are now."

"They are not. We have an inside foreman and an outside foreman and they are forever scrapping. You know that. You and your foreman are always arguing. I've heard you at it hundreds of times."

"He thinks he knows more about the inside than I do. When I order supplies he sends them down to me when he gets good and ready, and not before, and I have to fight with him every day until I get them."

"I know that. Well, supposing you were the superintendent and wanted supplies sent inside. Would they be sent?"

"Indeed, they would!"

"All right. I'm going to make you the G. M. and I want you to give me a list of names for the new positions of colliery superintendents within a week."

"Me, Bob? Dear me, that would never do."

"You're it, Jonesy. I tagged you first. Just go in through that doorway that's smaller than the doorways in the mines, if you must have comparison, and inside you'll find a desk as large as this and a good-looking young woman ready to take dictation from you and help you raise hell with the new superintendents you're going to appoint."

And Jonesy, after a good deal of urging and arguing, pushed open the door and entered upon his new domain with faltering footsteps.

The New Button Game

Within six months the new plans of operating the collieries were carried out and we began a period of expansion. We sank shafts and erected two steel breakers and the hubbub of work was so great that for long stretches of time I forgot all about the union.

We had a fine time with the wage scale. On the surface, it looked simple to pay a man the prescribed rate; but when a man was absent from his job for a day and another man was put in his place as a substitute, we had to pay the rate that went with the job if that rate was higher than the substitute's rate. If it was lower, we had to pay the substitute his rate. In other words, we could raise the substitute's rate, but we could not lower it. That was contrary to our education. Formerly we had paid the job's rate.

I suppose everyone has played the game of button when he was a youngster. We, now that we were old, were taught a new way to play it. We had button committees and button strikes. A new and different colored button was issued to each man every month to show that he was a union man in good standing. When he came to the top of the shaft to go down to work a committee was present to see if he had the new button pinned on his cap or jacket. If he had, all was lovely and he was allowed to enter the mines. If he did not have a button there was trouble, and we, the company, paid the penalty of the dispute. Because a union man had not paid his dues and received a new button to show it, the other men refused to work with him. He may have been just as good a union man at heart as were the nine hundred and ninety-nine other men that struck. It was contrary to the discriminating clause of the 1902 agreement, but that made not one whit of difference. They struck. And the colliery had to remain idle no matter how great the demand for coal was, and we had to sit with our thumbs down until they had settled their differences.

The Do-Nothing Policy

Jonesy came into my office one day with a look of real distress on his face.

"Dear me," he said, sitting down. I knew it was pretty bad when he swore. "They've organized another local at the Meadow Lark."

"What for?"

"I don't know exactly. They had some trouble about the last election of the check-docking boss, and now we have two check-docking bosses, one for each clique."

The check-docking boss was born of the wage scale. At the dumping place of mine cars, whether it be at the top of a shaft or on a level trestle, there had always been a man employed by the company to take the miner's tin ticket off the car and record its number on the car sheet. This record was used at the office to compute the number of cars each miner loaded for the two-week period. He was also an inspector of the contents of the car, hence the term "docking boss," for it was his duty to dock the car if it had too much rock or dirt in it or too little coal on the top. The union's check-docking boss was a superdocking boss. He was elected and paid by the union to which he belonged.

"Two union docking bosses and one company docking boss," I mused. We were going to have a fine time of it. "What are you going to do?"

"What can I do? I came here for advice. Dear me, I don't know what to do."

"Do nothing."

Jonesy was a poor do-nothing sort of man. He looked at me in surprise. His policy was do something. He knew a do-nothing policy properly carried out would make the men think we were easy and a do-something policy would drive lukewarm men into the union's open arms. We were in the middle.

"Wait a day or two," I suggested.

"I don't know. I'm fair worried about it."

"No use worrying. They've got the upper hand no matter how much we may kid ourselves. They are dictators, we are only plain bosses and not of much account. Our men will listen to a union officer quicker than he will to us, and I have noticed lately that they are beginning to dispute their authority, so where are we? Owners of the property, that's all. When they begin to question the authority of their own elected officers, what chance have we got? None. Our own people don't attend the meeting and the power has been delegated to the more radical element. So why worry? You can't change it."

Though I believe we have made mistakes in handling the situation, I began to see that they were making greater ones. Some of our younger and more aggressive colliery superintendents wanted me to sanction an open or secret fight against the union in an effort to break the organization, or at least to weaken it. Folly—sheer folly. I knew men better than that. We would strengthen them by such a course of action and I could not see the advisability of doing that.

The district officers tried to settle the double union business and the two check weighmen, and did—in a way. But the local was largely in charge of that tribe that had invaded the region years before and are hard to convince. They have become wise. They were living in a land of liberty. They could do anything they wanted to do. They were citizens.

"Their girls work in the silk mills, earn good wages; and their boys work in the mines, in the trades, garages, offices, and help support the family," Jonesy complained. "Most of them could live if the mines never worked."

This was, of course, a superficial view, but partly true. It looked dark ahead. What would they demand when the present agreement expired?

One thing, however, was perfectly obvious to me, so obvious that I could read it on the run—the companies and their men were gradually but surely drawing farther apart. There was no cohesion between them. Where there was a slight stick together, it was being cultivated, not by the company officials or union officials, but by the foremen and the men themselves.

To the miners, their foremen represent the company. A good, understanding kind of foreman means to them a good, understanding company; and an unsympathetic or unscrupulous foreman means to them the same kind of company—and I may add that the word "sympathetic" was chosen after rejecting other qualifying words. Unfortunately, too, the miner holds to the generally accepted idea that the companies make a great deal of money—much more money than they actually do make.

One side is entitled to a good profit. Mining coal is a destructive game of exhausting the principal. The other side is entitled to a good wage, mining coal being a more or less dangerous game; and it seems reasonable that both sides are entitled to a fair amount of consideration which—judging by the past—they will not get. But we are hardened to that. I shall not say that we do not care, because we do care; but the endless, unfair and ignorant criticism to which we have been subjected has made us indifferent.

I should like to take the Grand Hollow Company's affairs into the next meeting between the operators and mine workers and play my hand with the cards faced up. Heresy against Gog, of course; but it has always struck me that when we meet to discuss wages we are not at all fair one side to the other. Each side is secretive. Each side bluffs. Each side accuses the other and each side makes its reply to the accusation. Faugh! We get nowhere. The public looks on, reads the accounts of the meetings and smiles. But let the union, at least, learn to live up to the agreements. We do, whether by duress or of our own accord, and they do not. When we break, or seem to break, the agreement, the men strike. When the union breaks, or seems to break, the agreement, we call their attention to it and nothing comes of it.

Breaking the Barriers

It is all wrong, the methods by which we finally agree without agreeing at all. I know men who are as fine upstanding men as there are in the United States, as men. As union men, they are an entirely different proposition. They may say and think the same of the men on our side. Let us arrive at some sane method by which the barriers can be broken down, if we are to have a union with us—and I believe we are—for, after all, we can meet on one common level on one common thing, and that is our love of country.

Certainly neither side nor our country wants to go back to 1877–1902 conditions. Though the 1902–1925 conditions have not been ideal, they have been better, on an upward swing for both sides, and it seems reasonable to suppose that with the end of the twenty-five-year period in 1927 both sides can enter upon a third twenty-five-year period with better understandings. It is a hard proposition and a big one. The union should avoid making the same mistakes the companies did during the 1877–1902 period if they want to live beyond the 1902–1927 period.

Let us arrive at some method by which the barriers can be broken down, if we are to have a union with us.

Watch This Column

HOUSE PETERS

HOUSE PETERS, always a capable and pleasing actor, adds materially to his laurels in the rôle of *"Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman,"* adapted for the screen from E. W. Hornung's celebrated story and play. Naturally in picture, this play, which Kyrle Bellew made famous, becomes more vivid and dramatic and emphasizes many points which were more or less vague in the stage play. MR. PETERS is ably supported by MISS DU PONT, WALTER LONG, HEDDA HOPPER, FREEMAN WOOD and others. Directed by King Baggott.

Erroneously, REGINALD DENNY'S newest picture was mentioned under the title of *"Too Many Women,"* when it should have been *"I'll Show You the Town,"* the title of the original story by Elmer Davis. This is one of the most refreshing pictures of the year, with MR. DENNY in a part exactly suited to his wholesome buoyant personality. I advise you all to see it.

Incidentally, I hope authors will hereafter choose better and more attractive titles for their stories and books. A good title adds to a story. No producer will change a catchy title in transferring a story to the screen, for it is a fact that many people choose their picture entertainment by the title.

You have a big treat coming in *"The Phantom of the Opera,"* Universal's great mystery and fantastic spectacle in which LON CHANEY plays the remarkable role of "The Phantom" who haunts the great Paris Opera House in which Gaston Leroux's fine story is laid. I wonder if you will regard this as the great picture of the year as so many of the leading critics did at its world premier at the Curran Theatre, San Francisco.

Other Universal Pictures worthy of special mention: *"Smoldering Fires,"* with PAULINE FREDERICK and LAURA LA PLANTE; HERBERT RAWLINSON and MADGE BELLAMY in the *"Man in Blue"*; HOOT GIBSON in *"Let 'Er Buck"* and *"The Saddle Hawk"*; VIRGINIA VALLI in *"Up the Ladder"*; REGINALD DENNY in *"Oh, Doctor,"* and MARY PHILBIN in *"Fifth Avenue Models."*

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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HOTEL AND BANK CROOKS

(Continued from Page 46)

the country to adopt these two main precautions and rigidly enforce them:

Require the porter's desk immediately to report to the cashier's desk all baggage ordered out by guests, and the porters to release no baggage until the head porter on duty has seen the guest's receipted bill.

Require the floor clerk to report immediately to the cashier's desk all baggage being taken from the floor by porters.

Had the see-the-receipted-bill rule been in effect, the Thomases could not have got away with their fraud the first time, at Buffalo; and caught there, they would have hesitated to try it a second time; as witness their ten months' apparent retirement now.

The Buffalo porter said he thought Thomas was paying his bill when he saw him hand in at the cashier's window "a paper and get it back." The cashier explained that what the crook handed in at the wicket was his—bogus—forwarding address, and she had glanced at it and handed it back with instructions where to deposit it. Of course, that was a bit of stage business put on by Thomas for the porter's benefit, just as was the arrival night's stipulation by him that he always would call for and return his car to the garage—so that on the night of flight he would not be hampered by the presence of a third person at the scene of the departing car.

In a crook that sort of planning might be called constructive criminality; and just such appreciation of vital detail distinguishes really clever professionals from merely spectacular ones like Gerald Chapman. The thoughtful, infinitely painstaking crook will lose if he sticks to his game long enough, but the fireworks crook is lost before he starts.

Of course, the little game the Thomases played was too distinguishable in its props to be good for any great length of time, as some confidence layouts are good for endless repetition. The Thomases were weak at three points—they had to charge everything, which to a hotel is or should be always a flag of suspicion; they had to use an expensive, attention-attracting car for their front; and they chose to dress flashily. The last was folly; but psychologically it was the most human trick in their kit, suggesting that their common sense—such common sense as a professional crook can possess, which is not so much, or he wouldn't be one—was submerged by their love of a colorful time, as though they liked to dress to fit their spree instead of their safety. Except in this one detail, they were finished actors. Seven metropolitan hotels admit it.

The Hotel Man's Code

The reported fact that American hotels lose annually 2 per cent of their gross income by guests' crimes, frauds and unpaid bills, and the additional fact that one agency alone recovers for client hotels $90,000 in bills after the management has exhausted all settlement means, do not change a third fact—that American hotel men are among the keenest judges of character at sight. If they were not, their losses would be very much bigger.

They are hampered by hospitality. That quality is their stock in trade literally. If they were to go short on it they could not continue successfully in business. On the other hand, they are equipped with caution, equally necessary, and armed with suspicion—forced upon them. They are engaged, for living and profit, in taking into their house strangers from anywhere to lodge and feed and care for and please, knowing as a rule nothing about them except what the strangers choose to tell them—which may be worse than knowing nothing, for it may be false. In the vast majority of cases it is true information, or there would be no hotels—at least none we'd enjoy patronizing.

For their own protection, hotel men have more or less deliberately formulated an unwritten code or attitude toward guests who are strangers to them. Under that code:

They are suspicious of a guest who is manifestly short of cash.

They early watch the account of a new guest who orders meals to be served in his room and signs the checks.

They are wide awake to the check that drops so casually out of a letter opened at the desk, and which requires to be cashed. And the fact that the guest wired for reservation with instructions to hold all mail, and the letter was held and has just been handed to him, is apt to hurt rather than help his case, because it is such a very old trick.

They are always unfavorably impressed by request for an accommodation loan at the desk, and are quite hardened to refusing it or cross-examining the applicant.

They do not hesitate to present a bill for four days instead of waiting the customary week, if they become doubtful of the guest's ability or intent to pay promptly for what they are supplying.

A guest who has been granted the courtesy of a desk loan clears himself best and serves himself best by repaying the currency the moment he is in funds, instead of letting it stand for entry on his bill.

Gun-Shy of Drafts

They are gun-shy and incurably so, the hotel men, in the cashing of stranger guests' personal out-of-town checks. What sensible person could blame them? Drafts, the same. Expense-account checks "from the home office" they scrutinize; hard and repeated experience has taught them the wisdom of advancing on such paper only a few dollars for the unknown guest's immediate needs, and forwarding the check for collection. And yet with all their care thousands of bogus checks get by yearly.

They have an expert's eye on the signs they can read on arrival baggage, though the crooked or moneyless guest may never suspect it as he walks up and registers and is assigned. And they have valuable allies there in the bag-carrying bell boys. Refusal by a guest to surrender his hand luggage to bell boys does not recommend him.

Few hotels will now accept C. O. D. deliveries for guests unless the guest has arranged with the desk to do so before going out to shop; and a careful management will ask for such details as the approximate amount of the collection-to-be and where the purchases are to come from.

Hotels from New York to San Francisco have been worked by this game:

A well-dressed crook arrives with a fair-looking but not expensive bag or suitcase, quite heavy, and registers. He is shown to his room. A little later he stops at the desk, leaves his key, arranges with the clerk to accept a ten or fifteen dollar C. O. D. package which will be delivered about a stated hour, and goes out. Duly a confederate, dressed in the copied uniform of a telegraph or messenger company, arrives with the parcel, collects $15.60, and departs. The package is either held at the desk or sent up to the crook's room.

He, of course, does not return, but the fact is not discovered until the floor maid reports next morning his room as unoccupied that night. The hotel may wait another day, or it may immediately open his bag. It contains some bricks wrapped in newspapers. The C. O. D. package is opened. It contains several old telephone directories, also wrapped in paper. The hotel is stung for $15.60 cash and one day's room rent. The two crooks have worked five other hotels in the city the same way in the same day. They have picked up ninety or so dollars at an expenditure of perhaps twelve or fifteen dollars for six secondhand traveling bags. It is an old game still good, but decreasingly so.

(Continued on Page 54)

Jewett Coach

$1260

f. o. b. Detroit, tax extra

They came—they saw—they bought the greatest Jewett ever built

Less than sixty days since the Jewett Coach was announced—and in that short time the country has gone Jewett. Enclosed car buyers everywhere are selecting the Jewett Coach among all coaches as the one outstanding example of roominess—smartness—roadability—quality!

Doors 36 in. wide permit easy access to rear seat without disturbing those in front.

The finest Coach ever designed—finest in roominess—convenience—comfort—sturdy construction—detail finish.

A Coach ($1260) with the construction and finish of the finest sedans—and sedan roominess A *quality* Coach—through and through. Coach buyers have stopped looking for Jewett's equal. For the Jewett Coach establishes a new standard of enclosed car quality.

Jewett Coach will out-perform any car within $500 of its price.

That means performance as you understand it—as you want it—on hills—on the open road—through rough going—in traffic—anywhere! 5 to 25 miles an hour in 7 seconds in *high!* From a mile an hour *without bucking* to a mile a minute and better in less than a city block. That's Jewett Coach performance. *You* try it!

Rear leg room 45 in. Front leg room 45 in. That means comfort on long trips.

The easiest parking—steering—driving Coach you ever touched.

Turns around comfortably in a 42-foot street. Parks easily in a 16½-foot space at the curb. Enters or leaves your garage from a 14-foot alley. Steers with delightful ease. Those who have driven it know. *You* drive it!

It's the greatest Jewett ever built—at the lowest enclosed car price we ever achieved.

Low first cost—with greatly improved quality. The New Jewett has a chassis much improved and worth hundreds more, meeting a great public need for maximum service—minimum upkeep expense. Coach buyers may well ask why *any* Coach costs more than Jewett. See it and drive it before you buy any Coach—or any enclosed car. You will pay dearly for its equal. (558)

Roominess! Rear seat passengers leave the Jewett Coach without disturbing those in front

The Paige-Jewett one-piece ventilating windshield not only lifts to ventilate, but can also be tilted outward when desired

Hydraulic 4-wheel Brakes (Lockheed Type) at slight extra cost

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As easy as buying a cigar

I know you're busy.

Too much so, perhaps, to be interested in any method of shaving but the one you use.

That's just the reason I'm talking to you. Every day you let go by without trying Mennen's means a real loss of time and all that time means. The old ways of shaving are too long, too round-about. Hot towels, rubbing the lather in with the fingers—the necessity for hot water—these are all time wasters which the modern business man discarded when Mennen chemists discovered Dermutation.

And we certainly make it as easy as possible for a tube of Mennen's to slip into your pocket. Find a drug store and you've found Mennen's.

There's nothing very original or clever in my telling you that I want you to step in, the next time you pass a drug store, to buy a tube of Mennen's. Every other salesman and adwriter has some such itinerary in mind for you.

I'm only asking you to do what millions of other men have been glad they did; and I don't want you to risk any money. In fact, that tube of Mennen's you buy of your druggist for 50 cents will amount to a loan, if you want it to. For if it doesn't please you as much as I'm sure it will, I want you to send me what's left of the tube and I'll pay up like a good sport.

And I want you to know Mennen Talcum for Men—it's good enough to team up with the Cream, and I don't know how to put it any stronger than that. It's neutral in tint and doesn't give your face a chalky look. The scent is pleasant and refreshing, but mild. You'll like it. Two bits buys it.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

$100.00

Non-removable, non-refillable, non-leakable! Send us a name for this new device. $100 to the winner. Contest closes July first.

(Continued from Page 52)

Thousands of hotel room keys are carried away every year by departing guests; most of us are guilty of that carelessness. Hotels should take the precaution, when a guest has checked out without leaving his key, of having the house engineer change the tumblers of that lock, a simple operation, before again renting the room. Where suspicion is present of intentional carrying off of the key, the tumblers should be left as they are, the house electrician should wire the lock with a burglar alarm to ring in the manager's office, and that room should then be "rented" to a decoy guest—an employe of the hotel. This is why:

A certain type of prowler crook will register and be assigned a room—say, 476. He will spend the evening or part of the day idling unobtrusively about the lobby, observing how the desk handles guests' keys at counter and rack. At the end of a day's stay—he is careful not to stay long enough for his face to become familiar to the changing watches—he pays his bill and checks out, taking his key with him. He works only the busy hotels, where the transient patronage is heavy, a constant stream of new faces in front of the clerks.

A day or two later he reappears inconspicuously in the lobby, and by observing the desk he finds out that Room 476 is occupied. If Key 476 is out, indicating that the guest is in, he waits until he either sees the guest leaving it at the counter or sees that it has been placed on its hook or in its box. Now is his time. He goes up in the elevator, swinging the 476 key he carried off with him a day or two ago. He lets himself into 476 and robs the room with the speed and skill of an expert, relocks the door, puts the key in his pocket and goes away quietly and casually through the lobby.

Many hotel-room robberies would be prevented if the management took better care of the guests' keys. Guests are careless or thoughtless themselves. Instead of leaving the key in the hand of a clerk, they often toss it on the counter with a clank that may be boots and saddles to the ear of that neatly dressed man sitting over there with a newspaper. The clerks are busy, perhaps assigning new arrivals, and the key lies there. The man half folds his newspaper, strolls over, pauses at the counter with a question on his face, sees how busy the clerks are, and goes on to the elevator. In the palm of his hand that holds the half-folded paper is the key.

Hotel counters should be provided with slots opening into compartments beneath and made obvious to guests by a neat attached sign: Drop Your Key Here. And clerks behind the counter, and employes in front of it, should be trained to sweep any exposed key into that slot if it is not racked or boxed at once.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr Burns. The next will appear in an early issue.

MINOR CHANGES

(Continued from Page 27)

Van returned to work that afternoon and began thinking up comical stunts to toss into Hard Rock as that ambitious comedy progressed.

He was introduced to and admired the new leading lady, Miss Ivy Lee, whose hair seemed yellower and more fluffy than ever, now that she was really and truly in the movies. He observed Shorty Hamp, strolling uneasily hither and yon amid the dome lights, a sodden prey to his own bitter thoughts. Shorty scarcely spoke to Gil now, and as for Miss Lee, he bowed to her coldly and strode on to other spots, clothed in magnificent dignity.

Gilfillan in no way tried to atone to his assistant comedian, as a man might after stealing another man's lady friend. He passed calmly over Shorty and constantly fluttered about Miss Ivy Lee, buying lavish meals for her and threatening the publicity department when newspaper articles about her thinned down to paragraphs.

"And," declared Van Hoven in the second day of his re-employment, "in order to be sure about it, let's shoot the clock gag now, at the beginning. I've known gags to get lost through waiting."

"We might as well," Gil said reluctantly.

There was no need even to discuss the clock gag, because everyone in the comedy company, down to the prop men, was familiar with it.

"We can begin after lunch," Gil announced. "And they can rush the set."

"Good!" said Van Hoven.

"You," murmured the star, directing his speech to Shorty Hamp. "I'm not going to have anything to do with it. You'll play that clock gag."

"I will not!" snorted Shorty, who was on his way to lunch, and peevish as ever. "You think you can hang your muddy jobs on me, hey? Well, you're mistaken, Mr. Gilfillan."

"What?" exclaimed Gil, astonished and never realizing that it was the voice of a wounded soul speaking.

"You hear me, you big ruffian," Shorty said. "This clock gag is a piece of junk. You won't do it yourself, but you expect me to. I refuse. So there. I'll quit first."

"Well," said Gilfillan, "anyway I know where you stand on that question."

He then went to lunch, accompanied, of course, by the radiant Ivy Lee, and they occupied a prominent table at the Actors' Restaurant, so that the yokelry from far and near might gaze upon them. Gil's mind wandered betimes to the despised gag. In the forthcoming picture he played the part of a city doctor, and Shorty had been cast as his assistant in a white apron. The clock gag concerned and required a different type entirely, a person whose custom it was to arise at an early hour.

"I dunno what to do about it," the star confided to his charming companion, who was to play the nurse in this, her first screen venture, and who was all a-tremble with excitement.

"You'll know what to do, Mr. Gilfillan," Ivy said, looking at him with admiring eyes. "You're so resourceful."

Immediately after lunch the comedy unit reassembled, with Mr. Van Hoven on the sidelines to protect his gag. Mr. John O'Day wandered in, glanced over the comedy group and speedily decided.

"Why delay about an ordinary bit?" he asked, surprised.

"This guy is a milkman," complained Gil, referring to the person or character who would have to figure in the proposed gag. "I'm a doctor. Shorty's my assistant, also a doctor. What can you do about that?"

"You can leave the bit out," said the president.

A voice was heard—clear, penetrating.

"Oh, no, you can't, Mr. O'Day," said Van. "You can do a good many things to this picture, but the one thing you cannot do is to leave my gag out."

"Why?" O'Day demanded, unaccustomed to such talk.

"It's all right, boss," Gil said soothingly. "We'll work it in somehow. I want it to go in. If the truth must be known, I'm rather fond of this gag."

He glared at Van Hoven.

"What's it about?" asked the man who signed the checks.

They gathered around Mr. O'Day and told him what it was—what it always had been, summer and winter, since Hector lived on gruel.

A certain character of no great importance desired to arise at an early hour in the morning. He fastened a razor blade—a small razor blade—to the hour hand of the large clock on the wall above his bed, and so secured a bit of thread that when the hour hand reached five o'clock in the morning it touched and severed the thread. This released a larger cord, running through a pulley, and this in turn dropped a still larger twine, which let go a length of rope, all these various hawsers winding over pulleys.

The final rope scuttled the forward end of a bed containing the sleeping man, who was in the dairy trade. The bed being tilted forward, shot the gentleman into an arranged chute, and as he descended he was frisked of his night garments and thrust into the habiliments of the day.

He ended by being hurled into his boots, and now fully clad, he was catapulted into his milk vehicle, which was a motor car, loaded for the day's deliveries. The falling bed started his engine by means of intricate mechanical devices, all Van Hoven's, and the milkman was off and away, shouting his wares.

The entire action was brisk and full of laughs, or meant to be. A few instants after the razor blade cut the thread the man was rattling down the street. This was the episode which Van regarded as a masterpiece of humor, and, as the legal papers so quaintly put it, speed was its essence.

"It sounds silly to me," said Mr. Grogan, who had strolled into the conference; "and expensive. Why do we have to shoot all that truck, when it has nothing whatever to do with the doctor story?"

"Because," Gil exploded, "we do; that's all. We shoot this. I want it done, and I'm directing the picture."

"Well," said Grogan, "if nobody else will, have Monty Wiss be the milkman. You can do that stuff in an hour and let Monty go back to whatever he's working on."

"A grand thought," said Gil heartily, smiling for the first time that day. "Somebody go and get Monty."

A hurrying envoy discovered the calm Mr. Wiss playing butler in a society picture two stages away, and the Jack-of-all-trades was notified to hold himself in readiness, and that he was to be a fleeting milkman in a Gil-and-Shorty comedy as soon as they could throw up a set. Monty received the news with the excitement of a man getting a post card about secondhand tires, and went on butlering.

"All right," he said, glancing at the messenger with the unsmiling countenance that had made him unpopular. "When they want me I'll be here."

In spite of his determination to do the clock gag immediately and have it over with, Mr. Gilfillan delayed action and busied himself with other episodes of Hard Rock. A crew of carpenters attacked the milkman set, and Van Hoven prowled watchfully, convinced that the star would evade the issue if he could. Meantime strained relations continued between Shorty and Gil. Miss Ivy Lee, as everyone admitted, turned out to be a genuine find, a real little actress, with dash and verve, to say nothing of her flowing yellow locks, and as nifty a pair of why-girls-wear-silk as ever paraded before a chattering camera.

Presently the clock-gag set was finished and Monty Wiss was summoned. Gil of course directed the action, aided by Van Hoven, and they shot the incidents quickly. Mr. Wiss donned his night clothes, went to sleep, slid out of bed when the machinery tilted him, and dashed down the streets, peddling milk. When the studio shots were in, Gil took a few street scenes, and Monty returned to his other task, which happened to be designing a monogram for O'Day's new touring car.

"Now," said Gil, glaring at Van Hoven when the day's job was ended, "tell me how we're going to work that into our story."

"We'll get it in all right. I'll find a way."

"We leave a doctor starting to saw up his patient, and cut to a milkman sliding out of bed. The milkman has nothing to do with

(Continued on Page 57)

DODGE BROTHERS
SPECIAL
TYPE-A SEDAN

These Special Type-A Sedans meet a growing preference for individuality. They are smartly and completely equipped.

Their popularity is due, in no less measure, to features which are now common to every motor car Dodge Brothers build: striking beauty of design, exceptional riding comfort, and marked smoothness of operation.

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anyone else in the story. Then we cut back to the doctor. Where can you make sense out of that?"

"I'll fix it," said Van confidently. "We can take care of it later on, in the cutting."

Gil went home that night convinced that all gag men are insane, and the following afternoon the Gil-and-Shorty company gathered in Room 3 to view the previous day's takes. President O'Day, by mere chance, happened to sit in with his funny men.

"There's your blickety-blicked clock gag," Gil whispered savagely to Van Hoven, who was beside him in the darkness. "My good suffering saleratus! Awful! Horrible!"

"Nothing of the kind," defended Van. "You can't tell by looking at it this way. Wait till we cut it and fit it into the picture."

"Don't tell me," answered Gil, in what he meant to be a low voice. "I've been in this business eleven years, and that's the worst gag I ever saw. That's worse than the one where you made me hang cowbells on the automobile wheels."

President O'Day left the projection room ahead of the others, without giving any opinion, and as it turned out it was not necessary for Van Hoven to rack his brains over the problem of how to thrust the exotic gag into Hard Rock. The knot was untangled by exterior forces.

Mr. O'Day went at once to his office, sat down behind his mahogany desk, hummed a faint tune and stared long and thoughtfully across the alley at a colored lithograph. He then summoned his business partner for a talk, and the two of them were closeted for the better part of an hour.

Loud voices were heard by office boys passing in the hall. Stenographers carrying papers paused and attempted casually to hear the conversation, and in the late hours of the afternoon, before he knocked off for the day, President O'Day sent for a secretary and dictated a memorandum. Memorandums, in movie studios, are little pink bombshells, causing more trouble than censorship, and Mr. O'Day's memorandum was copied in duplicate and distributed to each and every member of the Gil-and-Shorty comedy unit. Under the printed matter, it read:

"All those connected with the Gilfillan Comedy Company are requested to assemble in Mr. O'Day's office at ten o'clock. Signed by the President."

"Now, what?" Van Hoven asked, entering Gil's lair and waving his pink slip.

"I dunno," said Gil. "I'm having enough trouble without stopping for conferences."

Shorty Hamp read his slip in his own cubby-hole of an office, and then reread it carefully. His first hope was that Ivy Lee was about to be discharged, now that O'Day had seen her on the screen.

"And I hope she never gets another job," Shorty said brutally, leaping ahead of the facts.

Promptly at ten the wondering group of comedy concocters, including the staff, met in the presidential office, ranged in a circle, and listened in astonishment that ever grew.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. O'Day when they were seated, "and ladies, too, I know you will be pleased, and share our enthusiasm, when I tell you we have discovered a new star."

The assemblage exchanged glances and all turned and stared curiously at Walter Gilfillan, whose mouth opened slightly and so remained.

"A new star," continued the chief officer; "and I might add that we expect the American public to share our opinion. I saw the daily rushes, as you know, and last night I brought in a group of persons in whose judgment I have confidence. They all agreed with me. We have uncovered a live one."

Shorty Hamp looked dumbly around the room. Was it possible that O'Day meant Ivy Lee, the faithless?

"Monty Wiss," said the speaker, "has been working for this organization for years, and the joke is on us. Somehow, it seems to me, we must have been very stupid not to have discovered him before. We had something and we didn't know it."

It was now Eugene Van Hoven who looked startled. Gilfillan turned stonily, looking directly toward Van, and there was a momentary hush.

"That business with the clock and the bed," continued O'Day impressively, "is the funniest single episode that we've had in this studio for months. Monty Wiss is the funniest comedian I've seen in a year, from this or any other studio. He's good because he never cracks a smile. He's a real find and his technic is brand-new."

Mr. Gilfillan was breathing slowly, and turning the gray, ashen color of frozen auk meat. He continued to rivet his pained gaze upon the features of Van Hoven.

"Of course," the presidential voice rumbled on, "Monty Wiss will never be in Gil's class as a comedian, so there is no competition, nor need there be jealousy. These two are as far apart as the poles. Monty's method is his own, and not like Gil's, but he is screamingly funny, and what we mean to do, now we have found it out, is to exploit him in a series of one-reel comedies. We have a new star in this studio, and if advertising can put him over big, we intend to do it. Mr. Rascoe, what do you think?"

Called upon thus suddenly, Gil's old-time scenario hound rose dazedly to his feet and replied that he saw no reason why Mr. Wiss shouldn't go over in a large way. It was a poor speech, but short.

"And you, Mr. Van Hoven? How does it strike you?"

"You're dead right!" Van answered heartily. "As you say, that clock gag is one of the funniest bits of action that's been shot in months. Sure, you can make one-reelers with Monty."

He sat down, and the president looked Gilward.

"What do you think, Gil?"

Mr. Gilfillan did not rise, as the others had done.

"Great," he said hollowly, and not another word.

"Very well," continued the boss. "Let's get at this immediately. And I desire cooperation from all, and speed from every department. I want the publicity men to spread on Monty Wiss from now on. Drop everything else. Monty Wiss is our new star, and his first picture is to be this milkman story, starting where he gets tossed out of bed. That's a bully start for any comedy."

"Certainly," said Van Hoven.

"Pick the thing up there and go on with it, making the various episodes as funny as you can. Van Hoven, I want you to help George Sheldon, who is coming over from the Terrestrial people to direct Monty. Mr. Rascoe will work out a script and assist you, and we'll rush this thing through now that we've started."

He rubbed his hands together briskly and looked about the interested circle.

"There's one other thing," he concluded. "I have decided that Miss Lee had better be shifted over from Gil's comedy. From what I saw of her work, she is exactly what we need—just the type to play opposite Monty."

At this instant there was a terrific though subdued outburst in a far corner of the room, and when the people looked over they noticed that Shorty Hamp had covered his face with his hands and was suffering from an attack of something that included low moanings, sneezing, coughings and indiscriminate throat noises.

"Pardon me," said Shorty, looking up, his face entirely red. "I swallowed something."

The ladies and gentlemen stood up in front of their chairs, feeling the strange, charged state of the atmosphere, and Gil spoke.

"One moment, Mr. O'Day," he said. "What about my Hard Rock comedy, which we been working on? What about that? If you're going to take my company away from me where do I get off?"

"You'll have to rustle out and get new people, Gil," O'Day said smilingly, and yet in a kindly way. "You know you can do that, and begin your story all over. There's no hurry about Hard Rock now. I'd rather get this one-reel schedule started, because if I'm not mistaken we'll surprise people with Monty Wiss. That's all, everybody. Go to it and hurry things along."

The meeting adjourned and the participants filed out. Mr. Gilfillan walked slowly and alone to his dressing room, followed at some distance by his staff, in whose general bearing was a slight touch of the funereal. Shorty Hamp beamed. He gurgled. His round face was plastered with a permanent grin and he even executed a few lively steps from an old Indian folk dance.

"Cut that out!" snapped Van Hoven, who wore a troubled air. His good gag had proved a bit too good.

"It certainly is a silly idea," Rascoe remarked. "They see one sequence and decide this fellow is a comedian. Why should anyone think Wiss is funny?"

"He was funny in that gag," replied Van.

"Yes," said Gil, turning on them bitterly, "and now we've got two comedians on the lot, and they sidetrack my picture, take my staff and tell me go sit in a corner and suck my thumb while they make a new star. Huh! Nice outlook, isn't it? You and your clock gag—your lovely little clock gag, which you had to have in the picture or you wouldn't come back to work!"

"I told you it was good," Van defended. "You should have played it, as I wanted you to."

"And," said Shorty brightly, "the worst of it is them taking Ivy Lee away from Gil, just as they were beginning to get on good."

Gil looked down at his chubby assistant, but did not smile.

"I've got half a notion to quit," he said somberly. "They can't pull anything like that on me."

The conversation that followed was all sympathetic in tone. Mr. Monty Wiss, the unpopular handy man of the studio, formerly a circus clown, and now elevated to stardom in one-reelers—temporarily at least—appeared, walking slowly down the path toward Gil's open door. He was swinging a bamboo cane and seemed to be wearing a new hat. Pausing just outside Gil's door he glanced at the group.

"Anybody around here seen Miss Lee?" he asked politely.

"She was here a minute ago," said Shorty, while the others looked coldly and wordlessly at the former stunt man. "I hear you got a new job."

"Yes," Monty said languidly. "O'Day tells me he wants me to do a series of one-reelers. All right with me, especially the pay. It's no mistake. I'll make money for the company. Here comes Miss Lee now."

Ivy was coming, smilingly, her yellow hair flying.

"We may as well go to lunch now, Ivy," said the ex-handy man. "They're in a hurry over this first milk picture, and if you're going to play opposite me you'll have to catch on to my methods."

"I'm all ready, Monty," she said sweetly, taking his arm. "I'm so thrilled. Things happen awful fast in this studio, don't they?"

The two of them walked briskly and disappeared.

"His methods," sneered Gil.

"His girl too," said Shorty, grinning. "Laugh that off, you big rummy."

Gil rose carefully and hurled a jar of yellow make-up, but Shorty was out of range, and the jar shattered harmlessly on the concrete wall of Stage Two, behind which active carpenters were already hard at work upon a barnyard set, wherein cows would be milked, humorously, by Monty Wiss.

"I'm going home," said Van Hoven.

"Go on," advised Gil. "Think up some more clever gags with ropes in them. Then hang yourself with one of the ropes."

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BASE METHODS

Continued from Page 17)

"But of a certainty, monsieur—because you are under arrest."

"Arrest! But, my dear sir, what on earth for?"

"Bravo, monsieur!" the Frenchman delightedly laughed. "That was bravely done. Unhappily, it is no good. We have the misfortune to know all about you. Come now, confess you 'ave the arms aboard your little vessel."

"A few," Wilde admitted. "But what of that?"

"It is the report that you 'ave bombed a Portuguese naval launch. Is that true also, perhaps?"

Conway, watching Wilde for his cue, saw a grin break through that show of indignation, and copied it, to the considerable relief of his emotions.

"An exaggeration, monsieur; the bomb was a tea caddy."

"Tea caddee, vraiment! What is that tea caddee?"

"A tea caddy, monsieur, is a small ornamental jar used by old ladies of both sexes to preserve their private stocks of Sou-Chong."

"And one is to understand, perhaps, you did also pirate a cargo vessel of Portugal with that famous tea caddee?"

"But monsieur will have the good nature to believe that affair likewise exaggerated."

The Frenchman looked from that countenance of childlike contours to the other with its three weeks' growth of down and its mirthful eyes.

"*Diable*, but you are strange ones, you two, to have created so much excitement! One did look to have to do with mad dogs more than men." Here Wilde and Conway exchanged glances. "But you, monsieur, to me you 'ave the air of the English Navy."

"He was a sailor, once, monsieur; but now he's merely Surplus."

"As for yourself, monsieur, you 'ave the bearing of a military man more than a smuggler of guns."

"But most Englishmen today," Wilde craftily protested, "have an honest right to look like fighting men—is it not so?—seeing that almost all of us have fought to save France."

"'*Cre bon sang*, but that is true!" The Frenchman, visibly touched in his patriotism, was melting toward these scamps. "Now you will 'ave the goodness to give me the unofficial pleasure of your company at *petit déjeuner*; and you shall tell me then how it was you did defeat the Portuguese Navy with one small tea caddee. Later, you shall make formal answers to my questionnaire for official report, if agreeable to you, messieurs."

Though the sun was not yet over the yardarm, his prisoners were unmistakably kin of his cloth, in addition to being the cause of an interesting break in the monotony of naval-base routine; so Lieut. Armand de Quimperlé, commanding the contre-torpilleur Toulon, did not hesitate to call for a bottle of *fin champagne* to top off *déjeuner* and lubricate the hinges of two tongues.

It resulted that even the heart that Conway carried recovered measurably from this dismal experience of finding himself aboard a vessel of war in the capacity of captive malefactor instead of the rôle of authority to which he was accustomed; while Peter Wilde mustered all the aplomb of a soldier schooled in making the best of the worst, accepted the situation, and entered into the spirit of it.

"The point I desire to make clear to you, mon lieutenant," he said at length, "is that gun trading is a counterfeit crime coined by those old men of your country and mine who have been carrying on a four years' conversation ever since you and I and all our good comrades made a finish to four years of fighting. A gun runner, monsieur, is not a criminal, but merely a merchant condemned to do business under the most damnable difficulties."

"But we do not quarrel about that, you and I, *mes amis*," the lieutenant laughed. "It is your bad chance your country and my country and their Allies 'ave made agreement to discourage such enterprise. Me, I do not mind that you sell rifles to the Riffi. True, they are the enemies of Spain; but what is that to me? I do not love the Spanish; the Portuguese I 'ave no love for, neither—they are all what you call sweeps. But what would you? Last night, all is most peaceful; at Casablanca we are dying of nothing to do, we are so dull. Suddenly it is that radio wakes up. Lisboa is—'ow do you say?—foaming at 'er mouth for the blood of two Englishmen which 'ave turned pirate, stolen a Portuguese cargo ship and bombed a launch of the sacred navy of the Republic. This morning I am ordered out to sweep the seas for an English motor launch carrying rifles for the Riffi. Well, I 'ave found her, and I cannot 'elp that. But I do not yet comprehend why you, so intelligent, were so indiscreet with that Villar Formoso. It is to that you must blame it your essay was unsuccessful."

"It is quite simple, monsieur," Conway gruffly put in, keen to cleanse his scutcheon of an ex-naval officer of the stigma of piracy. "The skipper of the Villar contracted to convey us, our merchandise and the Minnow, from the Dutch coast to Lisbon. When we got aboard, he tried to bilk us, after taking his pay in advance. So we took charge and made him carry out his contract."

"I well believe you, monsieur; those Portuguese, they are all like that. But in the matter of the naval launch—what of that?"

Reminiscent happiness overcame Conway, giving Wilde a chance to explain in his own way.

"The launch would have come to no harm if she hadn't interfered at the last minute, just when we had finished transshipping off Cape Vincent last night, and had our boat in the water ready to say good-by to the Villar Formoso."

"But her gun? It is the report that you 'ave destroyed her gun."

Wilde blinked the swift triple blink that sometimes signified gratification and sometimes anger. But now he was dimly smiling.

"It was all the fault of the dark. By some accident, the Villar's hoisting gear got entangled in the gun mounting, and through some misunderstanding somebody on board the Villar started her donkey engine going; and the gun and mounting were ripped out of the bows of the launch before you could say snap."

"'By some accident?'" Lieutenant de Quimperlé admiringly echoed. "But that is good—'by some accident'! Why then were you not at once put under arrest? It is difficult to comprehend why they should let you go when this famous 'accident' of yours had crippled their launch and sunk its gun in the sea."

The threefold blink manifested itself once more.

"But you must know, mon lieutenant, it was that very moment which we selected for making the Portuguese Navy a present of the handsome tea caddy; and while they were hunting cover from the Sou-Chong, our little boat by chance began to move. There was a guard of two Portuguese sailors aboard her, but they had the bad luck to tumble overboard."

"Another 'accident'!" the lieutenant applauded. "That comique navy of Portugal, it should take out what you call accident insurance, is it not? Pouf! *mes amis*, it is too droll! The story will make for you a popularity in port. It is there we are already laughing. But now, one trusts, messieurs, your good wit will give you to understand no such 'accidents' as by the will of the good God happened last night are possible aboard this vessel."

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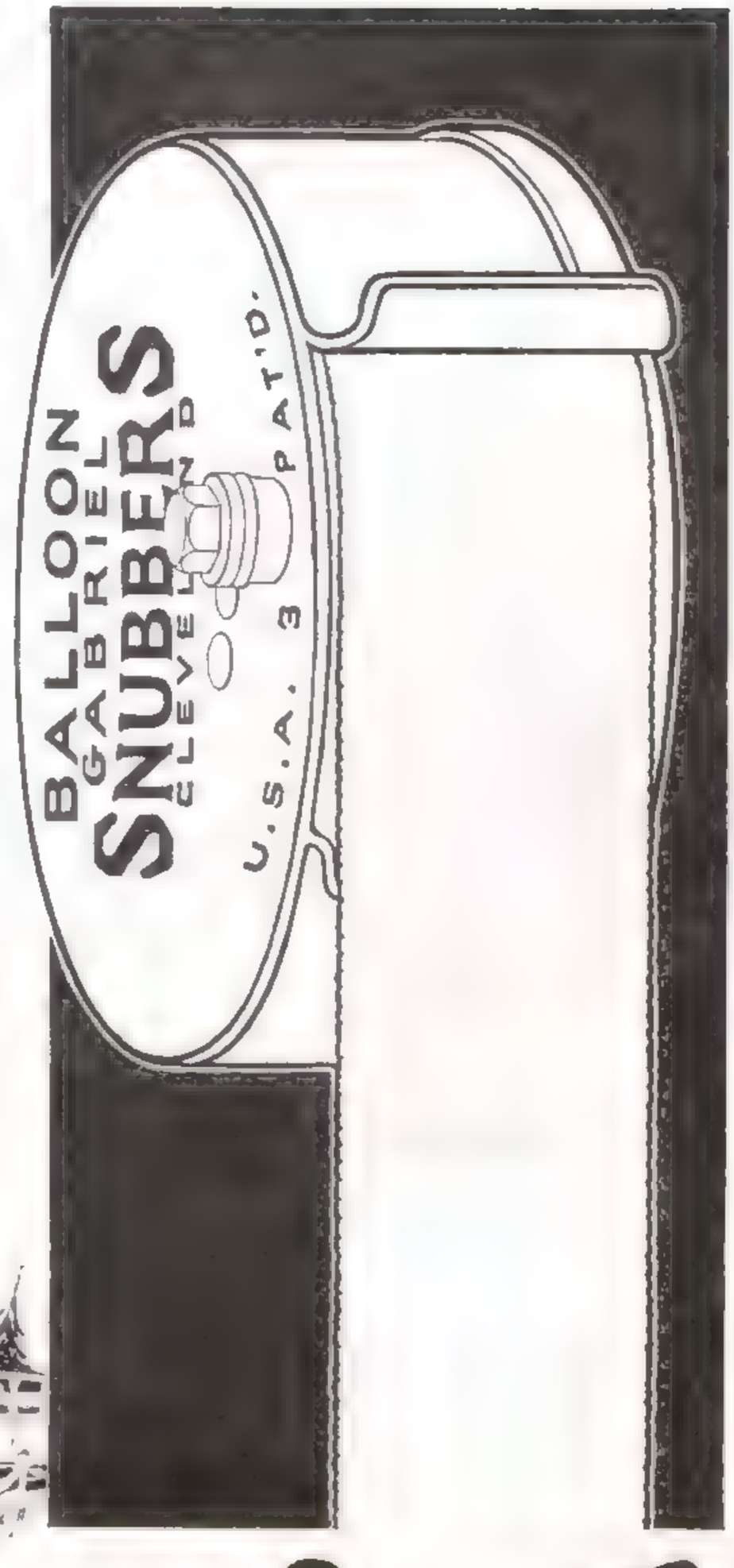

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(Continued from Page 58)

"It is true, mon lieutenant," Wilde pensively admitted. "Your guns are too big, your men too many. Besides, we have not another tea caddy."

Conway, with his mouth full of coffee, disgraced himself with noises as of seas scouring scuppers.

"Furthermore," the Frenchman continued with increasing cordiality, "it is happy for me you did not try to run away this time; otherwise my gunners would have robbed me of much pleasure."

"The loss, monsieur," said Wilde, not to be outdone, "would have been ours."

"Captured gun runners in times of peace cause many complications. It is preferred not to take them alive, you comprehend."

"Perfectly, mon lieutenant. The profession has its drawbacks."

"But aboard my ship you are safe, and all is well. My good confrere, Commandant Robitailli, will not be pleased with me; but that one is a *cochon*, so I am desolated, messieurs, not at all."

Monsieur le Commandant Robitailli was, indeed, not pleased when Monsieur le Lieutenant de Vasseau de Quimperlé brought the Toulon back to port with its bag. It is even conceivable that of all concerned, and not even excepting the prisoners and the Portuguese Government, he was the least pleased. If his naval colleague had flown in the face of precedent by failing to observe the first rule of the unwritten code of procedure in dealing with gun runners caught red-handed, he had more grossly offended in polishing off his job with such expedition that his return constrained Monsieur le Commandant to give up a discreet *déjeuner à deux* with Madame de Quimperlé which had been the occasion to him of high anticipations.

These personal considerations aggravated official distaste for the extra labor and responsibility that Monsieur le Commandant must incur in handling a case not covered by the Règlements Militaires and involving not his particular shop alone but the civil authorities and Mandatory Powers as well, and rich to boot with promise of consular complications.

The prisoners suffered accordingly and were summarily consigned to a grubby and sweltering base guardroom that was lively with a life of its own, there to await the pleasure, if any, of Monsieur le Commandant, while the Minnow, with its illicit cargo, was turned over to the Ordnance Depot for safe-keeping.

Wilde, as his wont was when effective action was out of the question and discussion sheer extravagance of breath, turned to his case of battered band scores and took up practice of that ticklish scherzo where breakfast had interrupted it; and proved exasperatively apathetic to Conway's offers to start an oral ante-post-mortem on their plight and forecast its upshot. When he did at length consent to leave off whistling for a breath, it was merely to remark that matters were having his attention, there was nothing to be done pending developments with Monsieur le Commandant Robitailli; and if Conway couldn't be happy without talking somebody deaf on the obvious, he had better go and worry Richards and permit the musical exercises to proceed.

Beyond giving the prisoners permission to send a *planton* to a near-by café for food at their own expense, Monsieur le Commandant betrayed no interest in them whatever till they had spent five reflective hours in the guardroom, though the weariness of that period was twice broken by formal calls paid by the adjutant and a sous-officer to procure data in amplification of the official report which Lieutenant de Quimperlé had filed.

In the end, however, the three were haled forth and marched over to his office to be interrogated by Monsieur le Commandant himself and enlightened concerning his deep personal regret that the administrator of the district had seen fit to order them more considerate treatment than gun runners had any right to expect.

Confronting this aggrieved official across his desk, behind which he ruffled it with gleams of arrogant inquisitiveness and clouds of martial severity alternating on his fat, hairy and mottled face, Wilde wistfully blinked and spoke their collective appreciation of the administrator's courtesy.

"*Parbleu!*" Robitailli snorted to his adjutant. "But it is the civil authorities who should shoulder this responsibility. Gun running becomes a civil crime when the miscreants are mistakenly taken alive. We have no place here for prisoners except the *salle de police*."

"Pardon, mon commandant," the adjutant suggested. "Two of the prisoners are officers. These we can release on parole; the other can be with the sous-officers under open arrest."

"*Ta gueule toi!* Messieurs, can you advance any reason why you should not be held in close confinement like any other troublesome *voyous?*"

"But yes, monsieur, certainly," Wilde replied. "To begin with, your guardroom is a lousy hole; and then there is the Treaty of Versailles."

"*Nom de chien!* What has Versailles to do with you?"

"Who knows, monsieur? Out of molehills these politicians make mountains. It is well known France does not favor the Versailles agreement that this region shall become international again, and is trying to prove that French administration is best. My country, on the other hand, would prefer it to become British, and would welcome any grievance against French control. Your administrator no doubt means to provide no such grounds by showing uncalled-for harshness to three poor Englishmen who happened to suffer arrest in the course of their elementary endeavors to set themselves up in trade."

"*Sacre bleu!* But you are not traders; you are gun runners, smugglers—canaille."

Wilde blinked his ambiguous blink, but answered coolly for all that:

"Perhaps yes, monsieur, perhaps no. That is entirely as suits Monsieur l'Administrateur."

Commandant Robitailli glared witheringly at Richards, who was impassively standing at ease, transfixed the fidgeting Conway with a frown and returned his aggressive regard to the imperturbable Wilde. The adjutant shuffled the papers on his desk.

"Mon commandant," he diffidently ventured, "the situation truly is of a delicacy. The prisoners were taken with arms in their possession, true; but it was at sea, in international waters—not in the act of importing them into territory proscribed by the mandate. And their differences with the Portuguese Navy are a special complication."

"*Sapristi!*" Robitailli barked, banging the table with a furry fat fist. "But that is why that *chameau* of a lieutenant should have sunk the scum at sight. He only arrested them to give trouble to me, le Commandant. These fellows are dangerous characters—filibusters, pirates!"

The adjutant indulged a private smile.

"Mon commandant," he pursued with all deference, "piracy is a civil offense, as you know; a fact of which Monsieur l'Administrateur is no doubt likewise aware. It has to do only with the Portuguese. The order of the Administrateur for the good treatment of the prisoners is not open to misconstruction."

The face of the commandant turned purple.

"When I require you to speak, monsieur, I shall let you know. Till then ——"

"One moment, cabbage," Wilde drawled. "Before you make more of an ass of yourself, I desire to contradict the offensive statement that Lieutenant de Quimperlé is a camel. Monsieur le Lieutenant is a gentleman—if Monsieur le Commandant knows what that is."

"'Strewth!" Conway gasped. "That's done it!"

The wattles of Monsieur le Commandant swelled with rage.

(Continued on Page 62)

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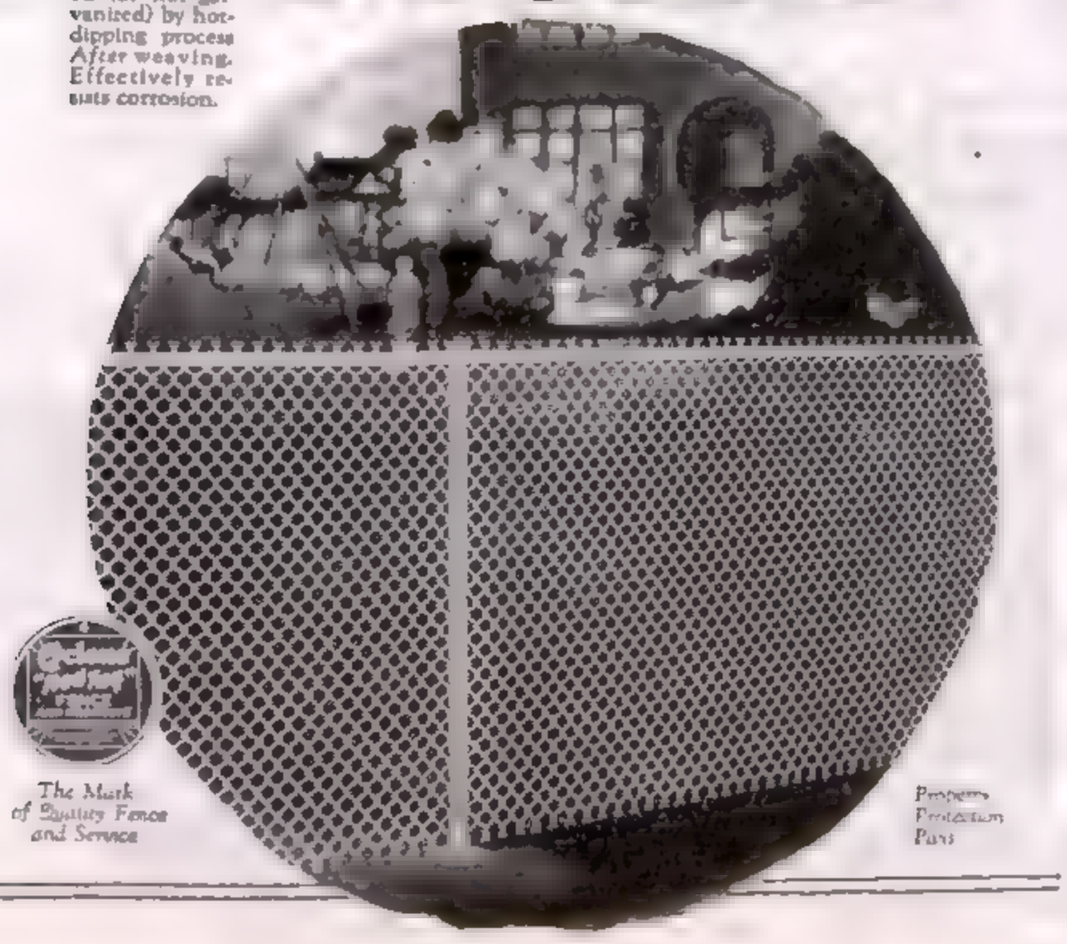

The Mark of Quality Fence and Service

Property Protection Pays

(Continued from Page 60)

"Silence!" he bawled, and blasted with his best glare the adjutant, who was doing nothing whatever just then but his sorry best to look severely official. "This one who talks so much will be kept under guard. The other may have parole in barracks. All sentries to be warned and any attempt to escape to be stopped with the bayonet. That is understood?"

"*Bien, monsieur.*"

"Then march these spawn of owls out of my sight!"

To the aggrieved Conway, Wilde vouchsafed no explanation of his sudden lapse in tact more than one that contented nobody but himself—"The swine asked for it." He placidly submitted to being shut up again, this time in the rather commodious quarters of an officer on leave, and polished up with gusto his interpretation of the Scherzo Capriccio.

Now life in base barracks is seldom exhilarating for the garrison, soldiering in peacetime tending to mold thoughts as well as actions in one common form. But Wilde, aside from being hero of a yarn all the town was chuckling over, had established kinship with the base personnel by calling an overbearing commandant an ass to his face—was not only a brother in arms but a *siffleur* to wonder at, and spoke French better than most Frenchmen. A certain amount of fraternization with the prisoners resulted, with the upshot that, during the first twenty-four hours devoted by the heads of the official family of the port to debating ways and means for the disposition of three piratical gun runners without giving international offense, Wilde came to enjoy much more freedom than the commandant had meant him to. A sentry was duly posted on the veranda of the prisoners' quarters—Richards had been assigned a bunk in a room with four sous-officers—but thanks to private instructions from the adjutant, the surveillance exercised by that sentry was never obtrusive.

For dinner that first night, in the absence of the commandant, who had his own shady engagements in the town, Conway and Wilde were given the freedom of the mess and much information about soldiering thereabout, the personal habits of Monsieur le Commandant, their hosts' fortunes in the recent war, women, poor pay, and gun running. It was the consensus that, in the event of these compulsory but charming guests surviving the claims of the Portuguese consul to their persons, they would probably suffer no more inconvenience than a few weeks of official hospitality and a heavy fine. Their little ship and its freight of arms, naturally and of course, would remain as it was, with the Ordnance Depot, confiscated.

In this misfortune they were promised the whole sympathy of the adjutant and his brother officers; for traffic in arms with the Riffi and even with the Anjera was more or less openly condoned. Versailles was a long ways away, and the machinery of the Mandatory Powers was somewhat theoretical. It was common scandal that many officers were wont to eke out their pay by selling their enemies arms and ammunition. The rifles might not be always the latest models, the ammunition was frequently old and defective—but there it was, the traffic went on. And when Abdel Krim, the chief of the Riffi, needed money for munitions of more precision and effectiveness, it was his custom to capture a few score soldiers and sell them back to their compatriots for a round ransom. A man of brain and education, Abdel Krim had been a Spanish civil servant—he had his organization. It was all, of a verity, *opéra bouffe*, this war with the Riffi. The heads of the civil and military establishments, of course, and folk of that ilk who held high places, knew nothing of such matters; or if they did, were at pains to deny everything to their masters and the press, blaming all irregularities on the subjects of other powers and normal leakages caused by the late war. But humble officers of the line were better informed.

"All very fine and large," Conway's growl summed up as they sat in their quarters after dinner, listening to the tramp of the sentry on the veranda. "These fellows mean well and are decent and chatty and all that; but here we are all the same, Peetah, broke and bewildered, fairly on the hard high rocks. We've lost the Minnow and the rifles, every tanner we had in the world, and we can't even cut our losses by hoppin' it over the wall."

"Not a dog's chance," Wilde comfortably affirmed. "Besides, you're on parole, and being a perfect gentleman, can't even try."

"I gave no parole," Conway irritably protested. "That blasted old wine tub, Rubber-Belly, did all the parolin'."

"The same thing, young feller. However, I'm glad Robitailli's fond of his tummy."

"What's his belly got to do with this hole we're in?"

Wilde's characteristic blink performed. "The old boy's dining in barracks tomorrow, and I'm going to give a small dinner party as a mark of appreciation of courtesies received."

"Dinner party?" Conway widened blank eyes. "Why, the man's off his rocker!"

"The adjutant will be off duty tomorrow night," Wilde mused, undisgruntled. "I shall miss him, but it's just as well. He's a white man, Monsieur l'Adjudant."

"I give it up," Conway hopelessly gasped. "Here we are, two respectable B. O.'s gummed up in French barracks for gun runnin' and piracy; and your idea of celebratin' is to spend our residue on grub and guzzle for a fat bully of a head jailer and his bottle washers. You make me so tired I—I'm goin' to sleep!"

Wilde nevertheless employed several hundred francs, most of the following day and all his knowledge of human nature in the staff work indicated to lend effect to his hospitable intentions. And with his prospective guests, such an amiable scheme for enriching the monotony of the duty roster and the normal leanness of the mess cuisine won enthusiastic encouragement. *Messieurs les anglais* were voted premier sportsmen, and the adjutant was reduced to desolation because his arrangements would not permit his remaining in barracks for the event.

"*Mon ami*," Wilde consoled him, "I too am deeply grieved; but the future has many nights. One will come, beyond doubt, when you and I will sit with a cloth between us unshadowed by the presence of your urbane commandant. If you will now be good enough to tell me what wine that one favors, the *planton* shall procure it, and perhaps Monsieur le Commandant will condescend to accept an *amende* for the trouble my comrades and I have caused him."

"*Bon sang!* It is well said of that one, the pop of a cork leaving a bottle is to him as a bugle blast to a war horse. This morning monsieur is *bouleversé*, but tonight—you shall see!—he will be of another perfume."

No profound psychology was, in point of fact, needed to forecast the ultimate surrender of that veteran to the claims of a first-class dinner during a spell of tedious duties. The commandant had been suckled on the Règlements Militaires; but old soldiers are not much in the habit of missing good things of any kind, and the varied attractions of the town had taught him to use Regulations more as an accomplice than as a pilot. In any event, nothing in them forbade his dining with his prisoners, much as they had annoyed him, unless that might be construed as coming under the head of Traffic With the Enemy; whereas these fellows were not enemy but merely riffraff of gun runners.

Not that anything prevented his snorting ferociously, for the satisfaction of his vanity, when the adjutant presumed to mention the matter, and threatening to place him under arrest for showing disrespect to a superior and conspiracy against discipline.

(Continued on Page 64)

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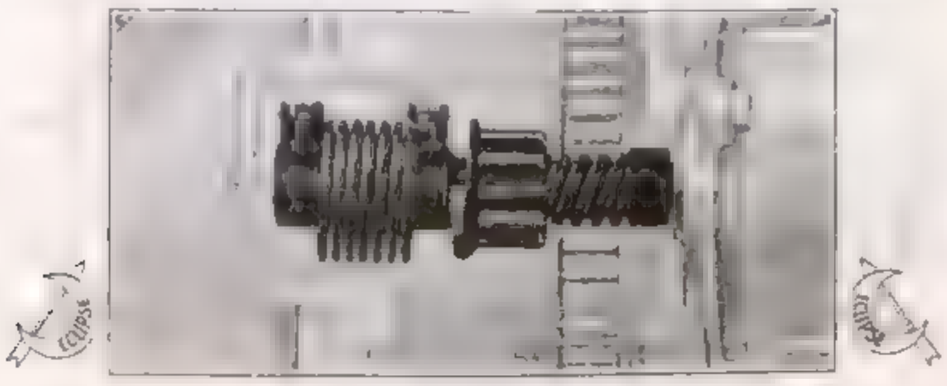

"THE MECHANICAL HAND THAT CRANKS YOUR CAR"

(Continued from Page 62)

But somehow or other, in the course of the afternoon, a neatly phrased note of invitation found its way to the desk of Monsieur le Commandant with an alluring menu card inclosed. In the presence of subordinates, the commandant tore both up and flung them into the wastebasket. Subsequently, however, he fished out and pieced together the menu card and studied it with care.

Military routine in a station of such international flavor as this one is not always religiously to precedent, but more often tolerates an elasticity that might fairly be termed slackness by those drilled in the rigid school of a proper garrison. So the officer commanding the Transport Section was not unduly astonished when he was called to the telephone of the Club International, late that same afternoon, and requested to put two motor lorries at the disposition of the base for its transport requirements punctually at reveille the next morning. The officer in charge of the Ordnance Depot was equally immune to amazement upon receiving instructions by telephone from the base to the effect that the contraband arms in his stores would be collected at six A.M. at the request of the Portuguese Government, which was taking over the case as a whole.

But at least one in the garrison resented unorthodox ways, and he it was who turned up with the motor lorries at the base barracks, great-coated but shivering all the same in the bleak of dawn. A lethargic sentry called a drowsy Corporal of the Guard, who led the way to the office of the commandant, respectfully protesting that none of its official heads would be accessible within another five hours at the earliest. The officer grumbled righteously at being sent to keep a duty rendezvous at an hour so unholy and finding not even an orderly on hand to welcome him, and added a few scathing criticisms on the discipline countenanced by the base authorities. The Corporal of the Guard could but shrug to that and say that if Monsieur le Capitaine was expected, doubtless Monsieur l'Adjutant would appear before long; and in the meantime monsieur might perhaps care to try telephoning the adjutant's lodgings.

The angry officer snapped that such was his fixed intention and gave the corporal leave to return to the guardroom, but ten minutes later stormed up to the gate guard and demanded to be introduced forthwith to another main telephone, since the office line seemed to be out of order, like everything else in that sickening base.

There was no other telephone, but the sentry made bold to suggest that Monsieur le Capitaine perhaps might care to call on the orderly officer and wake him up. Monsieur le Capitaine would most assuredly do so, seeing that he had been sent to fetch three prisoners for delivery to the Portuguese authorities, and time pressed.

The orderly officer was not in his room; but the corporal, with a grin, intimated that a clew might quite possibly be picked up in that quarter before which the sentry was posted, where there had been a banquet of sorts last night—a festivity that had in fact lasted well into the morning hours.

Those gun runners were garçons of gay hearts, open-handed, *très gentilhomme*.

On demand, the corporal led to the threshold of the prisoners' rooms. Monsieur le Capitaine, striding in before him, stopped short and flung out both arms in disgusted amaze.

"*Sacre!* What is this that has happened here?"

The large table in the middle of the room displayed bottles and glasses in generous assortment. On top of the iron stove and round its base broken glass in quantity witnessed to the fervor of many toasts. On the two beds and on the floor, sprawling in the slumbers that had overcome them where they had fallen, lay four men, two in uniform, two in civilian dress. The corporal gave up a great sigh of envy.

"But it would appear they have been enjoying themselves, those ones, monsieur."

"*Tas de morveux!*" rasped through the slit between the collar of the officer's great-coat and the peak of his kepi. "Kick them awake," he ordered, and bent over the nearest figure himself.

It happened to be Conway's, who responded when his beard had been all but drawn by the roots.

"Belay there, blast you!" he rumbled, and sat up and batted bemused eyes.

The orderly officer was the next to respond to heroic treatment, but the moment they gave over shaking him, thickly grunted and relapsed.

Monsieur le Capitaine flourished indignant hands.

"*Allons!* Desist! It is useless! I have not the time to waste on such pigs. Where are the three gun runners?"

"This is one, monsieur, and this is another." The corporal designated Conway and the still somnolent Richards. Then with a baffled look he called to the sentry, "The prisoner of the whistle—where is he?"

"He of the whistle?" the sentry blankly echoed, showing his nose in the doorway. "How should I know, mon corporal? No one has left here since I came on duty."

"What is this?" the officer demanded. "Is it that you do not know where you stable your prisoners in this God-forsaken hole of a base? Scandalous! Give that orderly officer another shaking."

A thick and rusty yawn interrupted.

"'Strewth!" Conway mumbled, rubbing his head and looking almost as foolish as he felt. "There's been a bit of a beano here."

"Here, you cochon!" Monsieur le Capitaine insisted. "Have the goodness to tell us what has become of your colleague."

"Search me, darlin'." Conway's French wasn't supple enough to serve his tongue in an hour of such awakening. He scrambled to his feet. "I expect the lad's run out to the nearest bar for a livener."

"*Peste!*" the officer impatiently swore. "I do not know this barbarous tongue."

The rude ministrations of the corporal and sentry were failing to elicit intelligible response from the orderly officer; but the noise and Conway's boot roused the other civilian.

"Richards, confound you, show a leg."

As one galvanized, ex-Sergeant Richards found his feet and swayed to attention.

"Sir!" he thickly uttered, and stood abashed.

Conway promptly broke off the neck of an unopened bottle by bringing it down on the edge of the table, splashed its contents into two long glasses, and giving one to Richards, drained the other at a gulp.

"Richards," he said, and quite clearly, "you've been disgracefully tight. So have I. Now pull yourself together and take notice."

"It was the captain, air," the ex-sergeant protested; "'e made us all drunk. I never seed 'im like that afore. Where is 'e, sir?"

"Blessed if I know. After drinkin' toasts to all the Allies and half the regiments in the French Army, I lost hang of things. The commandant was properly blotto, too. Wonder where he's got to?"

The shrill accents of the French officer cut in:

"You say Monsieur le Commandant left the barracks in his car at three A.M., corporal, presumably to go to his civil apartment? Then he must have taken this prisoner with him. Was that one on parole?"

The corporal confessed ignorance on the point, but maintained that in any case the commandant was the commandant, drunk or sober, and the responsibility was not his, the corporal's.

"Enough!" The officer consulted first his watch, then a document from his pocket. "You will now march these two prisoners to the transport and detail a guard to accompany us."

Peremptorily herded into one of the waiting transport units, too sore and sorry to care what way it went through the warming wonder of the dawn, Conway nursed temples that bade fair to split at every

(Continued on Page 66)

Now, as Last Year, Only Chrysler Produces Such Results

It is inevitable that the Chrysler Six should continue to attract a degree of public, as well as scientific and professional, interest accorded no other car in the past fifteen years.

Engineers are naturally the first to appreciate that the Chrysler, while adhering strictly to soundest principles of design, is a distinct departure from accepted motor car practice and performance.

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Conclusive proof of these facts is found in a high-gear speed range of 2 to over 70 miles per hour, combined with gasoline economy safely over 20 miles per gallon.

That this amazing power is delivered without vibration (and there is literally no "period" in the entire power range of the Chrysler), demonstrates a smoothness of operation unknown in earlier motor car production.

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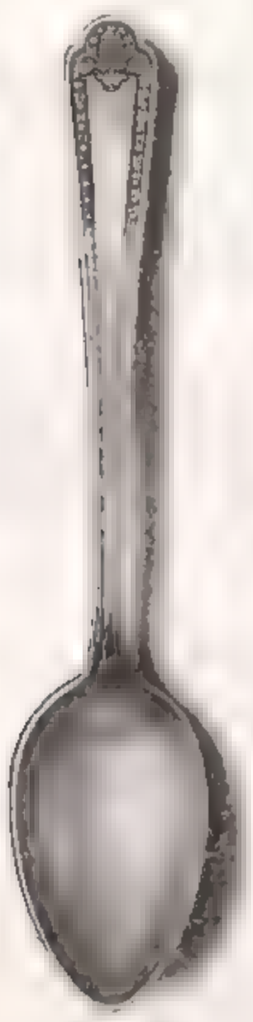

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SUGGESTION of white pillared porticos—of candle light and music—of powdered ladies and satin-clothed gentlemen. Suggestion of colonial days!

The charm of the Bristol tea and dinner ware, of course, lies mainly in the beauty that is wrought into the surface of the silver plate. But there is added interest in the knowledge that it is an American design developed by an organization that started on its career more than a century ago.

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ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS
SOLID SILVERWARE — PLATED SILVERWARE

(Continued from Page 64)

lurch the lorry took on a road abominably metaled, and fished the roiled welter of last night's memories for a key to the mystery of the vanished man.

"D'you mean to say, Richards, you don't remember anything at all? Captain Wilde didn't send for you till quite late; you shouldn't have been as blind as the rest of us."

"Nothing, sir, 'cept what I've reported already," Richards protested in a voice of pain, avoiding Conway's haggard eye; for nobody knew better that what is right for the master is seldom right for the man. "The captain, sir, was just like he used to be on a guest night in the regiment, only worse—all ends up like a two-year-old, a-whistlin' and laughin' and givin' them French officers the time o' their lives. 'E kept pourin' liquor down me like water on a fire, sir—'e fair made me lap it up. The last I remember was 'm whistlin' Last Night on the Back Porch and a-dancin' with the commandant."

"The commandant?" Conway groped, talking more to himself than to Richards. "Of course, that's got it! The beast got so tight toward the end he was almost human. I don't doubt he gave Peetah his parole and took him away to show him a slice of night life in the town. Otherwise I'd think — But Peetah would never have cut his stick and left us in the lurch without a word."

"Not Captain Wilde, sir!" Richards stoutly affirmed.

A run of fifteen minutes or so brought the lumbering covered lorries to a gateway wide and high, through which they swung into the yard of the Ordnance Depot, presently to pull up where a squad of native laborers were lounging near the heap of bales in canvas and packing cases that had been the Minnow's cargo.

The escorting officer dropped down, shot a brusque question in response to the salute of the N. C. O. in charge of the natives, hitched up his sword through the slit in his greatcoat, and addressed himself to the doorway of a small office building near by. From this another officer emerged, unshaven, sleepy and openly embittered by this detail of early morning duty. But at first glimpse of the badges on the kepi of the other he snapped to attention and saluted.

"*Bon jour, monsieur.* I am Brevetè-Capitaine le Marquis de la Terriere from G. H. Q. I can give you precisely half an hour to get this contraband into the lorries. Have the goodness to proceed immediately."

The ordnance officer saluted again, rapped out a command to the N. C. O., and trying to hide his rusty chin in his greatcoat collar, invited the staff officer into the building for the usual formalities in the way of signatures, while the working squad got busy with the bales and boxes.

"A smart orficer, that, sir," Richards proffered the opinion of a connoisseur. "'E don't seem minded to stand for no nonsense. I bet 'e'll raise 'ell and Tommy about that there base lot."

But Conway had eyes only for the goods that represented the last hazard of all his fortunes as well as Peter Wilde's.

"Richards," he moaned, "if only we hadn't met that destroyer ——"

"'Ard lines, sir, 'orrible 'ard. There goes me weddin' bells and the little farm the captain was goin' to buy for me if we'd come through all right. I wouldn't mind so much if we knew what 'ad 'appened to 'im, sir. 'Tain't like 'im to be caught nappin', as you might say."

With the last bale stowed in the leading lorry, the armed guards added the prisoners to the load, and Captain de la Terriere unbent sufficiently to give the ordnance officer his hand and express gratification at having found at least one of his cloth in that chuckleheaded garrison who was alive to his duty.

When the two transports had wheeled round and left the depot, Conway, from a perch on packing cases in the forward end of their lorry, thrust his head through the gap in the partition back of the driver's seat and civilly and in his very best French besought the staff officer to be kind enough to tell what was up.

"*Taisez-vous, espèce de voyou!*" White teeth flashed maliciously in the gap between peaked cap and greatcoat collar. Then, in English atrociously accented, "Shut the mouth, you! With the time shall be for you the shoots! Bang! Pouf! La mort! It is enough, perhaps?"

"Quite enough, thanks," Conway replied, "you mutton-gutted, tripe-stuffed farrier. And say, the next time you speak to a gentleman ——"

"Let me dot 'im on the back of the neck, sir," Richards pleaded, showing a brawny fist.

"We'd dot the brute one apiece if it wasn't for his guards," Conway growled. "But under the circumstances—keep your hands in your pockets, Richards."

And in smoldering silence the two settled back as comfortably as they could to watch dogs and donkeys, Arabs, Nubians, and all the animate flotsam of the highroad scuttle out of the way of an insolently hooting and hurtling unit of French Army Transport.

Within ten minutes the sentry at the gates of another yard had halted the lorries, asked and answered brisk questions, and passed them with a salute and no more interest.

Within the inclosure the road ran rail-webbed between endless blocks of sheds and warehouses, rows of diamounted guns, limbers in idle ranks, towering stacks of fodder and all the miscellaneous heavy stores of a large garrison. Another pause was made where a sergeant of ordnance waited before a string of hutments—stark unlovely shapes stenciled in dense shadow against the burning blue of the bay. The staff officer returned the salute without offering to get down.

"Where," he demanded in premonitory vexation, "is the working party?"

"Monsieur le Capitaine, no working party has paraded. One had no orders ——"

"*Sacre nom!* Is there no officer about?"

"But no, mon capitaine, it is much too early. I was instructed by telephone only to ——"

"*Tiens!* To what purpose does one issue orders in this abandoned base? Where is the ship that was taken with these gun-running animals?"

"That, monsieur? It lies at Number Three Quay."

"*Bon!* There would seem to be wit in one head here, after all. Jump on the running board and show us the way. The vessel is being taken over by a Portuguese battleship today together with the contraband material. *Allons!*"

Thus piloted, the transports picked a way through that labyrinthine huddle to the water front and down a rubbled slope, to stop finally by the side of an old pier, evidently the last home of a variety of small craft, mostly dismantled, which had outworn their usefulness.

"But where is this ship?" The staff officer, as he jumped down, had still all the shrillness of Gallic impatience. "Why do we stop here, where one sees nothing but marine rubbish?"

"*Voilà, monsieur!*" the sergeant of ordnance protested. "The boat you seek is there."

His arm singled out a low gray motor launch that rode the tide a few feet below the stringpiece.

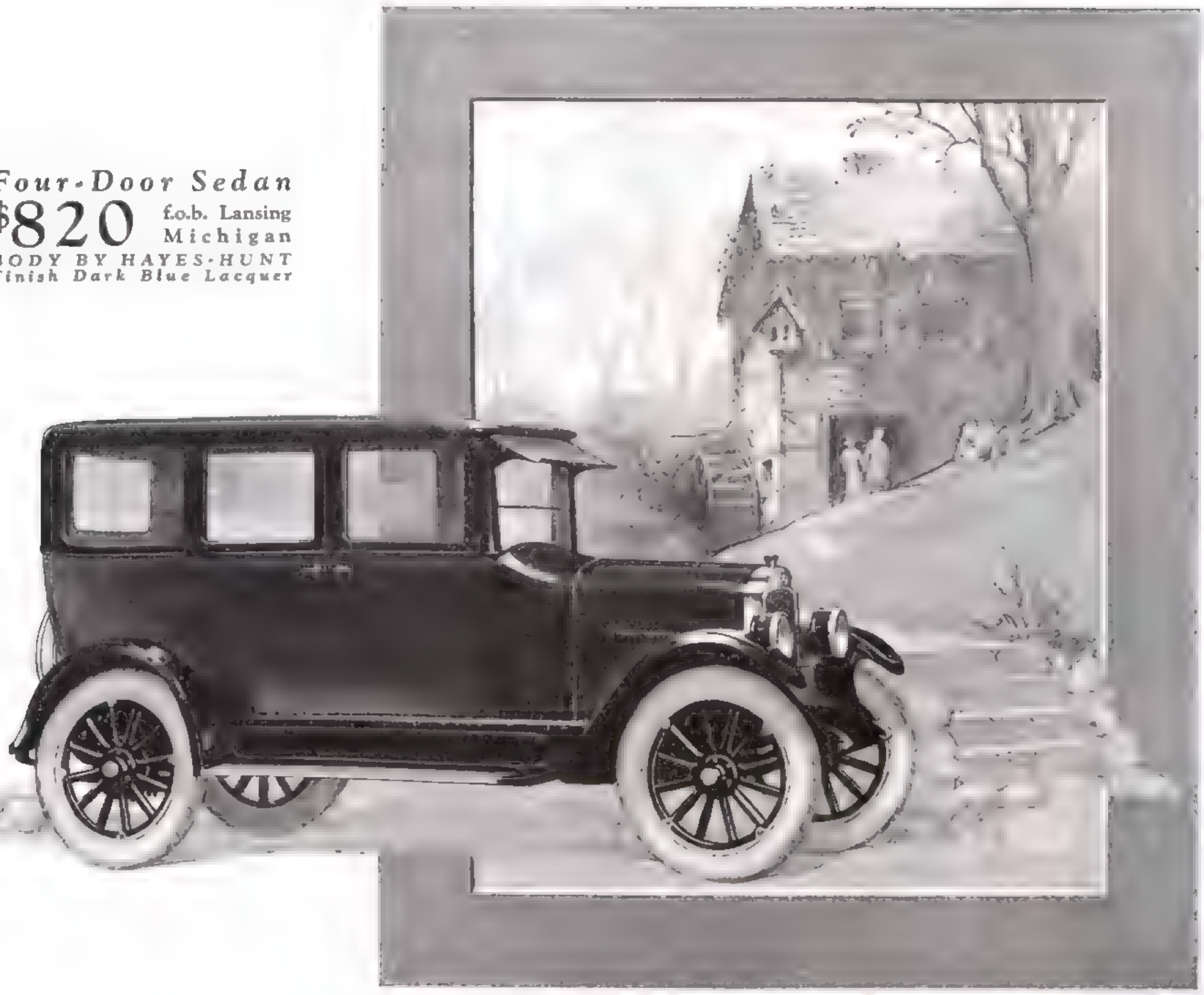
"But it cannot be! You have made a stupid mistake. It is impossible all those goods should have been contained in that craft so small."

But the sergeant of ordnance stuck to his story; and the staff officer, striding to the edge of the quay, consulted a sheaf of documents, impressively official in appearance, and admitted that the sergeant was probably right after all.

"And since the fatigue party I ordered is not in evidence, and our time is scant, it will be necessary to improvise one," he pursued with decision. "Get those prisoners out, march them to this spot and be quick about it."

(Continued on Page 68)

Four-Door Sedan
$820 f.o.b. Lansing Michigan
BODY BY HAYES-HUNT
Finish Dark Blue Lacquer



ANOTHER home on wheels—this is the purpose embodied in the Star Four-Door Sedan. Comfort, protection from the elements, yet with ample facilities for ventilation and broad sweep of refreshing breezes, is combined with year-round reliability, extra power and unusual economy. At its very low price and evident quality it is unsurpassed as a car for the average family.

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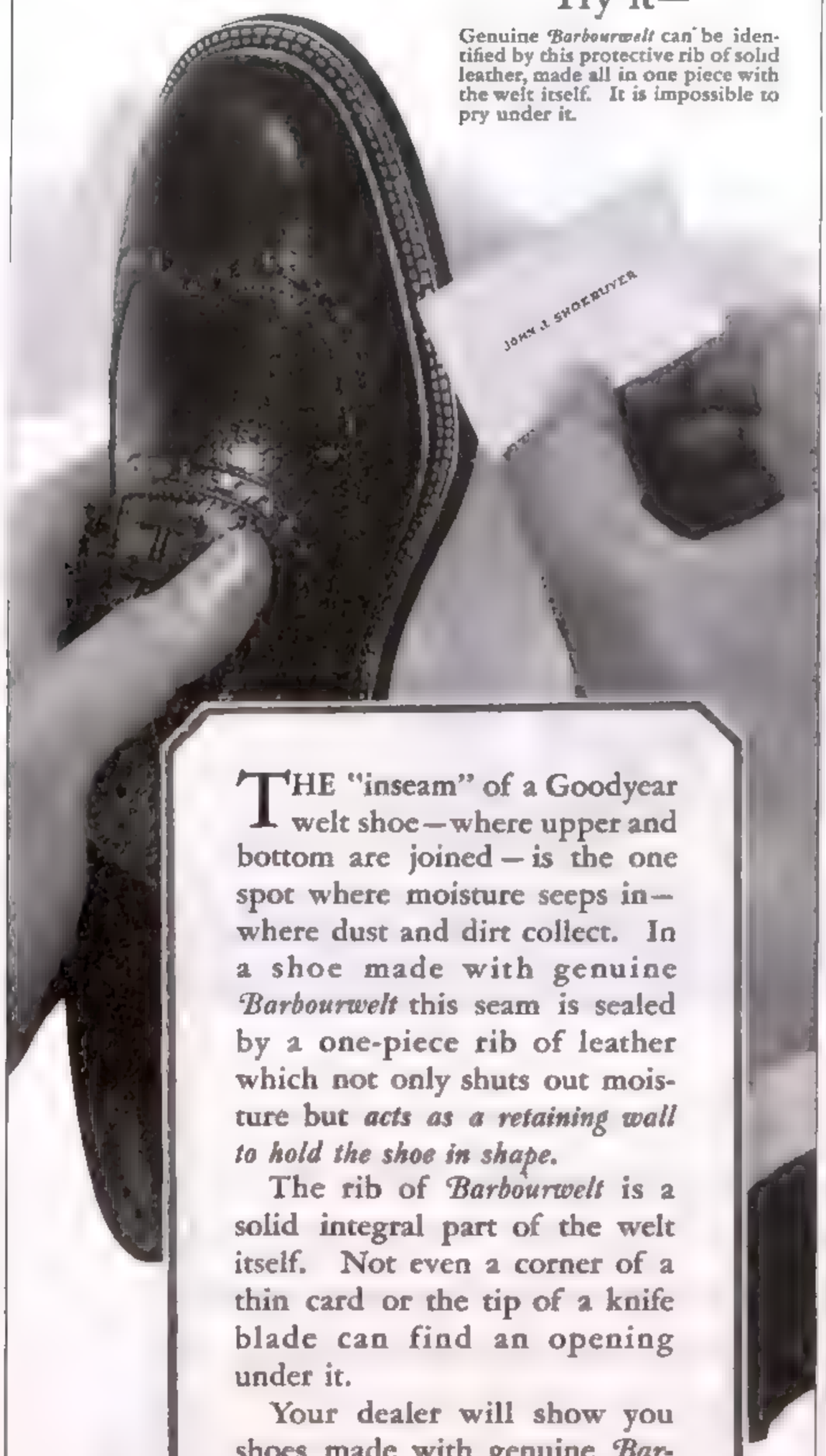
Try it—

Genuine *Barbourwelt* can be identified by this protective rib of solid leather, made all in one piece with the welt itself. It is impossible to pry under it.



THE "inseam" of a Goodyear welt shoe—where upper and bottom are joined—is the one spot where moisture seeps in—where dust and dirt collect. In a shoe made with genuine *Barbourwelt* this seam is sealed by a one-piece rib of leather which not only shuts out moisture but *acts as a retaining wall to hold the shoe in shape.*

The rib of *Barbourwelt* is a solid integral part of the welt itself. Not even a corner of a thin card or the tip of a knife blade can find an opening under it.

Your dealer will show you shoes made with genuine *Barbourwelt* in all makes, styles and leathers. Ask him to show you how the card test works.

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"STORMWELT" *for winter* • "DRESSWELT" *for summer*

BARBOUR WELTING COMPANY
BROCKTON, MASS.

Manufacturers of High Grade Goodyear Welting for over 30 years

(Continued from Page 66)

Conway and Richards, docile to commands that took their tone from the excessively incisive accents of Capitaine de la Terriere, scrambled down from their lorry and proceeded, between bayonets, to the stringpiece.

"Lord love us!" Conway exclaimed. "The Minnow! What now?"

The staff officer left him not long in doubt.

"Sergeant, it now becomes your misfortune to suffer for another's negligence. You will proceed to transfer the contents of those lorries to that boat. The chauffeurs, the guards and the prisoners will form your fatigue squad. And you will see to it that nobody soldiers at his task."

"This swine's addin' insult to injury, treatin' us like a couple of coolies," Conway remarked. "If we get half a chance, Richards, we'll make a dash for it, parole or no parole. The Minnow's petrol tanks are full."

"Silence! The prisoners are not permitted to converse with each other." Capitaine de la Terriere whipped a pistol from beneath his greatcoat. "While the guards are busy, sergeant, I will undertake their office. Have the goodness to proceed."

"But, Monsieur le Capitaine, I am Sergeant of the Guard. I have my duties. I have no orders ——"

"You have my orders—Breveté Capitaine le Marquis de la Terriere, of General Headquarters Staff. The Corporal of the Guard will function in your temporary absence."

"Pardon, mon capitaine, but it is most irregular for a Sergeant of the Guard to leave his post for fatigue duty. I have received no warning from Monsieur le Commandant d'Ordnance that goods are to be withdrawn from store before the arrival of the Ordnance personnel."

"Name of a name!" the officer raged. "Do you not hear my orders? Do you demand to be placed under arrest for insubordination? Goods are not being withdrawn from store, dolt; on the contrary, goods are being brought into store, as you can well see. You will not only supervise the work of lading that craft, but you will keep a sharp eye on these prisoners. They are dangerous characters. It is a command. Proceed!"

Left without alternative by this definite command, the sous-officer obeyed with all the alacrity demanded by the captain, but not less by his desire to see the end of a distasteful task.

Conway for a thought teetered on the brink of mutiny; but in the end the humor of the situation appealed to him as forcibly as did the futility of attempting to show resistance.

"Come on, Richards, we both need a good sweat; and we might as well show these lubbers how to stow a cargo, since there's no chance of makin' a bolt."

Waiting till the impressed fatigue party was well occupied, the staff captain instructed the Sergeant of the Guard to take charge of the rifles grounded by the guards drafted for toil, and let himself down into the Minnow, presumably to satisfy a landsman's curiosity. By the time he clambered back to the pier the whole consignment of contraband was out of the lorries and ready to be lowered into the launch.

"Attention, you monsieur there with the immature beard! In view of the circumstance that this little boat is an old friend of yours, you will go aboard her with the guards and attend to stowing the cargo. The others, monsieur"—this to the sous-officer—"will remain here to pass the goods down."

Stung by the slighting reference to an ornament he set much store by, Conway heaved the chest of a hot-tempered man.

"I'll see you in hell first," he exploded in English, "you impertinent, ill-conditioned puppy!"

"You will perhaps make yourself understood in French, monsieur—if necessary. I have no English."

"What's 'e arskin' you to do, sir?" Richards put in.

"His own dirty work—load the Minnow for him."

"Ain't that what you was just sayin' we'd do, sir, and teach the frogs a lesson? Might as well humor 'im, sir, anyways till we finds out what this game's all abaht."

Conway abruptly hooded the glare he had loosed upon the person of the unperturbed staff officer, who had turned to answer some query put by the Sergeant of the Guard.

"If I sing out an order, Richards," he ominously cautioned, "stand by for action!" He dropped down into the launch.

Thereafter and for upward of three-quarters of an hour the work went forward without check, supervised by Capitaine de la Terriere with an alert executive ability, like the pistol which he kept prominently in sight, neither to be challenged nor cheated. But half a dozen bales remained on the stringpiece when the squawk of a motor horn, sounding from the main inner road, alarmed the Sergeant of the Guard with its reminder of his responsibilities as custodian of the depot.

"Mon capitaine, an automobile!"

A frown of chill inquiry damped this importunity.

"Confine your attention, if you please, to the business in hand." And bending over the stringpiece, the captain wagged an admonitory pistol over their heads who slaved below. "You are not here to sleep, my friends; and I am losing patience. Stow the rest of those goods anyhow, and fetch up that prisoner." With this he sharply rounded on Richards, who incautiously had betrayed a furtive interest in affairs below. "You, monsieur, will now resume your coat and stand aside"—the pistol indicated a point half a dozen yards distant from the edge of the pier—"over there."

And Richards reluctantly fell back, leaving the two lorry drivers and the sous-officer to finish passing down the bales.

The Minnow was still short of her full cargo when a small touring car swung on two wheels round the corner of a vast storage shed, bumped down the incline and brought up with shrieking brakes and a convulsive jerk one yard in the rear of the second lorry.

"It's Captain Wilde, sir!" Richards happily whooped as two men jumped out of the car, one in civilian dress, the other in uniform.

Conway, in the act of receiving a bale of rifles, paused long enough to look up, and his clouded face cleared. But he disposed of the bale in silence and stood ready to take the next one.

Capitaine de la Terriere wasted one indifferent glance on the new arrivals and snapped the heads off the sous-officer and the drivers, who had paused to stare. Simultaneously ex-Sergeant Richards jerked out an oath of disappointment. "Why, it ain't the captain after all! It's that there commandant and his adjertant!"

The man in uniform and the man in mufti were making directly for the staff captain, who continued to all appearances to be exclusively concerned with the lowering of the last two bales.

"Monsieur," the tenant of the civilian clothes blustered, "have the goodness to explain this affair. What have you done with my prisoners? Where is your authority for transfer? By whose orders are you acting?"

Captain le Marquis de la Terriere snuggled his head comfortably into his collar and with the aloof insolence of the perfect staff officer deigned to recognize the existence only of the man in uniform.

"Mon lieutenant, has your friend perhaps escaped from a lunatic asylum? He seems extravagantly excited about something, and he has dressed himself very carelessly, even for a civilian. Or is he the third prisoner? And was he too made drunk by that sot, the commandant?"

The ripe red face of the civilian swiftly took on a shade of violet; he gasped, but

(Continued on Page 70)

AS pioneers in the field of oral hygiene, we believe that the makers of Listerine are logically qualified to introduce this new and drastic note into dentifrice advertising. And we believe that a very definite public benefit will result from this endeavor to make the nation properly conscious of the disease dangers that may result from tooth abscesses. —*Lambert Pharmacal Company.*

YOUR DENTIST MAY BE ABLE TO ADD MANY PRECIOUS YEARS TO YOUR LIFE—BETTER SEE HIM!

Hidden wells of poison

To all appearances she was the picture of health, yet a dental X-ray revealed hidden wells of poison that, neglected, might have cut short her life by many years

She was a beautiful girl. She had a host of friends and many suitors. To all appearances she was the picture of health. Rarely did even a slight illness interrupt her program of pleasure.

Suddenly one summer she started complaining of a rheumatic ailment. The trouble became more intense, and she finally sought the aid of a physician. His remedies did not help her.

So she changed doctors. And the first thing the new physician did was to send her to a dentist for an X-ray of her teeth and a report as to their condition. Outwardly they appeared all right. But the X-ray picture revealed several bad abscesses. These hidden wells of poison *had been seeping their deadly bacteria into her system and had unquestionably caused the rheumatism:*

Once attended to by her dentist, the rheumatic trouble disappeared. Neglected, they might have brought on many other ailments and, in fact, might have cut short her life by many years.

Do you realize this?

Do you know that, according to eminent dental authorities, 78 out of 100 adults today have tooth abscesses: that usually they do not know it themselves and that such abscesses may directly cause many dread diseases?

Among the diseases so caused are rheumatism and joint diseases; heart and kidney troubles; stomach and intestinal derangements; to say nothing of more minor disorders ranging from simple headaches to insomnia and nervous affections.

In spite of these grave dangers that lurk in tooth abscesses, relatively few people today ever think of visiting a dentist until pain drives them there. Whereas, only a good dentist can really place you on the safe side.

Protect yourself

You are probably like most other human beings; so while at this moment you realize all these dangers you, too, will very likely put off going to your dentist.

In the meanwhile, however, you owe it to yourself to take one simple precaution: There *is* a dentifrice that will do very much to keep your teeth and gums in a healthy condition. Consequently, more and more dentists are today recommending Listerine Tooth Paste.

Because Listerine Tooth Paste, *and this tooth paste only*, contains all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. These healing ingredients help keep the gums firm and healthy and discourage the breeding of disease bacteria in the mouth.

Quick results—and safe!

This is an age when people want quick results. Listerine Tooth Paste is so formulated that it cleans your teeth with a *minimum* of brushing, calling for much less effort than is ordinarily required.

Also, this paste cleans with absolute safety. The specially prepared cleanser it contains is just hard enough to discourage tartar formation, yet *not* hard enough to scratch or injure tooth enamel. And, of course, you know how precious tooth enamel is!

Finally, Listerine Tooth Paste is sold at a price that is fair—large tube *25 cents*—the right price to pay for a good tooth paste. Try it. Enjoy really clean teeth. But don't forget the importance of seeing your dentist regularly.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

If your dentist has not already handed you our booklet on tooth abscesses and a sample of our dentifrice, you may have both of these by addressing a postal to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis.

HIDDEN WELLS OF POISON IN YOUR MOUTH?

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Swimming *develops* childhood's charms!

RUDDY cheek and ready resourcefulness! Sturdy physique from tip to toe! *These* reward the boy or girl who early learns to swim!

Teach *your* youngsters to love the water! Tog them like daddy and mother, *and like Olympic champions*—in a genuine Jantzen!

Children's Jantzens embody the patented bow-trunk pattern and non-rip crotch, improved shoulder strap, unbreakable rubber button—and Jantzen-stitch of permanent elasticity! Perfect-fitting, warm, long-lasting!

Nowadays children really swim! At an age when father did the "mud crawl," Junior gracefully elbows the Australian crawl! For a nation—young and old Jantzen has changed *bathing* to *swimming*!

Better stores show Jantzens for children, men and women. Jantzen original "fit-by-weight" makes selection easy. Send for free style-book and sample of Jantzen-stitch fabric. Ask dealer for red diving girl automobile sticker, or send 4 cents for two.

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS
Portland, Oregon
Jantzen Knitting Mills of Canada, Ltd.,
(Canadian Corporation)
Vancouver, [illegible]

Jantzen

The suit that changed *bathing* to *swimming*

(Continued from Page 68

no words came, and a modest if shaking fat hand caught together the lapels of his double-breasted coat to hide the nakedness of his neck, which he had neglected to clothe with the collar of convention.

"Pardon, monsieur," the other cut in quickly, "but this is Monsieur le Commandant and I am his adjutant."

"Oh! But pardon!" The staff officer airily if punctiliously saluted. "Monsieur le Commandant will comprehend that his comic appearance is excuse enough for my misapprehension. One is unaccustomed—— But Monsieur le Commandant is no doubt returning from a bal masqué, yes?"

"Monsieur le Commandant is not returning from a bal masqué," that personage roared, "but from an outrage. And you will do well, monsieur, to address him with more respect and make clear the meaning of this strange procedure."

A sweeping gesture took in the waiting lorries, the goggling soldiers and the bales that were going over the edge of the quay. Then the commandant discovered Richards, and caught his adjutant by one arm and swung him round. "There is one of them. Where is the other? You, monsieur!"—to the staff officer again—"do you hear? I desire to be instantly informed. What is your name? By whose orders are you acting?"

"Mon commandant," he was suavely answered, "had you been at your post this morning and in your senses, instead of absent and recovering from a most unseemly orgy, you would long since have been in possession of that information. I am Captain le Marquis de la Terriere of the General Staff. Be good enough now to tell me what you have done with the third prisoner."

It was all too thick for the fuddled head of Monsieur le Commandant. He grasped nothing more than that he was being frustrated with the coolest cheek in the world. Strange noises spluttered and bubbled in him, all incoherent, whilst the adjutant, able and useful man that he was, with wide experience in the ways of staff officers, volunteered a tactful explanation—though it was to be noted that his eyes held still a puzzled frown.

"Monsieur le Commandant was drugged by one of the prisoners, Monsieur le Capitaine, stripped, and left bound hand and foot in his rooms. But you undoubtedly have the proper documents to cover this transfer. G. H. Q. gave us no notice."

"One moment, monsieur." Captain de la Terriere stepped back to release the end of a bale whose canvas covering had snagged on a spike in the stringpiece. It fell with a crash to the deck of the Minnow. "Now you," he called down to the guards, "come up at once and bring the prisoner with you." And turned back to the base officers. "Messieurs, I have all the requisite authority—but naturally. Am I to understand you have permitted one of the prisoners to escape? It is a serious matter, Monsieur le Commandant. You have, of course, reported the escape to G. H. Q.?"

The commandant became all at once articulate again.

"We have reported nothing—the base telephone wire was cut. This proceeding is most irregular, monsieur, and I do not understand it. Where is your authority? Let me see it without more delay."

"Assuredly, mon commandant. But one moment more. I assume I have your permission to dismiss these details. It is not well for morale that these men should see you in your present condition."

Terse phrases instructed the guards, who had brought Conway up from the Minnow, to put on their coats and the gaping drivers to climb back aboard their lorries. "And you, monsieur"—to the Sergeant of the Guard—"will return to your post."

Then a flexed thumb, beckoning, startled Conway out of the trance-like stare he was bending on the garb in which the commandant was cutting such an antic figure.

The cloud in the eyes of the adjutant lifted at that instant, and he cried a sharp command to the guards, who were struggling into the coats they had put off against the heat of their labors. But Captain le Marquis de la Terriere was beforehand with them all. He side-stepped into smart collision with the guards, all but upsetting them, stooped and lifted their rifles and dropped them over the edge of the quay. The waters took them with a clash like mocking laughter. And the adjutant, starting forward, brought up abruptly with his nose to the nose of the pistol that had been dangling from its lanyard on the staff captain's wrist.

"*Mes amis*," said that one in a quite new voice, "I should be pained if obliged to shoot any one of you—except Monsieur le Commandant. So please do not move."

Lifting his left hand as if to salute, he whipped off the service cap whose deep crown and broad peak hide all above the eyes of a pukka staff officer of the French Army, and turned down the high collar which had shielded his chin and ears from the cool morning breeze.

Commandant Robitailli grunted as if kicked where the cloth of his civilian coat strained at its one retaining button. Conway's beard absurdly waggled. Sergeant Richards came to attention with an audible click. The adjutant stared on thoughtfully at the unwavering pistol. And Peter Wilde blinked his fabled blink.

"Conway! Richards!" he called in English. "Jump aboard the Minnow and crank her up. She's all ready."

The soldier in Commandant Robitailli came suddenly to life.

"Halt there!" His cry to the mystified Sergeant of the Guard and his fellows was clear and steady: "Arrest these men!"

"The first who stirs without my leave," Wilde added in crisp French, "loses the number of his mess. Conway, Richards, blast you, get a move on!"

One stride took Conway to the stringpiece. And Wilde behind his back heard a dull double thump as his friend's feet found the deck of the launch.

Momentarily, in the glow of that young sun, the group stood like a piece of commemorative statuary, Wilde and the two Frenchmen facing each other without a quiver. But that illusion was broken in another breath when the commandant and his adjutant as one leaped for the right arm of the Englishman. He crouched and lurched forward in the low tackle of football days. The point of his shoulder found the massive waistline of the commandant and the wind went out of that one as he fell in one mighty gust—"Ouf!" But the adjutant had fastened both arms round Wilde's neck and was madly screaming to the slower-witted soldiers.

Richards, with a foot lifted over the brink to follow Conway, spun round and as if propelled by an explosive charged the guards. The commandant in that instant did his adjutant a disservice by catching one of Wilde's ankles and bringing both combatants down in a heap, of which Wilde was the topmost. He was on his feet again in time to see one of the guards cannon from the wheel of a lorry and the other fly from Richards' driving right. And the ex-artilleryman, swinging to make sure his officer was safe, faced the French Sergeant of the Guard, who was skirmishing up with a fixed bayonet in the lead of the lorry drivers.

"Richards—the Minnow! I'll take care of these coves."

As if on parade, Richards deflected his line of movement from the charging trio to the stringpiece. And the charge wavered and broke in the face of Wilde's weapon and his manifest competence.

The engines of the unseen Minnow broke into stentorian chant. Wilde blinked at the winded commandant and his sprawling adjutant, waved his pistol pleasantly, and backed three paces.

"Many thanks, messieurs, for a most amusing week-end!"

The watchful Conway meshed the gears—he had already cast off the moorings—the moment Captain Wilde tumbled aboard. To the threshing thrust of her twin screws the Minnow slipped away.

Against the sky, poised on the stringpiece as if thinking to leap, but thinking better of it, too, in consideration of the pistol and a spiked boat hook which Richards had caught up, the adjutant, Commandant Robitailli, two lorry drivers and three soldiers looked on.

"One is desolated to leave you so unceremoniously, messieurs," Wilde hailed across the widening gap, "but business is business to a business man. My love to Lieutenant de Quimperlé when you see him, and my regrets that we cannot wait for him to get his destroyer out of its garage."

The Sergeant of the Guard snapped rifle to his shoulder, but for whatever reason no shot followed.

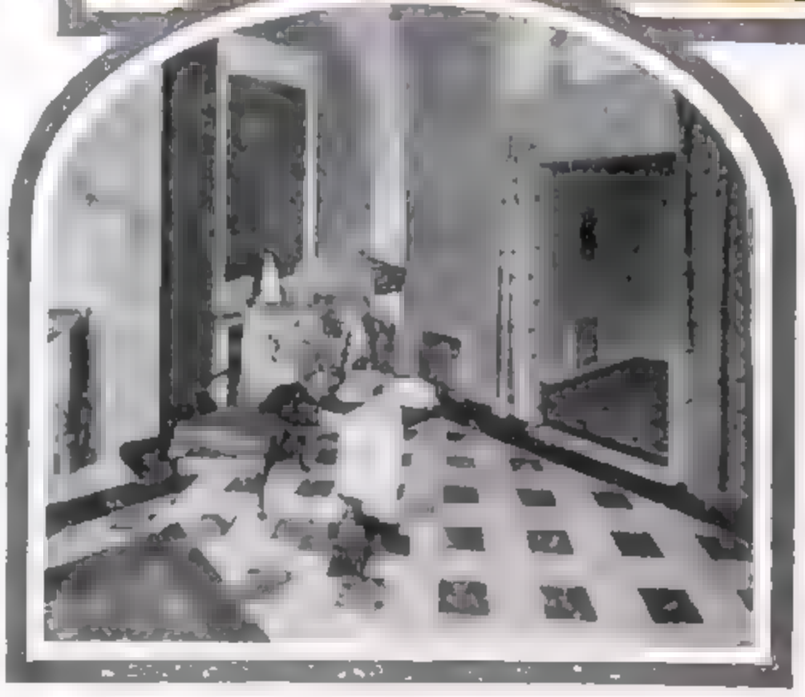
And by the time the several chiefs of departments, military, civil and naval, in the district had settled behind their desks to begin the day's work, the Minnow was standing on at thirty-five knots an hour through the Mediterranean, with her nose held true to the Riffi port of Adjir down the horizon.

And when these assorted departmental heads had finished arguing the responsibility and the utility of action in respect of the fugitives, in conformation with tactics honored by hoary tradition and with the international policies dictated by the various Mandatory Powers, and these usual channels and formalities had finally led to Ceuta and an obsolete gunboat anchored there, that was one-fifth of the Spanish Navy, Captain Wilde and his companions were dining as guests of the Riffi subchieftain in command of Abdel Krim's sea base; and in a pocket of the well-tailored suit of tweeds which had once clothed the person of a hapless Spanish merchant, but which sat still better on Wilde's sturdy frame, was the key that would unlock to him the six thousand pounds sterling which had been lodged in a London bank against production of that document.

"But it's going to be a beastly bother," he complained, blinking at the golden gleams in his poised glass, "getting that uniform back to the blighter whose rooms we were quartered in."

A Decorator in New York— A San Francisco Architect

Both chose floors of color for these modern homes



HERE are three really beautiful rooms. One is in a suite in the "Four Hundred" section of Park Avenue, New York. It is occupied by the interior decorator, Agnes Foster Wright. The other photographs show an apartment designed by the San Francisco architect, Lionel H. Pries.

Enter either home and your judgment tells you that no ordinary hand has done the decorating. Your eye darts eagerly about, taking in the carefully executed details. Furniture, rugs, floor, walls, draperies—a hundred little tasteful touches—all seem to "just belong." What *IS* the secret? And then you become aware of the floor. How unusual! How really pretty! You are seeing, possibly for the first time, a modern linoleum floor.

A vogue has developed for colorful pattern floors. The vogue itself is comparatively new. The principle behind it—building a decorative scheme upon a foundation of color—is old. The wonder is that so many attractive interiors *have* been achieved with wood floors of yellow and brown. Decorators, long conscious of the color limitations of wood, were the first to feel the need for a new floor material. Linoleum, they knew, was warmer than hardwood and very quiet to walk upon. The cork in it made it resilient and comfortable to tired feet. If only it could be made pretty!

Today, Armstrong's Linoleum is pretty. These pictures show that. But what we cannot show in this limited space are all the smart, correct patterns. And what a wealth of pattern and color there is!

There are black and cream tiles, like the ones in this dining-room, inspired by the rich floors in Continental castles. There are black tiles and yellow—marble tiles on backgrounds of buff, or on dark gray touched with red. They make an entrance hall say, "Come in; welcome!"

They make your friends think, "How different!" They make a sparkling sun porch, too, one that is fine for dancing.

Then there's a two-tone linoleum called Jaspé. It comes in green, gray, brown, or blue. Jaspé linoleum is ideal for dining-rooms and living-rooms. Furniture and rugs look so well on it.

For the bedrooms there are gaily flowered patterns, oriental effects, and carpet designs. All are bright and cheerful. Somehow draperies and scatter rugs look smarter when one of these linoleum floors is laid. And how easy it is to install a linoleum floor! First, a warm lining of builders' deadening felt is pasted down right over the underflooring. On this the linoleum is firmly cemented in place. Then it is thoroughly waxed and polished. That is all. In a day's time your floors are given a lifetime of service and beauty.

The smart charm of Mrs. Wright's dining-room (center picture) is due in no small part to the floor of black and cream linoleum (Pattern No. 350).

The smaller illustrations show modern floors of Armstrong's Marble Inlaid Linoleum (Patterns No. 73 and 76) in the San Francisco apartment designed by Lionel H. Pries.

Selecting a linoleum floor to match your draperies and furniture, or even building an entirely new interior, is not hard. Doubtless you have many good ideas of your own. This subject of decoration is explained very fully, very practically, and withal very interestingly in

A new book on furnishing and decorating homes

This book, "Floors, Furniture, and Color," has been written by a former president of the Interior Decorators' League of New York. It includes color ideas for decorating different rooms and other valuable suggestions. We shall be glad to send this new book to anyone in the United States, postpaid, for 25 cents. (In Canada 60c.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, *Linoleum Division*, 852 Liberty St., Lancaster, Pa.

Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

Armstrong's Linoleum *for every floor in the house*

THE KIND DUKE

(Continued from Page 29

"We shall start rehearsing in a fortnight," decided Rollo loftily. "If one composer can write the music in six months, then six composers can write it in one month and twelve composers can do it in a fortnight. They only steal the tunes from hymns and operas and alter them a little. The book merely needs stringing together by some hack; it will embody the story of my life, an unhappy love affair plus Peggy, Marta and Muriel. I met them in romantic circumstances. The hack can add an illogical and satisfactory happy ending which will never occur in my own case. Marta will get on with the scenery like lightning; she does frescoes for cathedrals, so a little scenery is a mere trifle to her; and Peggy will leap at the chance of being a star. Muriel can just do as she's told."

"But this is insanity, Your Grace. What can you possibly know about plays, and how can Miss Dane star when I have a contract to star Queechie Concannon, and who's going to trust an unknown artist with scenery?"

"I am not taking over your contracts or any of the other follies of your youth, Mr. Dorian," explained Rollo. "If I am insane, it's my own money, not yours. Who are you to lecture me about plays when I've never lost a penny over them and you've lost thousands of pounds? This is my autobiography, a duke's autobiography we're dramatizing. It pulsates with human emotion, it bursts with drama. Do you mean to tell me the public doesn't want to know how a duke really lives, not to mention loves? By the time we've let it leak out in the press that the new musical comedy is the life story of the Duke of Jermyn, we shan't be able to keep people out of the theater. All you need do is to keep quiet, tell me anything technical you know and I don't when I ask you, and not before, and draw 10 per cent of the gross receipts. My dear fellow, the piece will run for years."

"Well," said Mr. Dorian bitterly, "I'm on the rocks, it's true, and the brokers will be in tomorrow unless something's done in the meantime, so I agree to your conditions, except one—I will not have that Peggy Dane in any theater of mine. A more rebellious, insubordinate, sly little cat never lived. As for starring her, never while there is breath in my body!"

Rollo smiled his cold smile.

"I should hate to interfere with the breath in your body, but please remember it will be my theater not yours, and Peggy Dane is the girl I choose to star. She can't possibly be worse than one of the animated clothes pegs you select for leading ladies as a rule. Do you want me to put my scheme before Mr. David while you starve in a boarding house?"

Mr. Dorian then realized himself to be a broken man.

"Only give me half the bar receipts as well as the 10 per cent and I'll do anything—anything," he implored.

"That is very sensibly said. We will go round at once to my solicitor and get him to draw up the agreement," declared Rollo, ringing for Gregg and his car.

It is true that Mr. Scrymgeour, in dealing with the legal aspect of his noble client's enterprise, preserved a demeanor of chill disapproval, touching pen, ink, paper and other tools of his calling in the manner of one handling pitch whose defilement not all the water in the rough rude sea could wash away. Nevertheless, the matter sped, and Rollo found himself in St. James's Street with the depressed Mr. Dorian.

"I shall ask my own solicitors, Abraham Abrahams & Abrahamson, to watch my interests, of course," announced Mr. Dorian. Rollo buttoned his overcoat about him and stroked the near side lamp of his car.

"Yes, but we must get on with the job at once," he insisted. "Remember to send me that man this evening, the one who writes books of musical plays. What did you say his name was—Kipling Somebody?"

"Milton Prosser. He's written a lot of stuff for me. Between ourselves, he may try to borrow a fiver, but that's your affair of course. I suppose there's nothing else I can do?"

"Why, no," replied Rollo, moving lithely to the driving seat without offering Mr. Dorian a lift. "I'm going straight off to see my leading lady. You look like a disinherited aunt at a funeral. Cheerio!"

He put in the clutch with featherweight pressure and swung southwest to find Peggy.

III

HE HAD never entered her flat before, and the untidiness of it appalled him. Peggy seemed to be reviewing her entire wardrobe in the tiny sitting room. Garments wandered from floor to furniture and back again.

"I never expected to see you again, Rollo," she said plaintively. "Just looking over my things to find out if there's anything I can sell. Unfortunately, there's precious little worth selling."

She fingered the worn toe of a satin slipper with morbid relish. Vitality seemed to flow from Rollo as it flows from gentlemen in pictures advertising strength by mail.

"I have news for you, Miss Dane, and kindly don't call me Rollo; all that sort of thing is past and over. Briefly, I've taken over Dorian's theater and I shall produce a new musical piece there in about three weeks. It isn't written yet, but you are to be my leading lady. I shall pay you twenty-five pounds a week, not a penny more, as from today, unless you breathe a word to the papers, in which case the contract is canceled. You will receive your contract tomorrow from my lawyer. I promised to put you on your feet again and this is how I shall do it. Please excuse me now, because I'm frightfully busy."

"But—but —— And Marta, and Muriel?" she gasped in astonishment.

"They will be provided for. All is arranged," answered Rollo's voice from the corridor. She heard the hall door slam, and far below, the beat of an accelerated engine. Already he was upon his way to Chelsea and Marta.

He found her in her paint-stained overall working dejectedly on the fresco for a cathedral. She looked contemptuously at his fashionable outline, polished shoes, neat spats and knife-edge trousers creases.

"You?" she queried sardonically. "Why do the wheels of your chariot tarry at my door? Have you forgotten what I said to you the last time we met?"

"I've learned a great deal and forgotten nothing, Miss Stevens," replied the figure of elegance before her. "We meet today on quite a new footing. I promised, if you remember, to remedy your fallen fortunes. I wish to commission you to do the dresses and scenery for the new musical show I'm putting on at the Folly Theater."

"Is the man mad?" mused Miss Stevens. "Since when has Dorian gone out of business, Rollo?"

"Since 11:30 this morning, and please cut out the 'Rollo.' In future I am His Grace the Duke of Jermyn and the power behind the new Folly show. My secretary will let you know all details. She is Miss Muriel Coxworthy, but she doesn't know it yet." He paused, and a smile, icy cold, crept about his eyes. "The leading lady is Miss Peggy Dane. You may have heard of her. Good morning."

"My good lunatic ——" began Marta, but he had gone.

They put all visitors and sundry in the drawing-room at Muriel's boarding house and there she found Rollo all among the whatnots and wax fruit, staring fixedly at a genuine 1837 antimacassar. Her heart missed a beat at the sight of him. He seemed to have a hard, keen outline, an air of push and go hitherto foreign to his temperament.

"Rollo!" she exclaimed eagerly.

"Not at all, Miss Coxworthy. I shall be obliged if you will discontinue the use of my Christian name. I called to see if you were still unemployed." Sadly she inclined her head, and he proceeded: "You are engaged as my secretary as from now at a salary of five pounds a week. I am putting on a new piece at the Folly Theater. Please report at the stage door at 9:30 A.M. tomorrow morning."

"But ——" said Muriel faintly.

"But nothing. You said I lost you your job, so I'm providing you with another. The Jermyns are just men. Good-by!" snapped Rollo, and almost ran from that horrid room.

"Now for a spot of luncheon," he murmured, "and then the hats—the hats and Frederica. I think I shall lunch at Ciro's and survey the world of the theater with new eyes."

He parked his car, entered those sacred portals, nodded to General Barragan, entertaining friends in the distance, and lunched alone. His eyes roamed over the attractive young women about him, not worshipfully as of old, but more as the eyes of the backer survey satin-skinned thoroughbreds in the race-course paddocks:

"That one would do for my chorus; so would she, and so would she. But I suppose they're all booked up to some hound of a manager. Well, we shall see. I know what the public wants. After all, I was the public till 11:30 this morning."

Slightly before three o'clock he halted before a little black-and-gold hat shop in Hanover Square with "Chez Frédérique" scrawled in gold on its black signboard, drew a deep breath and entered.

"Lady Frederica?" he inquired of an immaculate sylph, and she, murmuring, "In the little salon, sir," led him within the presence.

There, at a Louis XV escritoire, her dark and shingled head bowed over the blotting pad, her brief gown so molded to her form, stern purpose in her hazel eyes, sat Frederica.

She glanced up at him reposefully, with no hint of emotion quickening her even pulses. She whelmed him in a large tolerance, an ineffable comprehension, a quiet acceptance and resignation that weighed upon him like infinite wrappings of cotton wool.

"Ah," she said, "it's Rollo. From what harem of houris do you come to me, and why? Why on my busy afternoon, why so purposefully, in short, why at all? Really, I should have given Mélanie instructions not to let you in. We're both a little blasé about each other, are we not? Besides, you're a person with aggressive relations, and I refuse to be tormented by relations."

"I have come about hats," explained Rollo.

"Your mother will ring me up, and Scrymgeour, and General Barragan," pursued Frederica. "I dare say quite several private detectives tracked you here. Private detectives are so bad for one's business."

"Hats, hats, Frederica," repeated her uninvited guest. "I am buying hats, as you understand—quantities of hats. I want to place an order for hats, if you can produce any hats worth placing an order for."

"Really, Rollo, I decline to adorn the heads of your *déclassée* young women," flung back Frederica, roused at last.

"If you would only listen, and not take the words out of my mouth, I shouldn't have to waste so much time," he answered with a kind of threadbare endurance. "I am putting on a new piece at the Folly Theater. I've taken it from Dorian, who's gone broke. We shall have principals and a chorus; someone is designing their clothes; hats are part of clothes, so naturally they will wear hats. Somebody must make the hats; I am asking you if you will. I shall want probably a gross at least, and you can have your name on the program. You used to be intelligent, Frederica; do exert a little corner of your intellect and give me some kind of decision. We hope to produce in less than three weeks and time is precious."

"Materials? Types? Colors? Shapes? The word 'hat' spoken by a man conveys so little," cooed Frederica. Rollo made rapid notes in a small book.

"You shall have full details in a couple of days if you care to accept the contract. Do I understand you to accept?"

"But certainly. Charmed. Only, of course, my terms are strictly cash."

"Certainly I shall pay cash as long as the money lasts." He smiled at her rather wistfully. "You look perfectly adorable, as always," he ended. "Good-by."

She watched him go, lips parted, eyes wide. She did not know him in this mood, and yet she had thought that there existed no mood of his she did not know.

"She is an utter darling, and my inside turns right over at the very sound of her voice; but what can I do? She won't let me love her, and so I go there like a commercial traveler and talk about hats. Fancy trying to do business with a girl who reminds you of the moon on the sea or a swan on a lake!" moaned Rollo to the wind of his car's passage. "Still, at least I have a lot to think about, and after dinner there is Milton Prosser."

He lingered over a solitary tea, dreamed a while, bathed, shaved, dressed and dined. Mr. Milton Prosser found him meditating over a cigar. Rollo pushed across the box, rang for whisky and soda and put the outline of the piece into words.

Mr. Prosser, a hawk-faced, tight-lipped, iron-jawed young man, leered insolently and replied, "Where is the cabaret scene, and where is the scene on a fashionable French bathing beach?"

"How do I know? Am I writing the thing or are you?" demanded his host.

"Well, granted as soon as asked. Now, it won't do to place the setting at home, because I want to see you—I mean the hero—in uniform. You—that is, he—had better be the Prince of Aurania, and the young lady we might call the Countess Fulvia. It gives a good chance to bring in peasants, soldiers, brigands, railway men, ambassadors, tourists and movie stars. Variety is the keynote of success on the stage."

"You quite understand you've only about a week to do it in, don't you?"

Mr. Prosser stiffened in his chair.

"I cannot afford to ruin my art, Your Grace. Poor I may be, but my art I regard as sacred."

"The greatest art is to give the man who's paying for it what he wants. I insist on having the book of the play in a week and you must take it or leave it on those terms."

"Money is nothing to me compared with my art," retorted Mr. Prosser with what he considered impressiveness.

"Have you paid your income tax?"

"No."

"Have you any unsettled bills?"

"Dozens!"

"Then what's the use of talking about your art? You need to be rich before you can indulge in an art. Up to then life is just one job after another. You'd be able to finance a very nice little art from your share of the royalties on my play."

Mr. Prosser sighed and relaxed.

"This is a very decent whisky. Perhaps I might manage in a week. After all, one leg show is very like another," he confessed. "Give me ten pounds on account and let's get down to it."

IV

WITHIN his tiny office at the Folly Theater, Rollo leaned against the wall and stared at Muriel, who, notebook on knee and pencil poised, sat in that attitude

(Continued on Page 77)

FRIGIDAIRE ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION

This illustration shows the Frigidaire compressor installed in the basement

"—and *this* makes our ice-box a Frigidaire"

$190
f.o.b. Dayton, O.

Frigidaire is priced as low as $190 f. o. b. Dayton. There are thirty-two models, twelve complete with cabinet and twenty designed for use in converting standard makes of refrigerators into Frigidaires.

Your present ice box can be converted into a Frigidaire electric refrigerator as easily as a telephone can be installed in your home.

The Frigidaire "frost coil" is placed in the ice compartment of the refrigerator you now have—the Frigidaire compressor is placed in your basement, kitchen, pantry or other convenient location—small copper tubes connect frost coil and compressor—and an electric motor is connected to your wiring.

That's all. Your refrigerator becomes cold, and stays cold. You have Frigidaire electric refrigeration.

Day after day, your foods are kept in a crisp, frosty, dry atmosphere that preserves every bit of freshness, flavor and purity. Spoilage and waste are prevented—the health of your family is safeguarded.

You can have new and delicious desserts, and ice cubes frozen from your own pure drinking water—yet with all these advantages Frigidaire will probably cost less to operate than you now pay for ice.

Frigidaire is a product of General Motors, is made by Delco-Light Company, and is backed by a nation-wide organization of more than 3,500 trained sales and service representatives.

When writing, tell us the make and the capacity of your present refrigerator. We will give you full information as to the cost of converting it into a Frigidaire.

Write today for information about the new low-priced models of Frigidaire. Then let the local Frigidaire representatives show you how easily Frigidaire can be placed in your home.

DELCO-LIGHT COMPANY, *Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation*, Dept. B-16, DAYTON, OHIO

Makers of Delco-Light Farm Electric Plants, Electric Pumps, Electric Washing Machines and Frigidaire Electric Refrigeration

Delco-Light Company of Canada, Limited, 245 Carlaw Avenue, Toronto, Ontario

The Frigidaire Electric Ice Cream Cabinet is helping drug stores, confectioneries and soda fountains everywhere to serve better ice cream—with less trouble and at less expense to the merchant.

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Frigidaire

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION

PAINTS & VARNISHES

for every Household and Industrial Use

Choose your paint and varnish *more* carefully than you choose your clothes!

WHEN you clothe your home with paint and varnish, inside and out, you make an investment which you expect to give satisfaction for a long time. But if the paint fades or crumbles; if the varnish loses its lustre or is scuffed off—all the money you spent for labor, as well as for materials, is lost!

When you select du Pont Paint and Varnish Products, you are sure of higher quality; an *extra value* in protection and lasting beauty—an extra value *insured* by the most rigid system of quality control to be found in all industry.

There is no mystery about this extra value. It's due entirely to du Pont's firm determination to produce the highest quality known to the paint and varnish industry. That is why du Pont Chemical Engineers make hourly, almost continuous, tests—first on incoming raw materials, then at every stage of manufacture, and finally on outgoing finished product. That is why still another staff is constantly engaged in research to improve still further the high standards which have already been set up.

The du Pont Oval is more than a guarantee of highest quality in paints, varnishes, enamels, stains; it is a pledge of service, fulfilled by the entire du Pont organization. See your local du Pont Paint and Varnish Service Agent. You will find him interested and really helpful in your problems—that is why we chose him.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., Inc.

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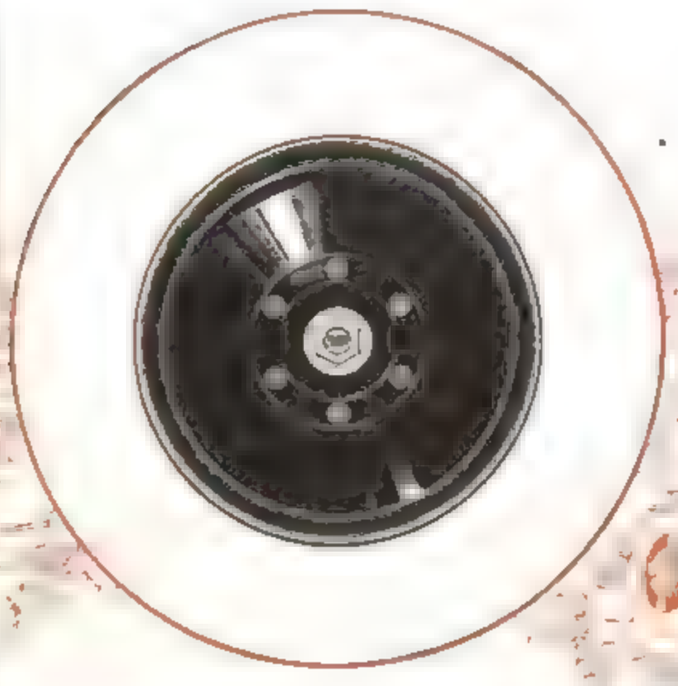
When you employ a contracting painter specify du Pont materials. He will be glad to thus insure the high quality of his work.

You can protect and beautify your home on easy terms through the Home Owners' Partial Payment Plan for Painting and Varnishing. Ask the du Pont agent, or write our nearest office for information.

LOOK FOR THE DU PONT OVAL IN THE DEALER'S WINDOW



With these wheels the motor car bids a last farewell *to its ancestor- - -the buggy*

NATURAL enough that the first automobiles should have looked like buggies . . .

Men took the vehicle at hand and built on it . . .

Discarded, gradually, what they found useless . . . added what they found necessary.

In a score of years, this slow process of growth produced a new form. Then came refinement.

Now the automobile has an individuality all its own—lines, weight, accouterments in keeping with its utterly new accomplishments . . .

But for one survival—one throw-back to its buggy ancestry . . .

Its wheels! For the wheels of many an otherwise modern motor car are almost identical with those of the ridiculous machines which first "put-putted" through the streets, to the consternation of all horses and most of mankind . . .

The wheels are hang-overs of the Nineteenth Century!

The inevitable change is now taking place.

A great engineer realized how much the automobile was ahead of its wheels . . . how, in the slow growth which produced the modern motor car, the wheels had apparently been overlooked.

He knew that modern wheels would necessarily be of the material which makes possible the other parts of the car—*steel*.

But he realized that a new design—to take care of all the new problems which have arisen since the wooden wheel was invented—was as necessary as sturdier material. He created this new design . . .

He built the only *convex* wheel, using the natural resilience of steel to the utmost to save the car from road shocks . . .

Permitting the placing of brakes and king pins within the wheel, for more positive braking and easier steering . .

Giving the brakes greater protection from mud and water.

His wheel was given the severest tests conceivable, on staff cars and ambulances traveling the shell-pitted roads of Europe under the pressure of War. It conquered!

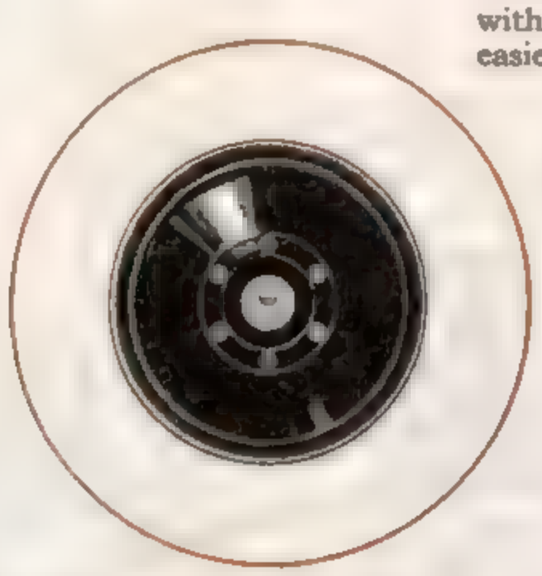
Fifty per cent. of European cars are now equipped with it. America is turning to it . . .

The Budd-Michelin Wheel!

Remember, every "steel" wheel is not Budd-Michelin. No other can have its exclusive design, its exclusive features.

Read below the list of advantages.

Perhaps the car you intend to buy has Budd Michelin Wheels. That's good fortune! Or if fortune is not so kind, a few extra dollars will give you their safety, their convenience, their beauty That's wise investment!



BUDD
WHEEL COMPANY
Detroit and Philadelphia

BUDD-MICHELIN—*the All-Steel Wheel gives you these advantages:*

—a scientific convex form, increasing resilience, harmonizing with the lines of your car, and permitting the placing of brakes and king pins within the wheel, for better braking and easier steering—for greater protection of brakes from mud and water

—a light wheel (lighter than wood) tapering toward the rim, making starting and stopping easier

Cross-section showing convex design

—five wheels to a set. An extra wheel to dress up the rear of your car, easy to substitute in case of tire trouble. No rims to remove. Just a few turns on the nuts *at the hub*

—a wheel which cools the tire, adding to the tire's life and service by drawing off and radiating friction-heat

—a wheel which can't come off until you want it off

—cleanliness. No spokes to collect dirt. A more enduring finish than wood will take

—everlasting strength, promoting safety. Triumphant beauty!

(Continued from Page 72)

of spurious meekness sacred to the craft of stenography

"This is to the Glove-Phyt Shoe Company," he began. "'Dear Sirs: About those dancing slippers you sent along—er—er——'"

Muriel glanced up in mild horror.

"Excuse me," she murmured, "but you really shouldn't put it like that. They won't understand. It ought to be: 'Dear Sirs: We are in receipt of yours of the 3rd inst. re dancing slippers, for which we thank you, and would say that ——'"

"Very well, Miss Coxworthy. 'We are in receipt of yours of the 3rd inst. re slippers, dancing, chorus girls, for use of, for which we thank you, and would say that the sizes are not as per ours of the 31st ult., which please refer to.'"

He sighed and continued his correspondence. A little boy attired mostly in buttons hurled himself through the doorway.

"Mr. Dorian's compliments, sir, and could you come down and see him for a moment?"

"Yes, curse him," answered Rollo patiently, and followed the little boy.

As they proceeded, a far-off pandemonium broke louder and louder on their ears. Presently Rollo stood in the dust-sheeted auditorium. Disillusioned-looking electricians hung aloft in the wings. A chorus dressed in rompers and silk stockings capered to the frenzied howlings of the producer. Huddled in a corner of the stage, two comedians rehearsed in dumb show the screaming scenes kindly provided for them by Mr. Milton Prosser. The musical director leaned down over his orchestra.

"Not like that!" he raved. "Can't you get the spirit of the thing? This is a love duet, not a dog fight. The Countess Thingamy is pouring out her love and there's a motif underneath it all suggesting difficulties in the way. That's you, Robinson, with the cello. I should like a little soul from the fiddles."

A peculiar sickly smile stole over the musical director's face.

"Like this," he amplified: "Tum-tiddy, tum-tiddy, pom, pom, pom! Tum-tiddy pom; tum-tiddy pom! It's the 'pom' I want from you, Robinson. Now then, all together!"

Rollo hastened his footsteps toward the large and splendid room on the stage level sacred to Mr. Dorian. That gentleman, tearing his attention from Miss Marta Stevens, in a worn blue suit and *cloche* hat, smoking her accustomed cigarette, surveyed Rollo with grief in his eyes.

"Why didn't you tell me you'd found a genius in scene designing?" he inquired. "Look at this model for the second act! Marvelous! The piece is going to beat records on scenery alone. And the costumes! Have a glance at these sketches for the crowd at Sotteville-sur-Mer! They make the Russian Ballet seem like a village entertainment."

"Not bad," Rollo declared casually. "Still, I said she did frescoes for cathedrals. Congratulations, Miss Stevens. I will see that your name is on the program in large type."

Miss Stevens hunched her shoulders and glowered.

"Not my name, please. I want you to put Scenery and Costumes Designed by Snevets."

"Snevets? Who's Snevets?" demanded Mr. Dorian.

"It's only Stevens spelled backward. I prefer it that way. I've got a reason, if I am only a woman," she answered, and strolled away, spurning them.

"Well, Snevets or not, who cares? Have a cigarette," suggested Rollo. "The book is done, and the music, and the lyrics; the scenery and the dresses are begun. We shall have produced in less than a month in spite of what you said. And the girls' hats are a dream, just a dream. You can get on with the actual show now. I shall devote myself to propaganda."

"But what about the canteen for the chorus? I can arrange for a suitable room."

"They may starve as far as I'm concerned, the little harpies!" His Grace declared passionately. "They do nothing but ask for this and that because I happen to be a duke, and make eyes at me whenever I meet them. A trifle more discipline is what we need in this theater, Mr. Dorian."

In the doorway, as he left, Rollo encountered no less a person than Miss Peggy Dane, his leading lady, all fuss and fur coat. She stood in his path like Horatius on the bridge, and began:

"Oh, I wanted to see you! I can't possibly sing this song in the first act."

"Why not?"

"Because it's a silly song. And something must be done about the man who plays opposite me. He's simply a fool."

Her benefactor looked her in the eyes.

"Nothing will be done and you will sing the song, Miss Dane, unless you want Queechie Concannon to have your part. You are not so much wasting my time as encroaching on eternity. We do not feel at all pleased with you," he answered, and passed on.

"Propaganda," he mused, "propaganda! There is no necessity to be sorrowful about that, for I possess vast facilities. I need not propitiate minions, seeing I can toy with the great."

Separately and privately, he asked Lord Wapping, Lord Claetonbury and Lord Penzance to luncheon at William's Club, whose portals these noble viscounts might by no means pass except through invitation, they being mere magnates of the press. To each he revealed the inner secret of his new production.

"It is called The Passionate Prince," he explained, "and, as a matter of fact, the story is based largely on my own life. I, too, have loved and lost, and befriended three helpless girls. Yes, my dear Wapping, you are right about the happy ending; we have provided a happy ending. After all, as you say, and you ought to know, the public's taste must be studied. In my own case—but that is irrelevant. You can just touch on what I've told you in your papers, but don't wallow in it, please. After all, one's feelings are one's feelings, if I may so put it. Yes, certainly you shall have photographs of my leading lady. She is a very talented new discovery."

Once more, and this time on a black Friday, Her Grace the Duchess of Jermyn beheld in a daily illustrated paper, owned by the Viscount Wapping, a portrait of her son, in such a connection as, in her judgment, brought shame and contumely upon the entire race of Jermyns. Nevertheless, the Hertford Street house did not ring with her cries. She only creaked very faintly, being still partial to a waist and all it implies, and repairing to her bureau wrote to her son, not trusting herself to speak directly over the telephone. She affirmed:

"It is insufferable enough that one's feelings should be outraged on all sides by girls who cut off their hair and go about insufficiently clad, and by mannerless young men. But I had thought that in your case a certain pride of ancestry, added to the training and traditions which influenced your youth, would prevent your lapsing into deplorable errors of taste. It appears I am wrong.

"This morning not only do I see your portrait in a vulgar sheet, coupled with the announcement that you are involved in some theatrical enterprise, but also a statement that a stage play is based on certain sentimental episodes in your own life.

"This, my son, is enough to make those who have gone before you turn in their graves. I recall one Jermyn who distinguished himself at the Battle of Crécy and another who rode in the charge of the Light Brigade. Jermyns have stood before kings and rebuked them to their faces, but never before have they published their private affairs for the edification of the mob.

"I await your explanation with much sorrow and little confidence.

"Your affectionate mother,

"HONORIA JERMYN."

"So there it is in a nutshell, straight off the ice," pondered Rollo. "The trouble seems to be that my mother is wedded to the past and I have made a *mésalliance* with the present. I think I shall ask her to dinner. There is a certain nefarious joy for a mother in dining at the bachelor establishment of her son. Mrs. Gregg will spoil her, and Gregg will put a halter round his neck and kneel in the dust and swear he is her liege man to do battle in the face of her enemies, and let 'em all come, and the more the merrier."

V

THE duchess arrived in her electric brougham, driven at a steady eight miles an hour by her ex-coachman, who despised anything except a horse and cart. Her heart softened a little at the sight of her tall son in his very charming sitting room, so she said gravely, "It is a great grief to find you living in these rooms instead of in the Albany or a town house in Mayfair. Still, we are fallen on evil days, and poverty makes strange bedfellows."

"Wait till you've had your dinner, my dear," answered Rollo with bluff heartiness. "If I am unfashionable, I possess the pearl of cooks, and I can still give you a glass of wine."

She passed unmoved down narrow stairs to his basement dining room and Gregg served her as though she had been a queen. The small table glittered with old silver and pedigree glass; the food she found perfection.

Back in the sitting room, she sat very erect by her son's hearth and said, "Your explanation, Rollo?"

"Suppose," answered Rollo, "I tell you the whole story, mentioning, of course, no names." Thereupon he told her very nearly all.

"And still I confess I don't see why," she said coldly. Rollo shrugged his shoulders.

"A man in love is full of ideals. My ideals led me to be kind to these three girls. What was my reward? First they tried to marry me, as you said they would. You were perfectly right and I admit you were right." With great complacence the duchess inclined her head.

"Then they accused me of injuring their prospects. I had to do something for them. After all, *noblesse oblige*."

"That," observed the duchess loftily, "is well said."

"And if I work the story into a play, who is any the worse? As for my own broken heart, who is to say what girl broke it? And if, as is possible, with the profits of the play, I can reëstablish us at Jermyn Court, surely the end will justify the means."

The duchess sat lost in a dream, recalling the days when Somerset maidens curtsied as her carriage passed and honest yokels pulled their forelocks. Presently she rose to depart.

"You are a good boy, Rollo," she said. "You have been very nice to me this evening. I will go so far as to be present at your first night if you can arrange for me to have a box."

Far different was the entertainment given by his grace the Duke of Jermyn for the legions of the press to meet his theatrical company prior to the first-night performance. This took place in the Crystal Salon of the Cosmopolis Roof, which may be hired for private parties up to five hundred head. It began at midnight, after the labors of the press and the stage have ceased, and gamboled on its joyous way till dawn. As Rollo observed to Hamilton Everest, *doyen* of dramatic critics, it is far simpler to interview a promising young actress at a party over an ice and a cigarette than to extract details of her triumphant past in her dressing room between the acts, with a call boy thumping on the door every two seconds. Mr. Everest, who has complained about the drama for sixty years, grunted twice in his invariable manner. Rollo, observing Peggy to fox-trot gracefully in the arms of a heavy gentleman with a gold watch guard like the curb chain

(Continued on Page 79)

How many products have you stuck to for twelve years?

A gentleman in Georgia has smoked one pipe tobacco since 1912

For considerably more than 4,000 consecutive days, Mr. Fuchs, of Atlanta, has filled his pipe with the same kind of tobacco and found satisfaction therein.

Before he settled on Edgeworth, in 1912, this veteran smoker had "tried 'em all." And since then he undoubtedly has heard the praises of other good tobaccos sung by fellow smokers.

But Mr. Fuchs stays sold—stays put. Because, he says, for a cool, pleasant, long smoke there is nothing to equal it. Other smokers who seek that kind of smoke should read his letter.

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Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

It has been my desire to write you for the past twelve years, ever since I have been smoking "Edgeworth."

I used every well known brand until I tried Edgeworth and have stayed in the ranks of Edgeworth smokers ever since. I have during that time mustered quite a number of recruits into the army of real pipe joy.

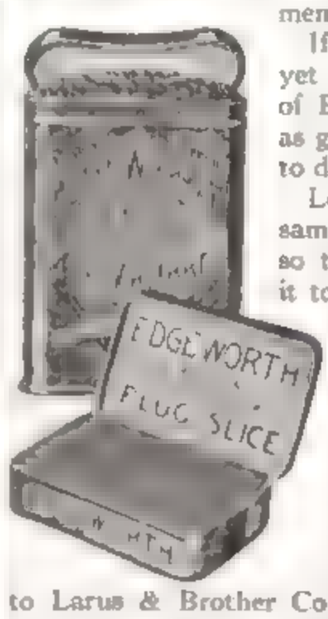
Edgeworth is truly the *aristocrat* of smoking tobacco. For a cool, pleasant, long smoke, there is nothing to equal Edgeworth.

Wishing you further success, I remain,

Yours very truly,
Eugene A. Fuchs

To make every pipe smoker a member of the Edgeworth Club eventually is not our "big idea." That would be against common sense, for everyone does not like Edgeworth—we know that.

But for men like Mr. Fuchs who do enjoy it, we keep Edgeworth uniform year in and year out. That's probably why the Edgeworth Club has so many life members.



If you haven't as yet formed an opinion of Edgeworth, now is as good a time as any to do so.

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1F South 21st Street, Richmond., Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

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THERE'S many a ship that goes to sea in a tub of Kohler Ware. And there's many a sailor lad who grows up on good terms with fresh water—and soap, too—thanks to bathrooms made inviting by those fine fixtures which bear the name "Kohler" fused in faint blue letters into snowy enamel. . . . You should have Kohler Ware in *your* bathrooms; in kitchen and laundry, too. It is distinguished ware, but no more expensive than any other that you would care to consider. Write for Booklet E.

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BRANCHES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Enameled Plumbing Ware

(Continued from Page 77)

of a war horse, sought Mr. Dorian for information. Mr. Dorian removed a vast cigar from his mouth.

"That's Herbert Gradely, the millionaire ironmaster," he answered.

One of his eyelids flickered faintly and one of Rollo's flickered in reply. They stood together for a few moments in love and charity, feeling what a good fellow, on the whole, the other was, and then Muriel dashed past esquired by Mr. Milton Prosser. Obviously each invoked the other as deep calls unto deep.

"I like to see the young people enjoy themselves. This is a great stunt of yours, duke. The papers will feed out of our hands," ruminated Mr. Dorian.

He waved a benign arm to indicate twenty-four descriptive writers clasping respectively one of the beauty chorus, comprising twenty-four perfect peaches all the same weight, all the same height, all the same age, with no two pairs of eyes or two heads of hair exactly the same shade.

"I had a great inspiration when I realized that blood told, and turned to the heir of a fine old family," concluded Mr. Dorian, and his hand met Rollo's in a doughty grip.

"My dear Dorian, you have, without knowing it, saved me from worse than death," returned Rollo gratefully. "But who is that dancing with our talented scenic artist, Miss Stevens? Frankly, he looks to me a very unpleasant piece of work."

They considered together a tall, limp, languid youth with side whiskers and an immense tie; against his velvet coat the head of Marta nestled and her eyes, upturned to his pallid face, obviously beheld in it the sun, the moon and considerably more than eleven stars.

"Never heard of him," declared Mr. Dorian. "Still, any fool can see she likes him; and after all, a little of what you fancy does you good." In the wisdom of this remark he turned away to a buffet. "I'm going to celebrate our production, bless it," he explained spaciously.

Two nights later took place the first performance on any stage of The Passionate Prince. Never before has so solid a phalanx of the best families glittered in the stalls or sat sublime in boxes. Nevertheless, these represented only the spear point of a serried audience. The aspiring masses rallied in their hundreds—the navy, the army, the bar and literature. Lord Wapping, Lord Clactonbury and Lord Penzance appeared in person, typifying the all-powerful press.

From the first note of the orchestra a packed house riveted its attention on the stage and held its breath while the Countess Fulvia flung, sentimentally speaking, the Prince of Aurania into the gutter. The beauty chorus of twenty-four hypnotized all lovers of art in its most appealing form. The curtain fell on the first act to thunders of applause. My Lords Wapping, Clactonbury and Penzance, meeting their dramatic critics during the interval, said respectively: "Praise this to the limit." "Call it clean, healthy entertainment at its best." "Say it ought to run for years."

During the second interval, Rollo, leaving his mother's side, mingled with the crowd in the foyer. His glance met the glance of Frederica, brought by her younger brother. She stood before Rollo in a tube of miraculous tango orange, and her eyes were kind to him.

"You've done wonders," she said in her clear voice that thrilled his every nerve. "The scenery and frocks are gorgeous. Thank you for using my hats."

Some subtle undercurrent half suggested an implication of more than hats, but Rollo let it pass. His wounds were too recent. Never—oh, never again! He paused to still the revolution progressing in the region of his solar plexus, thanked her, and passed on to Mr. Dorian, who could barely speak for pride.

"The hit of the century," he pronounced. "American rights, touring rights, broadcasting rights, film rights, colonial rights—a gold mine. And to think we did it with that little cat Peggy Dane! I wish you'd pinch me, duke. I'm afraid it's a dream and I'll wake up."

In the last act Mr. Milton Prosser had provided the satisfactory ending which sends audiences home happy.

Peggy stood in the midst of a cabaret miraculously deserted by the other guests and sang to her princely lover that haunting refrain:

If you'll fall in love with me, I'll fall in love with you;
Don't you know I want you so and love's a game for two?
Kiss me gently, stay forever true.
Won't you fall in love with me, for I'm in love with you?

Rollo beheld their mimic reconciliation with his teeth locked together and hell in his heart.

"Oh, vile mockery, diabolical fraud!" he thought. "And all Frederica could find to say to me was 'Thank you for using my hats!'"

Across more thunders of applause he led his mother to her electric brougham and turned back for a final word with Mr. Dorian. Several stern-faced men surrounded him, advancing united arguments, to which Mr. Dorian merely returned, with a Napoleonic gesture: "I don't care what you say. Those are my terms. You can take them or leave them." Perceiving Rollo, he indicated the men with contempt and the brief explanation: "Ticket-agency representatives. It's a landslide. I shall do as I like with them."

"Then if you don't mind," said Rollo, "I'll go home. We've pulled it off, and now everything seems an anticlimax."

He stalked moodily away, declining to see the beckoning arm of General Barragan in the distance.

VI

"'A PEOPLE'S voice, the proof and measure of all human fame,'" quoted Rollo to himself a week later. "The critics unanimous, queues outside the theater, three touring companies going into rehearsal, forthcoming production in New York. And here am I, back where I started, about to begin my tour round the world, only with money to burn instead of only my nest egg."

He picked up and reread three notes that lay on his writing table. Peggy wrote:

"It was sporting of you to give me my chance. I'm engaged to Herbert Gradeley, the millionaire ironmaster. He wants me to leave the stage after the run of the piece finishes. I look like being in it for the rest of my life. Congratulations."

He put down Peggy's fat round handwriting and took up the neat script of Muriel:

"I thought you might like to know how happy I am. Milton Prosser and I are going to be married. We can afford it, thanks to his share in the play. You are a brick."

Marta set forth, in Indian ink on a piece of buff paper garnished with the sketch of a chorus girl for heading:

"Horace Wimpole and I were married yesterday. You saw me dancing with him at your Cosmopolis party. He's an artist. We did the scenery and costumes together. I can't draw and have ideas, and he has no ideas and can draw. That's why I wanted our work acknowledged to Snevets on the program. It's our *nom de guerre*. We have a stack of contracts now. Thank you. Cheerio!"

"Three happy endings such as the public approves," he commented bitterly. "As for myself, farewell romance. It reminds me of a sentence in my Latin grammar: 'He cultivated farms for other people, not for himself.'"

From a drawer he took three bracelets fashioned of gold and diamonds, wrote three times, "Best wishes and good luck. ROLLO JERMYN," and addressed one to Peggy, one to Muriel and one to Marta. Then, reverently, from another drawer he lifted one bracelet of platinum and diamonds. It nestled alluringly in its velvet-lined case.

"It will mean so little to her and so much to me," he murmured, took pen and wrote:

"This is just to say good-by, with all my love, Frederica darling. I start on my trip round the world tomorrow. I wish you could have loved me back, but it isn't your fault. All the luck in the world.

"ROLLO."

He packed letter and bracelet, sealed and addressed the parcel, and rang for Gregg.

"Deliver this personally to Lady Frederica Lune; and I should like a word with Mrs. Gregg, please."

Gregg vanished, and Rollo sat dreaming till the door opened and Mrs. Gregg appeared. He greeted her with a smile.

"I just wanted to settle the last details. Sorry to be taking your husband away for six months, but the change will do him good, and you'll enjoy staying with your sister in the country. Here's a check for wages in advance and I've added five pounds as a little present. There's nothing else, I think, is there?"

"Nothing, and I'm very grateful to Your Grace for your kindness," said Mrs. Gregg. "The housekeeping bills are all paid and your kit is all packed. I trust Your Grace will have a pleasant journey."

She passed out, and as the door closed he whistled mournfully.

"I can't stay here in the deserted home. I think I'll take the car out for a last run, lunch and dine in the country and come back late. Let's think of happy things—mother, for instance, refurnishing and redecorating on the strength of her share in the profits."

He got up, took hat and overcoat and sauntered out into the sunshine.

There is a supreme sadness underlying the departure of a boat train, a dreadful sense of parting, finality and incalculable beginnings.

Rollo, smoking a cigar at the entrance to his Pullman, felt known and unknown griefs weighing down upon him. Gregg stepped up smartly to report.

"They're just going to put the kit in the luggage van, Your Grace. Is there anything else you require?"

"Nothing else, thank you, Gregg. You'd better be getting on board."

Out of the formless crowd a slim figure approached, clad in the perfection of tweed suits, a jaunty handkerchief in the breast pocket, tiny felt hat dragged over dark shingled curls.

Two hazel eyes, like twin stars of the morning, looked into his, two slim, gloved hands stretched themselves toward him, pleading for his to hold.

"Oh, Rollo, darling," said the one voice in all the world, "how can you be so unkind and go away from me when I want you so?"

His hands leaped to hers. He heard his voice saying, "But, Frederica, you don't want me. You don't love me. You sent me away."

Her eyes, dewy with reproach, lifted to his.

"Surely you didn't take what I said literally, word for word? But, Rollo, how stupid of you! And you haven't been near me for ages, and you were so absolutely sickeningly remote at the theater on your first night, and you treated me simply as if I were just a hat seller and nothing more. And if I hadn't cross-examined Gregg when he brought me your adorable bracelet you might have gone away from me for always, and never come back."

Sorrow, like some defeated poison, drained out of his heart, and in the champagne that was suddenly his blood, golden joy bubbles danced and ran. His eyes dwelt upon the lovely curves that were Frederica's face, on her dewy eyes and the chiseled scarlet of her mouth, as though they would never look elsewhere.

Again he heard his voice saying, "Why did you send me away?"

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Men of vision and muscle and courage.

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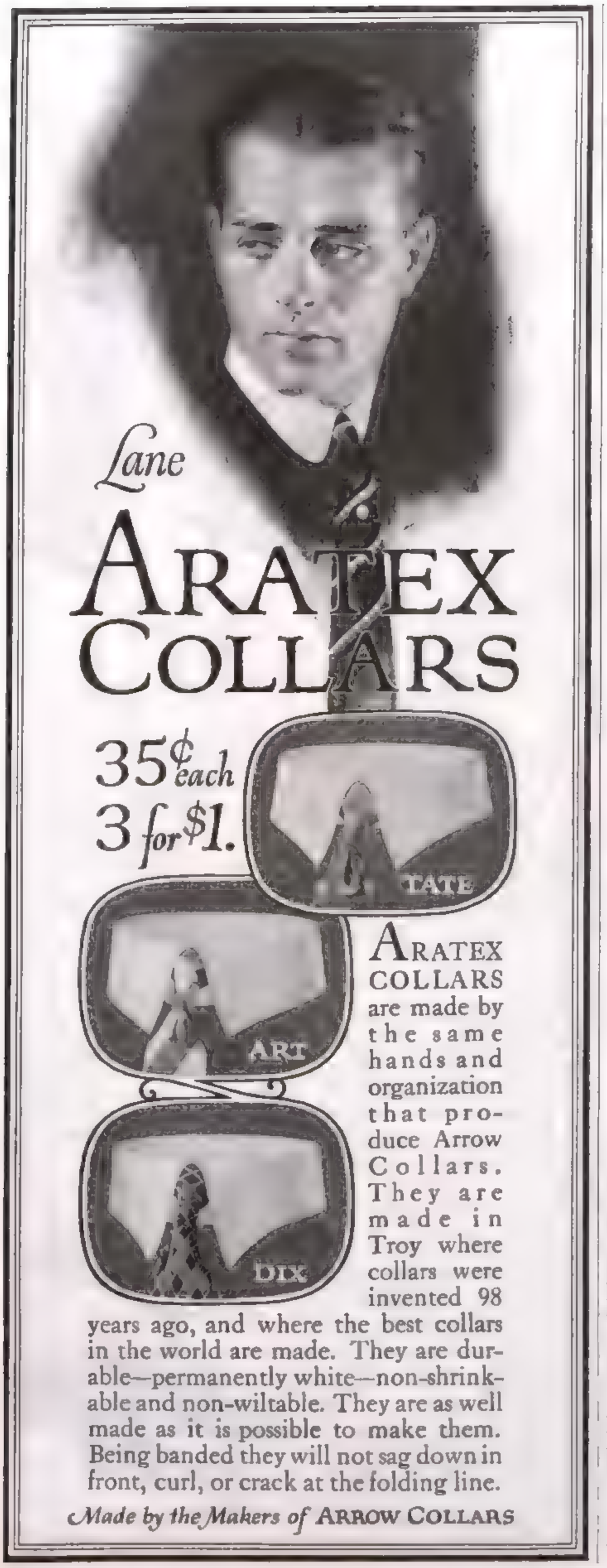
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DIX
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And Frederica answered, "Why does any girl send any man away? Just to see if you'd go, of course!"

Suddenly the ghosts of Peggy, Muriel and Marta flitted before his eyes.

He dropped her hands and said coldly, "Will you marry me at once, Frederica, or am I to travel round the world?"

And Frederica, worshiping the new note in his voice, answered, "I'd marry you now, right in this railway station, if it were possible."

With a gesture that embraced the whole world, Rollo beckoned to Gregg.

"Take my kit out of the train, please," he commanded. "We shall postpone our trip for a few weeks, and then I shall take my wife with me, and, if it is convenient to Mrs. Gregg, you may take yours."

There echoed to him a sound like the cooing of doves—the little, happy laugh of Frederica.

Editor's Note—This is the last of three stories by Mr Baily

The Poets' Corner

Life

BEAUTY is so akin to pain
How can one choose to weep or sing?
The silver fretwork of the rain
Blends with the green of spring,

And never one may keep the flower
And cry the gray days down as wrong;
Each fills the world in the same hour,
Man's meed of tears and song.

—Lupton A. Wilkinson.

Rimes for Mary

FINGERS AND TOES

MY FINGERS nearly always do
A lot of things I want them to,
But when I try to use my toes
I can't do very much with those.
For instance, if I try to twiddle
The toe that's in the very middle
I find it pretty often proves
It is the little toe that moves,
And though I try in every way
I just can't make my toes obey.
The best that I get out of it
Is just to wiggle them a bit.

The small toes wiggle pretty well,
The big toe wiggles something swell!

THE POLICEMAN

I know a big policeman
And he's a nice policeman,
I guess he's prob'ly ten feet high;
And when he holds his hand up,
His big ole fat ole hand up,
The autos have to let me by!

Although I'd like to be one,
I can't be a policeman,
Or that's what father says to me,
But maybe when I'm older
And big as a policeman
They'll see it's what I ought to be!

I wish that they would let me,
But if they never let me,
No, never let me, all my life,
If I'm not a policeman,
A ten-foot-high policeman,
I think I'd like to be one's wife!

MANNERS

I remember when I was young
People would say, "Cat got your tongue?"
For I was rude as a child could be
And wouldn't speak when they spoke to me.

I remember when I was young
Right to my mother's skirts I clung,
I'd hide my face at a "How-de-do,"
And wouldn't shake hands when spoken to.

I remember when I was young
You wouldn't know that I had a tongue,
But now, when people say "How-de-do"
I shake their hands and I answer too.

It don't seem possible that was me,
A tongue-tied girl at the age of three,
But I remember when I was young,
Though now I'm five and I've found my tongue!

AT THE CIRCUS

I—The Seals

I saw the seals at the circus
All shiny and smooth and slick;
And the man he gave 'em a fish to eat
Each time that they did a trick.

I saw them clap with their flappers
And play with a great big ball;
And I think I'd like at least one seal
Unless I could have 'em all!

I could keep a seal in the bathtub
As comfy as it could be,
And I'd feed it on fish from the goldfish bowl
When it showed off its tricks to me!

II—Elephants

The elephant's fat, and the elephant's tall,
But it hasn't hardly a tail at all,
And it worried me at first, because
I couldn't figure what use it was!

But the reason it has a tail, I found,
Was plain when the elephants marched around;
The tail of an elephant simply grows
For the one behind to hold with its nose!

III—Clowns

The clowns are very funny when they run around the ring
Behaving so ridikilous I laugh like anything.
They make up funny faces and they act up fit to kill,
But I have got an uncle who is comickaler still!

IV—The Side Show

There was a lady all over ink
And another with whiskers on,
And a wee litten dwarf, and a Missing Link
And a man with his arms all gone.

And a giant, too, and a girl so fat
She'd fill up a house, yes, ma'am,
And they're prob'ly glad to be like that,
But I'm glad I'm the way I am!

—Berton Braley.

On Such a Day

ON SUCH a day as this,
I know my eager feet
Will leave the paths of Paradise
So strange and sweet,

Run down a purple hill,
Across a daisy lot,
And bring me back the orchard way
To this loved spot.

My pansies, purple-black,
Shall shyly toward me turn,
And poppies up and down the walk
Shall redder burn.

The larkspur tall and blue
Her plumes shall lift aloft,
And winds of morning laugh to hear
Her laughter soft.

A startled honey-bee
Shall buzz about my hand,
And birds that whisper in the leaves
Shall understand.

The sunrise glow shall light
The hills with scarlet flame,
And all the happy garden things
Shall breathe my name,

And know my touch as now,
And watch me as I go
Back through the quietness—but you
Will never know!

—Alice E. Allen.

Stopped at the Frontier

FROM THE DIARY of an American in Europe: November 13th. . . *Left Colmar to slip up into the Alps. Hit the frontier in an hour . . and, of course, was stopped for search, questioning, passports, etc.* . . . November 14th. . . *Can't go anywhere here without bumping into a frontier. . . Crossed the Austrian line twice today! . . Can't keep matches or tobacco . . always putting up a bond for the car.* . . . November 15th–17th. . . *Three days, three languages! . . Just crossed the German border on the way to Baden-Baden. . . These ever-present European frontiers, with their even deeper barriers of race and understanding. How different from the continent of America. . . Imagine being stopped for examination at every state line from New York to Denver!*

THE FRONTIERS OF EUROPE are physical divisions marking abrupt boundaries of good-will, trust and understanding. They prevent the free flow of communication and merchandise, limit the spread of intelligence, choke the exchange of ideas.

How different in this respect is our commonwealth of forty-eight populous states. One people, one press, one speech, one understanding—from ocean to ocean—a willingness to accept people and things at par. San Francisco welcoming the merchandise of Boston; Portland, Maine, ordering produce of New Orleans.

In all this broad land of America there is only one frontier—the self-created boundary of reticence, the self-imposed obscurity of purpose, products and names.

Given a manufacturer with breadth of vision and faith in what he is doing, the most that is needed is the printed page to gain the good-will of his fellow citizens and to build markets as wide as our coasts. Advertising can enlarge any business continentally that deserves such appreciation.

Sales plans perfected for a community may be extended for all communities. A product found appealing to a county or state may safely be placed before the hundred million. And for this the experience is at hand. The facilities are ready. The market is waiting.

America as a whole is the market. Think and plan nationally, and distribution need not be, will not be, limited within imaginary frontiers.

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"Now that's what every screen door needs"
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THE grocer's boy knows of screen doors that "C-r-e-a-k" upon his arrival—that "Bang!" after his departure—and so do you! To leave them open seems his one delight. To close them swiftly, without creak or bang, is the sole vocation of Corbin Screen Door Checks.

What is the use of having screen doors unless they screen—unless they shut—unless they close without annoying slams, bangs and creaks!

This summer, why not hang the old family fly-swatter on the wall and Corbin Screen Door Checks on every screen door? It is the only way to make screen doors useful as well as a joy to live with.

The Corbin dealer in your town has them in stock. They are inexpensive—and you can easily attach them yourself.

The practical advantages of Corbin Screen Door Checks are told in a booklet. Write for it or ask the Corbin dealer

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The American Hardware Corporation, Successor
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WHERE TESSIE MISSED OUT

(Continued from Page 21)

"Oh, snap out of it, Towney!" says I. "Doesn't mean a thing to me. Where's she from, for instance—Canada, Australia?"

"Bobbie?" says he. "She's from the States. Out beyond Chicago somewhere—Denver, or California, or Buffalo—I don't recall exactly."

"No, I should say you didn't," says I. "But somewhere between Haverstraw and Hollywood, I should judge. We'll let it ride at that. What was she doing in South America?"

"Blessed if I know," says he. "Tripping with auntie, I imagine. I met her at a party in Montevideo—dinner at 9:30, supper at one A.M. and breakfast at daybreak. But I'd had three fox trots with Bobbie and I'd found out when she was sailing for home, so I cabled the directors everything was O.K. and took passage on the same boat. All would have been lovely too, if this dashed Colonel Blivens person hadn't come romping into the scene. The bally old blighter!"

"Crabs your act, does he?" says I. "But if he's such a bad egg, why doesn't auntie shoo him off?"

"Bridge," says he. "He's a crack at it, and auntie'd ask in the old boy himself if she needed a fourth. That's how he gets around her. And tonight she's letting Bobbie go with him to that —— Oh, I've simply got to do something about it! Must show her I'm not so tame as I look. If I could only find a girl for the part! You'd be such a star at it, Miss Tessie."

"Would I?" says I. "But if she's a guest here, perhaps she's seen me."

"She has," says he. "She was raving about your hair only last night. That makes it all the better. If I could make her think I'd picked you up, she'd get the idea that I might be more or less devilish, after all, see?"

I nods. Also, just about then, I gets a glimpse of that Kinsey party smirking across the lobby at us.

"If I had a decent dinner frock," says I, "I might take a chance."

"What ho!" says he. "A light in the East! How long will it take you to pick one up and what do the things cost? Thirty pounds, say? Forty?"

I did some quick reckoning.

"Not with all the spring sales going on," says I. "Twenty would be plenty. But wouldn't that make the evening some expensive?"

"Bah!" says he. "A Rickham at bay doesn't count the pounds, my dear girl. Here!"

And we're just arranging the rest of the program when Mame drifts behind the counter and gawps at us curious.

"Half after seven then?" says he.

"If I can make the grade by then, Towney," says I.

I was gazing after him sentimental, for Kinsey's benefit, as Mame lets out a gasp.

"Tess, I can't believe it!" says she. "A supersap like that!"

"Why, what's wrong with him?" I asks.

"What ain't?" says she. "Why, he's the kind you generally frost so hard they have to be removed with ice tongs. Who is he, anyway?"

"Towney?" says I. "Why, he's one of the warring Rickhams; fights like he loves and loves like he fights—to the last ditch and the last hug."

"Him!" says she. "Why, he don't look like he'd swap punches with a tame rabbit, or be any more use on a pettin' party than a cripple with two broken arms. And didn't I hear him datin' you up for tonight?"

"If you didn't," says I, "it wasn't from not having your ear stretched. Also you're scheduled to do the late trick this evening, Mame, beginning at 4:30. That leaves me just three hours to get my bob waved, buy a new dinner dress and have it fitted, and be ready for dear Towney when he calls at the flat."

"And you're the one that bills yourself as sheik-proof," says Mame. "He must be a fast worker, that bird. Where does he hail from?"

"We didn't get that far," says I. "Couldn't tell each other everything in twenty minutes, could we? But most likely we'll be swapping the story of our lives about 10:30 tonight and maybe by tomorrow I'll let you know. I got to dodge out to the quick lunch now and inhale a fried-egg sandwich. Oh, yes! See that Suite 911 gets all the first sporting extras soon as they come in. It's her divorce case that's on the front page, you know, and the poor thing wants to know if they've described the costume she wore at the morning session. Don't forget."

All of which may help to clear up the great mystery as to what the girl at the news-and-candy stand thinks about when you think she thinks. 'Course, the specimens that stroll up to the counter aren't all as rare as Towney, and only a certain per cent want anything except to be waited on quick and get the right change. But in a joint the size of the Gloriana, where from two to three hundred check in and out every day, you're fairly sure of meeting every known variety sooner or later, and generally it's sooner. The assistant manager, who's a bear for statistics and who don't mind stopping for a chat now and then with Tessie, figured it out for me once that during the year we handled over a hundred thousand, enough to make a good-sized city. I expect he's right, at that.

But the main point is that they come from all parts of the map and that they're here on all kinds of errands, from seeing new shows to meeting new wives. Some come on to buy and some to sell; some to join their families and others to get away from the same; some are simply spreeing it, while others have been sent to have things cut out of 'em. They're happy and sad, cocky and meek, frisky and bored. A mixed lot, but all of 'em human—too human.

And being away from home, they miss the willing ears that usually has to listen to their joys and troubles. Who's handier, though, than the girl at the stand? So Mr. Blah-Blah, from Blahsburg, buys a magazine and lingers around long enough to tell me he's just put through a deal that'll leave him sitting pretty for life, and he's elbowed out of the way by a party who wants a guidebook that'll show him how to get out to Greenwood Cemetery. Maybe the next in line will be a folksy female from Gadsden, Alabama, who'll call me honey and want to know where she can get a shingle bob like mine; or a cold-eyed old dame who'll demand three two-cent stamps, change for a ten-dollar bill, and will shudder at some of the pictures on the movie-magazine covers.

Then in between and after and before there'll be the conquering males: thick-lipped, heavy-lidded old boys who try to pat my hand; young hicks that act like they thought they was giving me a treat just by coming close, and middle-aged sports that start right in being confidential and mushy. So it's no wonder I've learned how to shunt 'em firm and sudden, or that I handed Towney some crisp ones at first.

He'd never got much farther than sketching out his hard-luck tale either, if it hadn't been that I saw a chance to turn something on that fresh room clerk; but with that scored up, and a new dinner dress thrown in—well, I ask you? Why not grab off a merry party once in a while? Besides, I wanted a look at this Bobbie girl of his who'd got him so warmed up over her freckles and tricky nose. And it would be kind of interesting to see if his little plot would work out. My guess was that it wouldn't. I couldn't feature anybody gnashing their teeth over the fact that Towney was slipping away, or being kidded

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Coachwork worthy of the LINCOLN

IN every field of productive activity there are pioneers of betterment, who establish degrees of fineness never before attained. Thus has it been in the building of Lincoln bodies. Advanced design has been created demanding even more precise and painstaking workmanship than previously existed.

Craftsmen had to be trained; none were available who could machine woods to the accuracy of steel. The unerring precision of Lincoln coachwork is in defiance of all wood-working traditions.

Lincoln inspectors reject at the point of shipment all but the choicest of timber. It is kilned very slowly and carefully to remove the moisture from the wood, yet retain perfection of texture. Many important steps of building are new to the craft. It takes 150 days to produce a Lincoln body. But like the chassis, it remains strong and durable through years of useful service. Cushions duplicate a restful, lounging chair. Paints tested for adhesiveness, elasticity, permanence of color and wear, produce a finish as exceptional in the automotive industry as the precision of the body. In all, 17 paint tests are made.

The unvarying rule of Lincoln manufacture, that each unit and detail must be surpassingly fine, permits no compromise in design, in materials or in workmanship.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY
Division of Ford Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

LINCOLN

The Raw Material *of* Power

TWO factories are operated by the manufacturer who supplies his own power. In one he makes the goods he sells. In the other—his boiler house—he manufactures *power* for his machines.

Hence coal is as much a raw material of the manufacturer as steel, sugar, silk, wood or rubber. It should measure up to definite standards.

So considered, Consolidation Clean Coal is the economical raw material of factory power.

For Consolidation Coal is free from visible impurities which will not burn. It delivers a full measure of power because it is clean and because of its high-heat value and low ash and sulphur content.

THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY

INCORPORATED

Munson Building—New York City

DETROIT, MICH. *First Nat'l Bank Bldg.*
PORTSMOUTH, N. H. *137 Market Street*
BALTIMORE, MD. *Continental Bldg.*
BOSTON, MASS. *State Mutual Bldg.*
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WASHINGTON, D. C. *Union Trust Bldg.*
CHICAGO, ILL. *Illinois Merchants Bank Bldg.*
CINCINNATI, OHIO *Union Central Bldg.*
NORFOLK, VA. *Nat'l Bank of Com. Bldg.*
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Foreign Offices { LONDON, ENGLAND *Billiter Sq. Bldg.* / GENOA, ITALY *10-Via Roma*

Sales Agents { ST. PAUL, MINN. *North Western Fuel Co., Merchants Nat'l Bank Bldg.* / TORONTO, CANADA *Empire Coal Company, Ltd., Royal Bank Bldg.* / GREEN BAY, WIS. *F. Hurlbut Company*

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into believing he was a wicked deceiver. Not while he wore that simple grin or beamed through them pale-blue eyes.

Still, you never can tell, especially about flappers. Bobbie might go pouty and give me a dirty look. But outside of that I figured I'd be as safe dining with Towney as if I had a grandfather and two uncles along. Anyway, at quarter of five I was up at M'selle Bloch's giving an imitation of a young lady who'd just taken a sudden whim to pick up another evening frock if she wasn't too bored to make up her mind which to choose. I'll say I had 'em standing around respectful too.

"Oh, dear no!" I sighed, shutting my eyes on a beaded Paris model that I knew would run close to three-fifty. "Something quite simple that will do for the country house, you know."

But what I finally did tag—a greeny-silvery thing with a moon-sheen slip—was the ritziest rag I've ever owned, and about the skimpiest.

"Oh, well," says I, "perhaps I can make that do. You may charge it to —— No, I've some bridge money, I think. So I have. And if you'll wrap it now I'll take it down to the motor myself."

Say, I wonder if I got away with it? But I had 'em guessing, at least. Which was more than I can say for Aunt Maggie when she sees what I've brought home to the flat.

"Huh!" says she. "Some man must have bought that for you, Theresa Kinney."

"A man put up for it," says I. "Women are backward about such things."

"Who is he?" she insists.

"Calls himself Towney," says I. "Just came in on some steamer."

"You shameless girl!" says she. "Remember, I've warned you!"

"You go hoarse doing it," says I. "But this time it's all wasted. Towney! Why, he'd be tickled pink to hear you say that! I'll have to tell him. Only he might want to work you into the act. You see, it's this way, auntie ——"

And by the time I've sketched the plot of the piece she's busy helping me shorten the slip, while I'm rubbing up my silver slippers. I'll say this for Towney too: When he called in the taxi and got a close-up of the whole effect, he almost swallows the crook of his bamboo stick.

"Oh, I say!" he gasps. "Perfectly ripping, you know. I'd no notion you were—ah—all that sort of thing. What?"

"Meaning something nice, I expect?" says I.

"Absolutely!" says he. "Helen of Troy trailing the field, Cleopatra a bad third, Mary Queen of Scots ——"

"Don't let's get historical," says I. "I left high school just as we got to Mary. And listen, you're not to forget that Bobbie's playing the title rôle."

"No fear," says he. "I'm a good bit afraid of you, Miss Tessie."

"That's as should be," says I. "But don't act it when we get there. Remember, you're being devilish. How's my make-up?"

He looks me over shy for a minute.

"Too good, if I may say so," says he. "You understand, I hope? Might be one of the best of 'em. They'd think you were. While the jolly old idea, as I get it, is that you're someone I've ——"

"Right you are," says I. "Not vivid enough. Well, that's easy fixed. Here! Hold this while I add a few touches."

So he sits there with the vanity box as I uses the eyebrow pencil and the lipstick, and inside of two minutes I'm as vampish as they come.

"Doesn't that give more the effect of an idle fancy?" I asks.

But Towney is staring at me with an odd look on his face, something as if he'd just dropped a tray of cocktails or wrecked a car.

"I'm a rotter to make you do that, Miss Tessie," says he. "It's a blessed shame. Please wipe it off."

"No," says I. "The bargain was that I should look like something from the Follies and I mean to give you full value. Don't be jarred, either, if I pull some wild stuff. You must play up too. That's the only way to show Bobbie whether you're tame or not Come now, time for the warring Rickham spirit to buck up."

"Righto!" says he. "But I feel like a precious cad, making you masquerade like this, you know."

Which was where I begun to get the hunch that Towney wasn't such a poor fish as he seemed. Might be more or less of the real thing behind that pale disposition, after all. And for the first time I got a little anxious as to how it was all going to end. Suppose his Bobbie simply got good and sore on him. Honest, I found myself ready to root hard for Towney, where a little while before I'd only listed him as a joke. Well, I'd do what I could to help him, and trust to luck that it didn't get him in worse than ever.

And the next I knew we were being let in through the front door of what looked like a vacant house and being towed through a tunnel affair into this swell joint with all the heavy draperies at the windows. They have screwed the lid on the White Way and put the cabarets out of business, eh? Here were all the little tables, and the dance floor, and a jazz orchestra, and even silver coolers standing around on the floor with gilt-necked bottles sticking out of 'em. And by the way some of the parties had started in, I judged there might be doings before the evening was over.

"They're here," whispers Towney. "I've engaged a table next to theirs. Let's see, you'd better sit facing her."

But as this Colonel Blivens person was rubbering around just then, it was him I got my first view of. One of these big, pink-faced old boys, with curly grayish hair and a pair of bold roving eyes. He didn't miss my entrance. Not him! I caught the cut-up glance on the fly and countered with a half-voltage twinkle. Which prompts him to make some remark to his partner. Then I saw Bobbie.

Of course, by the way Towney had taken on about her I was expecting to see some doll-faced little half portion with good lines and delicate face tints, at least; maybe a blond siren that looked like she'd just stepped off a wedding cake. But, say, all that tallied with his description is the uppity nose and the green eyes. Oh, yes, the freckles were there, too, spattered across her nose and cheek bones. Beyond that, though, all I can make out is a stringy, wispy, pinch-faced young thing with peevish lips and cinnamon-colored hair that some blind bobber must have done his worst on.

"Are you sure that's her?" I asks.

"Oh, rather!" says Towney. "No one else quite like her, eh?"

"M-m-m!" says I, still staring over the colonel's shoulder.

Honest, she's about as homely a little tike as you could find. No complexion, no eyebrows, and just as graceful as a string bean. Also, she's one of the don't-care kind that takes no pains to make the best of what she has. The white satin thing that passes for a dress is as plain as a pillow slip and it hangs from her thin shoulders like it had been dropped over a chair.

She must have caught me eying her, but her way of countering is to draw in a deep breath of cigarette smoke and let it out slow through her nose while she rolls her green eyes toward the ceiling. Tough? She'd have Kiki looking like a gold-star pupil.

It's a minute or so before she spots the back of Towney's head. Then I thought she was going to take notice. She does give me another glance, kind of curious; but all the way she shows her excitement at discovering Towney is to hunch her shoulders careless, say something low to the colonel and smother a giggle. Her next move is to tip down half a glass of champagne, as casual as you'd take a sip of coffee, and nod to her partner as the orchestra starts another fox trot. She and the colonel proceeds to spiel around. A lively little stepper, she is, I'll admit, and the old boy is right there with the fancy footwork too; but, say, if he

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When shall I buy a Radio Set?

SOME four million people in the United States decided, in the exciting three years that have just passed, that they would not wait. They bought radio receiving sets of different types and at different prices.

Look from the window of a railroad train, or bus, or trolley car, as you ride past city homes or farms, and you will see, again and again, the aerial symbol of the miracle that has become an American commonplace.

American homes have been knit closer together. Families that scattered each evening now make a circle around the radio set at home. Some of them bought their sets just before the Dempsey-Firpo fight; some before the three national political conventions were broadcasted; some just to hear the memorable speech of the President of the United States that closed his successful campaign for election.

Those who received the greatest return from their radio sets were those who delayed the shortest time in making up their minds that some sort of a radio receiving set was better than none at all.

NO longer, as you count the aerials on the housetops, can you get even an approximate estimate of the number of radio sets in any neighborhood. The sensation of the past ten months has been the RADIOLA SUPER-HETERODYNE, which required no aerial or connection of any kind.

And the radio art has progressed to a point where the famous scientists of the Radio Corporation of America are willing to say that it is doubtful whether any basically better reception circuit is apt to come from the laboratories.

Fundamentally the SUPER-HETERODYNE marked the location of rock beneath the sand and gravel. It is the foundation on which future RADIOLAS will be built.

And there are other good Radiolas—Radiolas requiring aerials, but which bring the full miracle of radio into your home—selling for as low a price as $35, and the reputation and skill of RCA are behind them.

Not only the scientists and engineers of RCA itself, but the laboratories and factories of the General Electric Company, Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, and Wireless Specialty Apparatus Company, as well, are behind Radiolas and Radiotrons.

ONE of the foremost engineers of the Radio Corporation of America will shortly be in Europe arranging for the completion of details connected with the broadcasting in America of events from Paris, London and other world capitals.

International broadcasting, as a regular feature, is now merely a matter of months. The stride of broadcasting has been, and probably will continue to be, rapid.

Because of the responsibilities of its leadership, its identification with world-wide circuits of wireless telegraphic communication and the broadcasting service through WJZ, WJY, WRC, and associated stations KDKA, WBZ, KYW, KFKX, WGY, KOA and KGO, the Radio Corporation of America can give an assurance of stability, a guarantee of the permanence of radio and broadcasting hardly possible from any other source.

THE gates of what may be a wonderful summer for you are opening. Days that are lost in dullness are lost forever. Nothing will ever bring this summer back again. But the pleasure, the music, the laughter; the reports of stock markets, baseball and other events; the church services and educational features, that your Radiola will bring you at home, or in your seashore bungalow, or in camp on the mountain-top, may make this summer live forever in your memory.

And so we say *buy your Radiola now.*

All RADIOLAS, as well as RADIOTRONS, the trademarked vacuum tube of RCA, represent sound values, and insure complete enjoyment of radio's entertainment and educational advantages.

Provided the set is a genuine RADIOLA on which the name of the Radio Corporation of America appears, you run no risk of disappointment.

This is the third of three advertisements by the Radio Corporation of America. The first—"What Radio Set Shall I Buy?"—appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post* of May 23. The second—"Where Shall I Buy a Radio Set?"—appeared in the issue of May 30.

Write for the booklet "What, Where and When in Radio." Address RCA, 233 B'way, New York.

Are *you* delivering a full day's work?

ARE you up on your toes, clear through the day, making the old job pay you real dividends? Are you piling up worthwhile mileage on the road to Success?

Thousands of men have made themselves into real "go-getters" by wearing

THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

They've found that it gives them new energy, new staying powers, new enthusiasm. This is the shoe with a real "chassis."

Here's how it works: The concealed, built-in arch bridge prevents sagging; the flat inner sole prevents pinching. Your feet are kept vigorous, as well as comfortable. Not a single ache or pain; no more "foot nerves"; just a pair of healthy, happy feet, urging you on, helping you do your work better. Smart style, too.

Send the coupon for our "Check-Up Foot Chart"—a simple diagram that shows you why your feet are hindering you, and how you can bring them back to normal.

E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC.
Dept. S-26, Rockland, Massachusetts
Makers of the "Just Wright" Men's Fine Shoes since 1876

No. 280
Tan Calf Oxford
"WEST POINT"

E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Dept. S-26, Rockland, Mass.
Send me "The Check-Up Foot Chart."

Name

Address

City State

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tried that hold in a Harlem dance garden, or even on Eighth Avenue, he wouldn't get twice around the floor without being tapped on the shoulder and led to the gate.

Towney is watching 'em too. But all he seems to see is that perky little head of Bobbie's and those slim ankles flashing in and out. Nothing but mushy fondness in those pale-blue eyes as they follow her, sort of patient and doglike. It's almost pathetic to see him.

"She's a rare one, eh?" he says to me.

"Not so much of her, though," I suggests.

"Scant hundred and ten," says he, "but she makes it all count. You should see her put it behind a brassie shot, or make a back-hand placement in doubles. Cleaned 'em up in the All-Argentine Ladies' Singles, you know. She's nothing but nerves and muscle, and every bit of her is alive. That's what gets me. But she ought to be riding to hounds. Simply got to. Why, that girl was born for the Chesham Hunt, and as sure as I'm a Rickham ——"

"There, there, Towney!" I breaks in. "You're raving again. And here's the soup."

It doesn't take me long to decide, though, that our act isn't getting over big. In fact it falls flat almost from the start; that is, as far as registering with Bobbie goes. I kept coaching Towney, too, urging him to forget her and remember that he was giving me a wild party. But it all makes no more impression on Bobbie than if we'd both been strangers to her. She's too busy admirin' her pink-cheeked old colonel to notice that Towney is among those present.

And Towney just can't seem to get his mind off her. He don't half play the game. Even while I'm keeping up the merry chatter, those pale-blue eyes of his strays over to Bobbie and her old sweetie. The poor prune! I had every right to be peeved with him, but somehow I couldn't. He was badly gone on Bobbie. Heaven only knows why, but he was. And he stuck to it. Maybe he was right about the Rickhams being last-ditchers.

Well, the Kinneys have never been such poor scrappers, either. I'm not so well up in family tradition as Towney, but I remember hearing Aunt Maggie brag about how Uncle Danny once licked three cops that tried to throw him out of the Steam Fitters' Annual Ball. And about then I decides that so long as I'd started in to help Towney out in his love affair, I wasn't going to be blocked off by a snub-nosed little flapper who deserved to be spanked and sent to bed.

"Listen, Towney," says I. "We're not getting anywhere."

He nods gloomy.

"Your scheme isn't working," I goes on. "I was afraid it wouldn't. But there's other ways of catching butterflies besides whistling for 'em. I'm going to try one of my own."

"Good girl!" says he.

"Hold that notion tight," says I, "and watch me do my stuff. I mean to vamp the colonel away from Bobbie; and if I do, just remember that's your cue to crash in strong. Ah, he's rolling his eyes this way. Uh-huh! He's taking notice. Now I'll twinkle for him."

Does he get it? Say, a dozen Bobbies couldn't have held him after that. It isn't a minute before he's over slapping Towney on the back and getting introduced to me. Would I try a fox trot with him?

"That would make the evening perfect, colonel," says I.

And from then on I had him jumping through the hoop. Honest, all Bobbie saw of him after that was twice when he stopped to fake up a weak alibi, and at the second attempt she shows him just how uppity a nose like hers can be. I must say, though, I had my hands full to keep him from being too ambitious. He's an affectionate old bird.

"Say, you're some Romeo, eh?" I tells him. "But you can't pull that stuff here. Too many people know you."

"Then let's go to another place," he suggests. "How about the Tulip Garden?"

"But there's Bobbie girl," I protests.

"Oh, Towney'll look after her," says he. "Come, we'll slip out quietly."

He was all steamed up by then and I had to give him the elbow all the way down in the cab. But while he's getting a table I slides out of the dressing room, skips down the stairs into another taxi, and inside of half an hour I'm back in the flat listening to Aunt Maggie snore. I must have torn off more or less slumber myself during what was left of the night, for the next I knew, as I was asking a head waiter why he didn't stop the earthquake, I woke up to find Aunt Maggie shaking me and shouting that it was nearly nine o'clock. So I was late at the stand for about the only time in my career. Mame is waiting for me with her mouth open and her eyes bugged.

"Gosh!" says she. "I didn't know as you'd ever come near common folks like us again."

"Oh, I'm democratic," says I. "What's the matter?"

"Matter!" says she. "How should I know? Only he's been around here three times already, with his eyes all flickery and a sappy grin spread over his face. He's been asking for you."

"Who has?" I demands, hanging my coat and hat behind the screen.

"Why, Sir Townsend Rickham," says she.

"Eh?" says I. "Where'd you get all that?"

"Off'm Kinsey," says Mame. "Seems he was kiddin' him some yesterday before he knew who he was, and now he's scared stiff. Why, say, he's a reg'lar guy, that Sir Townsend; owns breweries and yachts and a castle —— But of course you're wise to all that, Tess."

I shook my head.

"No," says I, "and I doubt most of it."

"But he showed it to me in a book," insists Mame. "And you out to dinner with the nobility and never guessin'! I can't feature it. What were you doin' all the evening, anyway?"

"Me?" says I. "I expect I was helping him spike the jolly old flag to the mast, or something like that. But I guess we both flivvered the job."

"That ain't my guess," says Mame. "Here he comes! Take a look!"

And by the beaming expression in the pale-blue eyes I knew she was right.

"What ho, Miss Tessie!" he sings out as he bounces up to the counter and grabs both my hands. "The season's greetings and many of 'em to a happy warrior. Fight on, fight ever! That's us; eh, what? Fair means or foul. And I'll say you're the fairest that ever helped a shaky-kneed hero to buck up. My blessings on you."

"You mean," says I, "that you ——"

"Absolutely!" says he. "She's mine! Got her on the carom from that old blighter colonel, and between now and the next steamer she'll be Lady Rickham. But, 'pon honor, if she hadn't said the word just as she did, I'd have tried for you."

"Tut, tut!" says I. "You'd never have got me on one of those long-legged horses jumping brooks. Bobbie's better built for that."

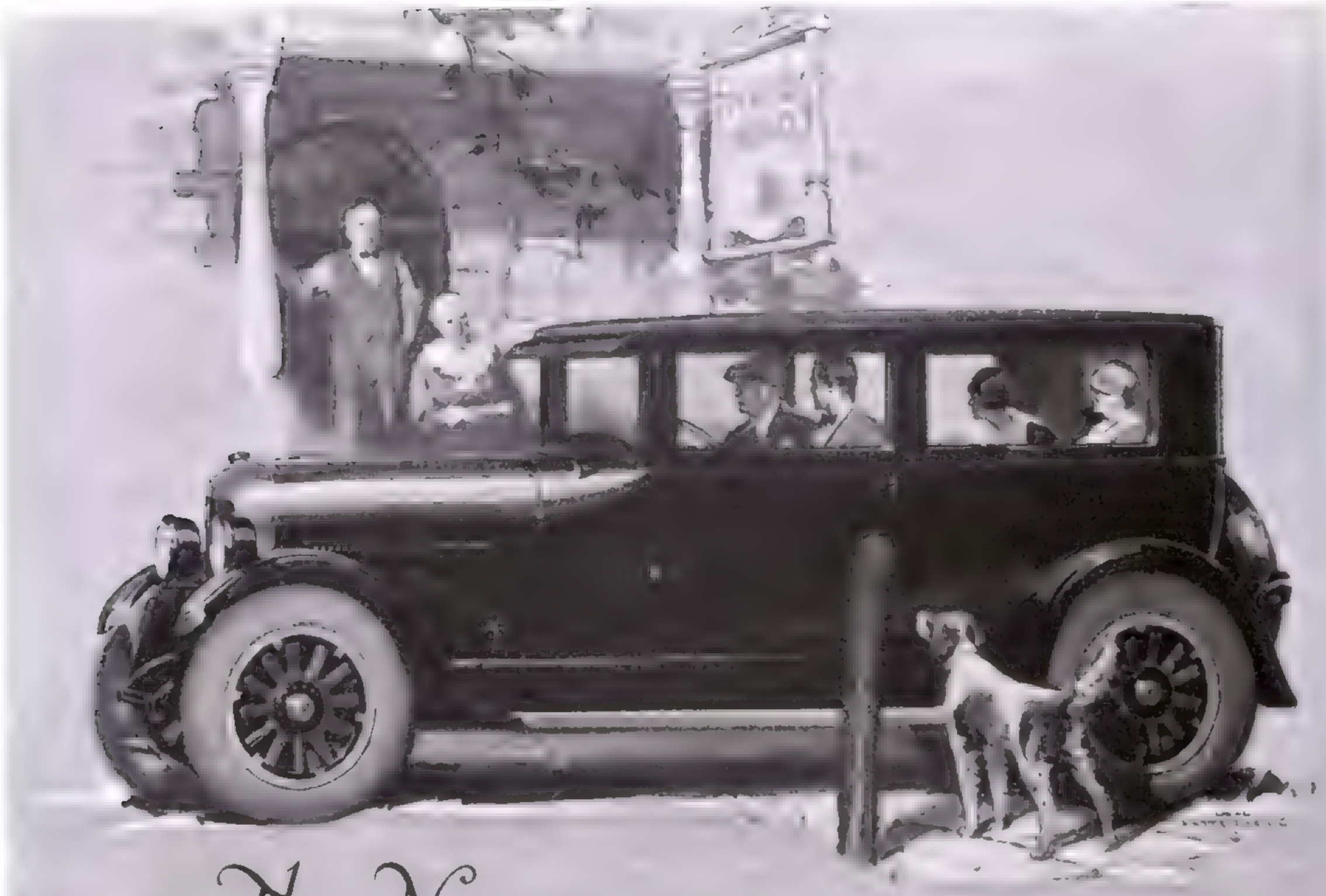
"Quite so," says he. "But you must come and see us. I want you to watch her leading the Chesham Hunt."

"Thanks," says I. "That'll be something to look forward to. My best to Bobbie, and I wish you both luck."

"You're a jolly old dear, Tessie," says he, toddling off.

Mame gawped after him. "And you missed out on a castle!" she gasps.

"I missed having to have Towney, too," says I. "There's something in that."



The New

STUDEBAKER

Standard Six Coach

NEVER before has a Coach of such fine quality been offered at such a low price. Studebaker makes it possible through unique manufacturing facilities. For this Coach is built complete—body as well as chassis—in Studebaker plants, thus saving the profits of outside parts-makers and body-builders. It is built, too, in tremendous volume. Its price is thus lower than that of any other car comparable in appearance, comfort and performance. By all means, have your Studebaker dealer show you this new Coach.

Abundance of room for five passengers. Wide doors. Broad seats and genuine mohair-and-wool, deep-napped upholstery. Ample leg room. No need for occupant of folding seat to get out when others enter or leave. Body finished in Belgian Blue with satin-black top. 50 H. P. Studebaker engine of remarkable power, pick-up and flexibility. Full-size balloon tires. Safety lighting control and many new features of greater convenience.

$1295 f. o. b. factory

THIS IS A STUDEBAKER YEAR

COUNSELOR AMBROSE HINKLE

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what does he do to me? Ask me! Makes me give it back, that's what he done. That's what Henry done."

"Give it back to whom?"

"Never you mind. We wasn't talking about that, couns'lor."

Little Amby sat down and lit a cigarette, scratching the match on the bronze belly of the Buddha which he used for a paper weight.

"Maybe we can cash in your good will for something here, Willers. You seem to have been shabbily treated by these Stapleton people. Have they started the dispossess yet? We'll have to put an answer in and give them a battle."

"And put me on the stand, hey, couns'lor? Oh, mamma, buy me that! Wait'll you see me cry, couns'lor, on the stand; I'll break right down and touch your heart."

Willers' face began to work; the corners of his mouth drew down and tears filled his eyes.

"I'm a poor old man that always done everybody right," he said tremulously. "Oncet I was rich and had plenty of friends, but nobody throws a dime to poor old Benny Willers now. Throw him out on the cold street. There's the story of the poor workingman, judge. Look at them hands, all busted with work. Oncet I was young and gay and had a happy home. A devoted husband, a kind father ——"

"Will you stop that cursed whining?" snarled Little Amby.

"Don't get peevish, couns'lor," saidWillers, tranquilized at once. "I'm only showing my stuff. Am I there? I'm there, ain't I?"

"No more of it. You're not working, of course. Did you ever work? What have you been all your life—just a bum?"

"Who, me? Did I hear you say bum? All right, don't get peevish. Ask you, can't I? Why, say, couns'lor, I used to work in the Drovers' Loan and Trust. Regular banker. Carry them up, carry them down. Bonds—just like money. Two of us, there was—me and another guy. They couldn't trust him; I had to keep tabs on him—see he didn't snitch nothing. Carry them up, carry them down. Then old Stapleton gets a hold of me and says —— But here, here! Hold on a minute, couns'lor. What are you asking me all these questions for? What do you care where I worked? Never you mind now."

"Come back this afternoon and there'll be an answer for you to verify in that dispossess proceeding," said Little Amby, opening his desk book. "See Cohen about it outside. And then drop in here on Tuesday next at four sharp and ask Cohen if I wish to see you. Bring in this afternoon a photograph of Stapleton; if you haven't one, steal one. We'll get the signature from the Surrogate's Court."

Little Amby pressed a button, the door sprang open and a burly clerk thrust in his head and shoulders.

"Show the gentleman out," said Little Amby, turning his back.

"He said 'Show him out,' not 'Throw him out,'" protested Willers, as he was urged through the doorway by Little Amby's experienced bouncer. "I'm going, ain't I? Yes, I'm going, and you ain't going to stop me either."

III

ON THE following Tuesday afternoon, Little Amby was conferring in his office on Center Street with a manufacturer named Hazzard. Hazzard made novelties for street fakers; he was the inventor and patentee of the kick novelty, a big money-maker then. It consisted of two gay little tin monarchs on a tin dish—King and Kaiser; when it was wound up and set off, one of the little effigies—King or Kaiser, as the buyer chose—proceeded to kick his companion around the rim of the plate. You'll remember the cries in Nassau Street; the events of April, 1917, left of the two ballyhoos only "Kick the Kaiser for a quarter, men!"

"I asked you to come in and see me about your income-tax report for 1915, Hazzard," said Little Amby. "You told me the department was inclined to be nasty."

"Yes," said Hazzard, an olive-complexioned man of Southern European blood. He puffed his cigar, seemed to reflect, and said again, "Yes."

"Where have you got your winnings for that year buried, Hazzard?"

The client opened wider his brown eyes and looked at the lawyer with good-humored reproach for his inquisitiveness.

"Let me tell you then," said Little Amby. "You have an account in the Federated Trust Company, in Yorkville—under the name William True."

"So?" said Hazzard.

"Yes. How much money is in that account now, Hazzard?"

"You know, don't you, Hinkle?"

"I do," said Little Amby blandly. "You have about three thousand dollars there at present."

"You seem to know a lot. Where did you learn all this?"

"You don't care, Hazzard. I have ways of finding things out; you know that. Some other people know Mr. William True also, though they don't know the connection between True and Hazzard. Do you want my advice? You've paid for it, and you might as well get it—wipe out that True account."

"I'm nervous about that Federated account, Hinkle, to tell you the truth," said Hazzard after an interval. "I have a hunch that I'm under observation—nothing to prove it, but I have a queer feeling. I haven't been near the Federated Trust in near a year, and I wouldn't go there now on a bet. I wouldn't want to draw a check under that name."

"Let me wipe it out for you."

"Good enough! How?"

"The less you know about it, the better, Hazzard. You stay away from the Federated Trust and I'll find you three thousand dollars. You know that that kind of concealment of income is a prison offense, don't you? Now, you mind your own business and don't be curious, and Mr. William True will vanish so far as you are concerned. Satisfactory?"

"Absolutely."

"How much is there to this Mr. True? How much have I got to cover up—nothing but the bank account?"

"There's a furnished room on Lexington Avenue."

"What was the idea of that?"

"Killing sheep," said Hazzard, knocking the ash from his cigar. "Well, let's say—to give Mr. William True a post-office number."

"Anything else?"

Hazzard smoked in silence.

"Do you know?"

"No, I don't."

"I don't believe you. But, say, Hinkle, maybe it was you was having me shadowed. Oh-ho, what's the idea?"

"Don't be foolish," said Little Amby contemptuously. "If I wanted a line on you, couldn't I ask you? What else? What else?"

"There was a trunk in the Gibraltar Warehouse up on Fort Washington Avenue."

"Is it there now?"

"I don't know. The warehouse burned down a couple of weeks ago, so I read."

"What was in the trunk?"

"Some papers."

"Connecting you and True?"

"Well, I couldn't do business without some kind of records, could I? Listen now and I'll give it to you straight. I was paying twenty thousand a year to a clerk in my office, supposed to be royalties, and he was slipping it back to me in cash. Well, the inspector would say, 'Where did you get this cash?' See? So I banked it over in the Federated Trust. Just a wrinkle to get me down out of the higher brackets. Nothing criminal about it."

"Don't you kid yourself," said Little Amby. "They give people a round trip to Georgia, with a five-year stop-over privilege in Atlanta, for pulling that stuff."

"I don't care a hoot," growled Hazzard, suddenly flaring. "I'm not going to be robbed by a lot of grafters. The more money we give the Government, the more graft there is. The way to stop those grafters is to stop giving them money. Nobody ought to pay his taxes; that's my idea."

"So you're gypping the Government out of pure patriotism, are you, Hazzard? I'll bet that you'll volunteer if we get into the war."

"With you, Hinkle, any day."

Hazzard left after twenty minutes. As he passed through the outer office, Cohen snapped his fingers at Willers and told him to go in.

Little Amby was standing at the window with his back to the room, but he exclaimed sharply, "Get away from that desk!" He knew without looking that Willers had sought to take advantage of his apparent inattention and had crept over to see what he might see.

"You were in here and swore to the answer to that dispossess," he said, sitting down in his chair. "Did you read it? There's a copy; read it now."

He leaned back and lit a cigarette.

"The original of that is on file, and if every word of it isn't true, you've committed perjury. If they prove it on you, they'll send you so far up the river it will take you the rest of your life to come back. You swear in that answer that you own that Amsterdam Avenue property; do you know what that property's worth?"

"It's worth thousands of dollars, couns'lor."

"It's worth one hundred and eighty thousand dollars," said Little Amby. "That's from the transfer-tax appraiser's report."

"Oh, come off, couns'lor! There ain't nobody going to believe I own all that. How could we prove it?"

"By swearing to it, of course."

"Oh, say, couns'lor, I don't want all that money."

"Don't worry; you won't get it. However, one point at a time; you were fired from the Drovers' Loan and Trust years ago for stealing bonds."

"Who says so? It's a lie!"

"Come clean now. Don't waste my time. The only aspect of the matter that interests me is that you once had a considerable sum of money so that it was possible for you to buy a piece of property. The Drovers' Loan people haven't been stirred up, and won't be. The question of where you got the money from will never come up. How much did you get for those bonds, and what did you do with it?"

Willers drew a vexed breath.

"Let me get you right, couns'lor. I wasn't fired by the Drovers' for snitching bonds; it was only because they thought I snitched them. Let me tell you, I snitched two bonds—one grand, see? And I play policy and run it into eight grand. That big! Well, if a man got eight grand, he is going to make a flash with it. So the Drovers' sends for me and says, 'Come here! Where do you get this eight grand?' And I says, 'I get it playing policy.' And they says to me, 'Where do you get the jack to start this playing policy?' And Henry says to me—Henry Stapleton, he is there—he says, 'Yes, Benny.' So I says, 'Well, if you are going to not believe when I tell you I didn't snitch your bonds and this other young fellow snitched them, I will give you back your one grand and settle the matter.' So I give them their one grand."

"And where did the other seven thousand go?"

"Playing policy, couns'lor. Yep, playing policy. So I go to Henry Stapleton and I say to him, 'Henry, look what you done to me. I had eight grand, and now I'm clean. I'd have one grand left if you didn't make me give it back to the Drovers'. Then what are you going to do for me?' And he says I could live in that old house on Amsterdam Avenue."

"You had seven thousand dollars that you won gambling," said Little Amby, recapitulating. "We can prove you had that money by good evidence. As to where it went, they've got a fat chance to prove you lost it by playing policy if you don't tell them so. We're going to say that you paid that seven thousand dollars over to Henry Stapleton."

"How can we prove that, couns'lor?"

"By swearing to it. You'll swear to it, and Henry Stapleton is dead and won't contradict you. It's as safe as money in the bank."

"And what would I want to give it to Henry for?"

"For his house, of course. Look that paper over. Do you know what it is?"

"Why, certainly! This here paper is—well, what is it, you?"

"That's a deed to the Amsterdam Avenue property, made by Henry Armitage Stapleton to Benjamin Willers, dated December 5, 1901."

"Ain't it, though, for your life? Look, it's a regular deed, ain't it? Why, couns'lor, look there, there's Henry's signature! Say, that is Henry's own handwriting! Well, when did Henry do this? And who is this Pierce McEdwards that got his name written here? What has he got to do with this?"

"That's the notary public who took Henry Armitage Stapleton's acknowledgment. Strange thing, he happens to be still around and about; I'll find him when we need him. Follow me: You paid over seven thousand dollars in cash to your cousin, Stapleton, and he executed and acknowledged this deed and handed it to you. Then you gave it back to him to take care of and that's the last you saw of it."

"Uh-huh—until now, you mean, couns'lor."

"No, I don't mean until now, you fool. You never saw it from that day in December, 1901; we'll fix the details later on. And here now are three letters, written with the same typewriter as the deed and signed 'Henry.' You always called him Henry, didn't you? I'm putting this deed and these letters in this envelope. Take it and I'll tell you what to do with it.

"Go up to Fort Washington Avenue, to the Gibraltar Warehouse. They had a fire up there, and you'll find nobody in charge but a colored fellow sitting in the doorway; I just had a report on it over the phone. Tell the colored fellow that your name is Smith or Jones, and that you've got a trunk upstairs and you want to get your mother's picture out of it. Give him two dollars and he'll let you go up."

"Supposing he won't let me, couns'lor?"

"Then give him five dollars—here's ten! If he still won't let you go up, telephone me. I'll have a lunacy commission examine him.

"Go up to the third floor—the stairs are still standing—and look among the stuff piled up in the right-hand corner as you come up the stairs. You'll find a small steamer trunk there with the name William True on it, and the number 3-69-15 in chalk. Buy yourself a pocket flash for a dollar; here's a dollar. Open that trunk—here's the key—and take out a square tin box. Put this envelope in the trunk. Lock the trunk, throw the tin box out the rear window, come downstairs and thank the colored watchman for being a good fellow, go around the corner and get the box and bring it down here. Have you got that?"

(Continued on Page 93)

Why drive a shabby car?

Even live steam can't ruin a Valspar-Enamel Finish!

Gentlemen: Waco, Texas, P. O. Box 1159

Valspar Enamel must be, of necessity, the best, considering an accidental test that I happened to place upon it, which it withstood without any bad effects resulting.

Last summer I enameled my Dad's Nash Six with Valspar-Enamel. One afternoon I had to go to the freight office to get a bill of lading signed, and I carelessly left the car standing three or four feet from a locomotive.

While I was absent from the car, the engineer, not noticing the car standing there, blew out his engine. For at least fifteen minutes scalding water and live steam were blown forcibly against the hood and side of the car.

I got back to the car just as the engineer finished blowing out his engine and I was sure that the finish on the car would be absolutely ruined; but I was agreeably surprised when the varnish did not peel off, crack or even turn white. Valspar-Enamel is undoubtedly the best Enamel on the market.

Yours truly,
H. R. Crouch

OF course, the average car is not subjected to tests as severe as the one described by Mr. Crouch, but the fact that Valspar-Enamel stood the test of live steam without harm is proof that it can and does withstand the test of every-day use.

Anyone can use Valspar-Enamels. They are easy to apply and come in twelve standard colors: Red—*light and deep*; Green—*medium and deep*; Blue—*light, medium and deep*; Ivory; Bright Yellow; Vermilion; Gray and Brown. Also White, Black, Gold, Bronze, Aluminum and Flat Black. Any other shade may be obtained by mixing two or more of the standard colors.

Postscript

If you do not care to refinish the car yourself go to an automobile painter for a professional job. In a few days and at a reasonable price he will refinish your car with Valentine's Automotive Finishes and return it as bright and new as the day you bought it.

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S.E.P. 6-6-25

8 Ford economies

The 8 Veedol-Forzol economies

1—10 to 25% saving in gasoline—Hundreds of tests have demonstrated that Veedol Forzol saves 10% on gasoline consumption. 25% to 33% have been developed repeatedly.

2—Eliminates costly chatter—Veedol Forzol lengthens the life of Ford brake and transmission bands by properly lubricating them. Chatter, a result of faulty lubricants, is entirely eliminated.

3—10 to 25% saving in oil—The saving in oil consumption runs from 10% to 25%. The exact saving depends upon the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used.

4—10 to 25% less carbon—Veedol Forzol forms on an average from 10% to 25% less carbon. The exact saving depends on the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used. Less carbon means more power with fewer repairs.

5—Resists heat and friction—Veedol Forzol possesses the famous characteristic of all Veedol oils to resist heat and friction.

6—Ability to coast—With average lubrication, a Ford will only coast down steep hills. With Veedol Forzol, you coast down the slightest grades.

7—Resists fuel dilution—Even with poor fuel, Veedol Forzol maintains its lubricating value longer than other oils. Result—more miles per gallon of gas and per quart of Veedol Forzol.

8—Fewer repairs—Because Veedol Forzol masters the special lubricating problem of the Ford power plant, it gives a new freedom from repairs.

VEEDOL

The economy

for 8,000,000 Fords

How the daily performance of your Ford can be improved by this oil created to lubricate Fords exclusively

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS of Ford owners now secure these 8 definite economies in the operation of their cars:

1. 10% to 25% saving in gasoline.
2. Elimination of costly chatter.
3. 10% to 25% saving in oil.
4. 10% to 25% less carbon.
5. Reduction of deadly heat and friction.
6. Increased ability to coast.
7. Reduction of fuel dilution.
8. Fewer repairs.

These remarkable operating economies are made possible only by an oil created especially to meet the peculiar requirements of the Ford system of lubrication.

Why your Ford requires an exclusive oil

In all cars other than the Ford, the engine and the transmission are *separately* housed and lubricated *separately*; the engine by a motor oil designed for that purpose; the transmission by a lubricant designed for that purpose.

But in the Ford, the engine and the transmission are combined in *one* housing. Both *must* be lubricated by *one* oil—the same oil.

Ordinary engine oil, regardless of its quality, is not fitted for this dual lubrication job. It may lubricate the Ford engine perfectly, yet fail as a lubricant for the transmission.

And that is a mighty costly failure! Poor transmission lubrication in a Ford results in chatter. Chatter is more than disagreeable. It is the cause of a constant vibration that racks your entire car. It leads to repairs that should be avoided. It shortens the life of the car. In brief, it makes your Ford uncomfortable and expensive to drive.

The only way to eliminate destructive chatter is to use an oil that correctly lubricates *both* the Ford transmission and the Ford engine. And that must be an oil created for use in the Ford car exclusively.

How an oil was created to meet Ford requirements

Tide Water engineers wrestled with that dual lubrication problem for four long years. Hundreds of laboratory experiments were made, hundreds of road tests. Formula after formula was made, tested, rejected. Finally, in Veedol Forzol, an oil was perfected that mastered the problem.

This oil succeeds where others fail, because it was created for the Ford exclusively. It correctly lubricates the Ford engine—*and* the Ford transmission.

Veedol Forzol gives you true Ford economy

Thousands of Ford owners have stopped buying oils intended for use in the engines of other cars; oils which are simply a makeshift in the Ford. They now use Veedol Forzol—exclusively. This oil gives them the smooth running ease of higher priced cars, plus the *eight definite economies* which materially reduce their operating costs.

You, too, can secure these money saving economies by using Veedol Forzol. Any Veedol dealer or any one of several thousand authorized Ford agencies will gladly drain your crankcase and refill it with Veedol Forzol.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, Eleven Broadway, New York (*main office*); Boston, Newark, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit, Kansas City, Columbus, Dallas, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland (Oregon).

Make this 1 gallon test

It is very easy to prove to your own satisfaction whether or not Veedol Forzol means increased comfort and economy in operating your Ford. Simply make this test.

Have the old oil entirely drained from your crankcase and then refill with Veedol Forzol. It is very important that you drain the old oil off first, before using Veedol Forzol. You cannot expect the best results from Veedol Forzol when it is mixed with other oils.

The one gallon container, shown above, contains the exact amount of oil to be poured into the Ford breather-pipe.

As you drive your car, lubricated by Veedol Forzol, check the results. Notice the absence of chatter, the increased ability to coast, the increased gas and oil mileage. In fact, check the performance of your car by the "8 Economies" of Veedol Forzol, listed on the opposite page.

Then when you are thoroughly convinced that this oil, made exclusively for Fords, means new economy and greater comfort in operating your car, insist on Veedol Forzol whenever you need oil.

Ford Owners in the Middle Atlantic and New England States can secure additional power and protection through the use of Tydol Economy Gasoline

FORZOL

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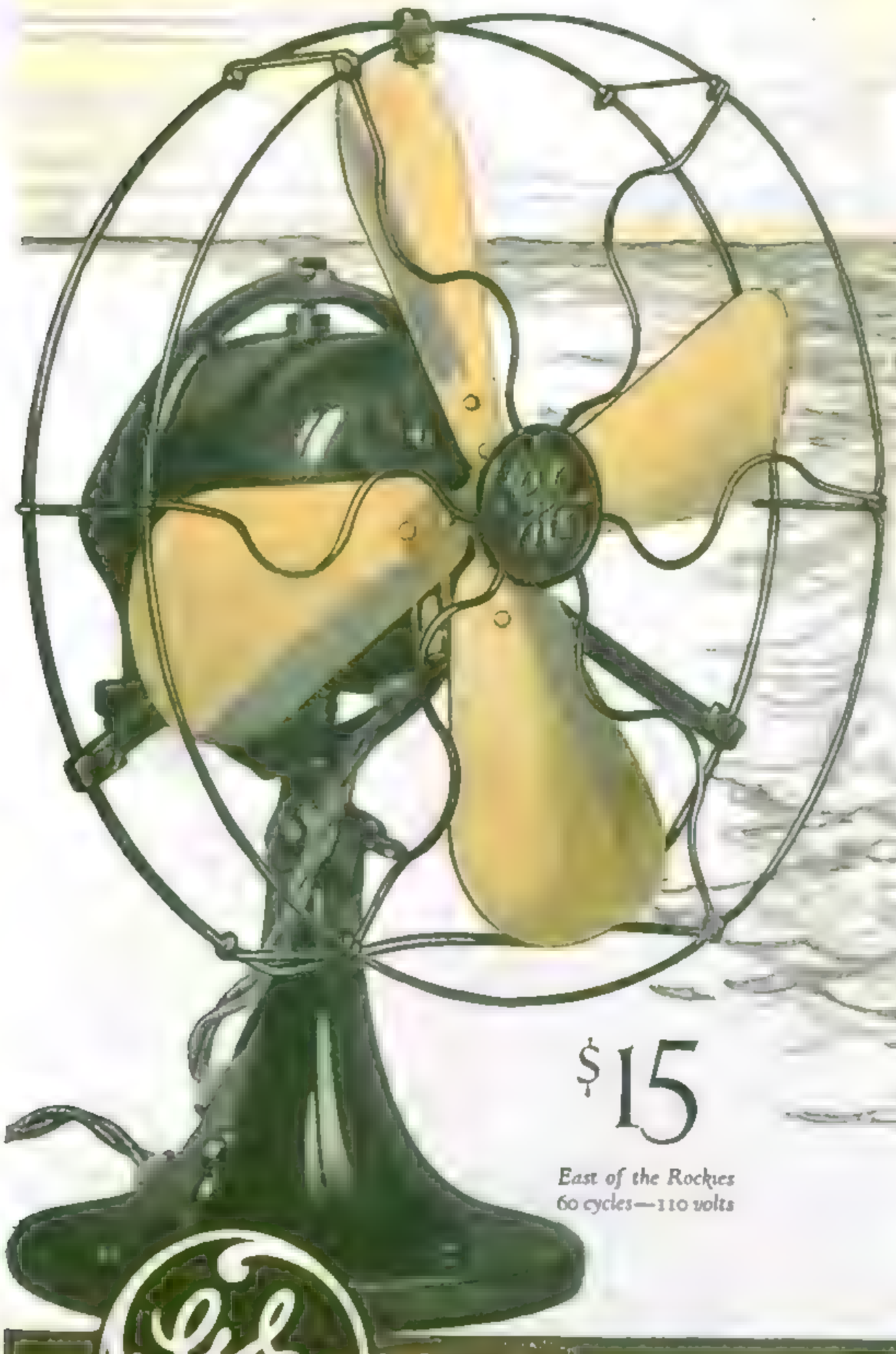
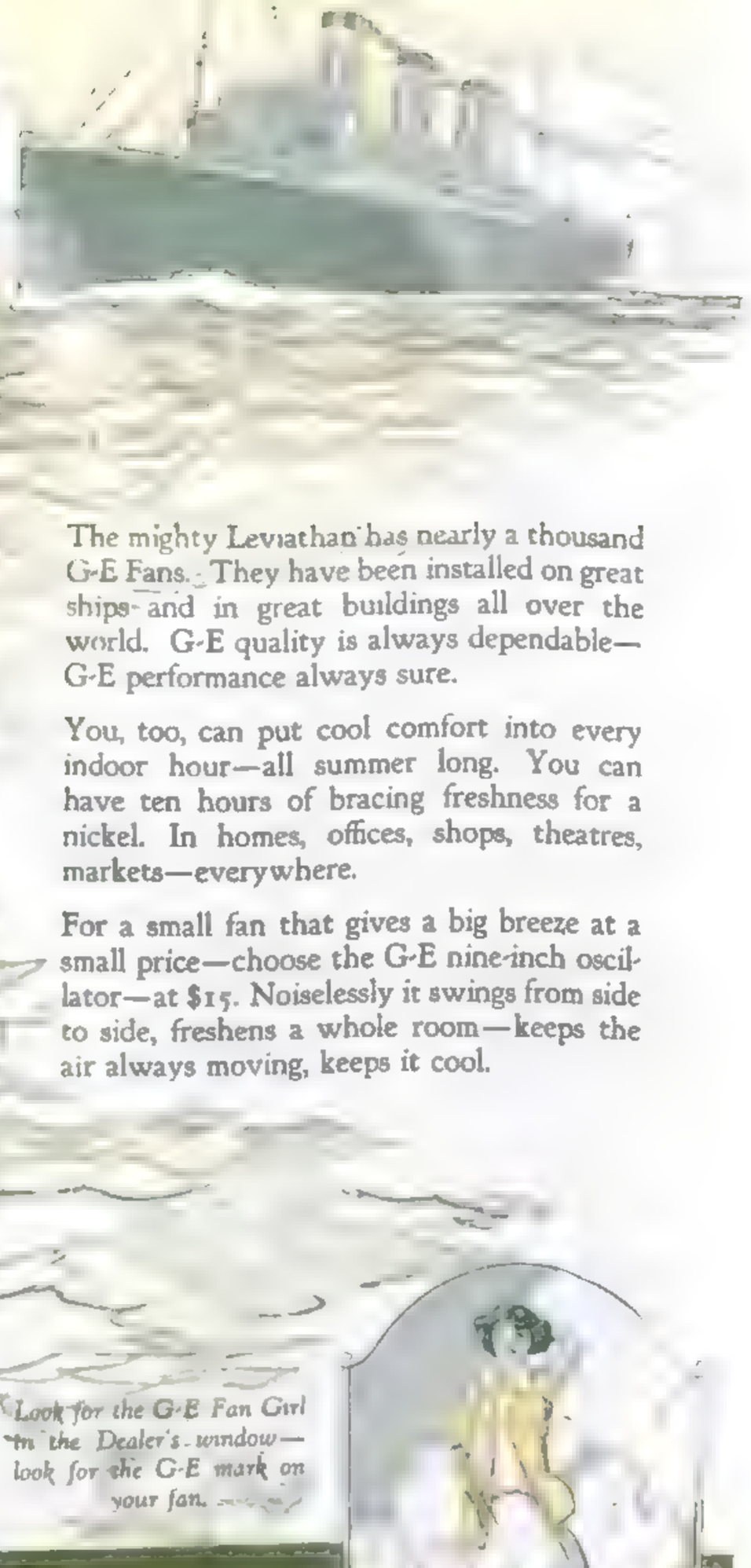
All over the World—G-E Fans!





The mighty Leviathan has nearly a thousand G-E Fans. They have been installed on great ships and in great buildings all over the world. G-E quality is always dependable—G-E performance always sure.

You, too, can put cool comfort into every indoor hour—all summer long. You can have ten hours of bracing freshness for a nickel. In homes, offices, shops, theatres, markets—everywhere.

For a small fan that gives a big breeze at a small price—choose the G-E nine-inch oscillator—at $15. Noiselessly it swings from side to side, freshens a whole room—keeps the air always moving, keeps it cool.

$15

East of the Rockies
60 cycles—110 volts

Look for the G-E Fan Girl in the Dealer's window—look for the G-E mark on your fan.

Fans

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 88)

"Like a book. Oh, I got brains, couns'lor; I ain't no bum. Here I go, couns'lor; you watch me!"

Willers threw out his chest, pulling his coat across it, swaggered to the doorway, and wilted when in the act of departing.

"Listen, couns'lor," he said, his beggar's whine returning, "what's the matter with slipping me a couple of grand now, and you can have all you can get? I wouldn't be hungry. Make it a grand! What do you say?"

"You miserable rummy," growled Little Amby, the red of anger leaping into his sallow face, "you're playing for a fortune, and you offer to sell out for coffee money!" He glared at the cringing Willers, and then said, "You stop at your house and pack your duds and come back here ready to get out of the city. You're going to get out and stay out until this thing is settled; if you show your boozy mug in New York until I send for you, I'll plant something on you. Get out now and do as you're told!"

Little Amby was wont to leave his office punctually at half past five in the evening. Willers had not returned at that time, and Little Amby passed through the outer office and to the private car that awaited him in the side street; and so to the Hotel Abernathy on Broadway. In those days a stiff poker game opened in the Abernathy at half past seven every night, and one of the regular players was Little Amby. He was also one of the regular losers—a customer—but he used to say that that poker game paid him high dividends. It took his mind completely off his work, resting it by a change of activity. He knew that several of the players cheated to win; he delighted in their dexterity even while he sought to trap them. It is said that he played a square game of cards; he apologized for doing so, saying, "I've come to a point where I don't have to steal ten-dollar bills any more!"

Willers appeared at the little house on Center Street during the forenoon of the following day; he had with him a new and cheap traveling bag.

"I had to go home and get the wardrobe, couns'lor," he explained. "Did I get the tin box? Ask me, ask me! But I had to slip the shine the whole ten cases, couns'lor, honest I did. I ain't got a dime. Say, couns'lor, who is this guy True, and what am I packing his trunk for? Don't get peevish, couns'lor; I can ask you, can't I?"

He was bending over the suitcase under cover of the desk, and now he drew from it a square box of tin, japanned black, such a commonplace receptacle as could be had from any stationer's for sixty or seventy cents. The box was bound around with a heavy cord shot through with a distinctive thread of red.

He lifted the box to a place on the desk before Little Amby.

To assure himself that the box had not been tampered with, Little Amby undid the cord and turned the lock with a key that he had not intrusted to Willers. Hazzard had told him what he should find, and he saw now that the contents had not been pillaged; there were books of memoranda recording the concrete business affairs of the abstract Mr. True, and there were other papers setting out details of Mr. Hazzard's business that he had not seen fit to disclose to the Internal Revenue Department. Mr. True and Mr. Hazzard were hiding together in that little tin box. Little Amby had promised to turn that box over to Hazzard, but he had no intention to do so; while those papers were in Little Amby's hands, Hazzard would be bound to him. Honor among thieves is colorful fiction; the respect that rascals show for their confederates' secrets is based, when it exists at all, on mutually demonstrable complicity. Little Amby closed the box again, locked it and moved to carry it to the safe.

"Just a second, couns'lor," said Willers officiously, picking up the cord and reaching for the box. "Let me do it, will you? I know how it was, and then there's no arguments. He had it tied up like this—oncet around and oncet around and then longways." He wound the cord about the box, slowly and carefully, tied a knot like the one that had been undone, and then put the box into his traveling bag.

"Here, here!" said Little Amby sharply, seeing the link between Mr. True and Mr. Hazzard disappearing under the desk. "Bring that back!"

"What's biting you, couns'lor?" protested Willers. "You seen what was in it. It's mine, ain't it? Didn't I snitch it out of the warehouse? Oh, well, if you're going to get peevish about it, take it, take it! Only, you ain't treating me right, couns'lor, is all I say."

"I'll treat you to six months on the Island," said Little Amby, laying hold of the box that Willers had lifted to the desk.

"That's what I get now, is it? That's what I'm packing the wardrobe for, is it? Didn't you say you was going to send me somewhere? Well, you didn't say you was going to send me to the Island."

"I'm going to give you a vacation in Philadelphia, Willers," said Little Amby, busy at the combination of the big safe. He swung back the steel door and thrust the black box out of sight. "Cohen will give you a ticket and an address to go to on Race Street in Philly. Everything paid for; you'll eat and drink—soft stuff—like a lord, but you won't get merry. When I want you, I'll send for you."

"Don't I get no jack?"

"What do you want money for—to go on a souse and shoot your face off in barrooms? Not a dollar!"

"What is this place, couns'lor—the House of Detention?"

"Just about. You're a material witness, and I'm going to put you in camphor until I want you. And I'll do better by you than the district attorney would. Any time you don't want to stay, go where you please. Go out and tell your story to everybody you meet and see who'll give you a nickel for it, see where you'll land up. Or do what I say—go where you're told and come when you're called, and you'll wear diamonds."

"Yeah, and bracelets," grumbled Willers, putting his wrists together in a significant gesture. "All right, couns'lor, I'm going. I'll work along with you, couns'lor. What do you mean—shoot my mouth in barrooms? What do you think I am—a bum?"

He carried the swagger this time through the doorway. His brand-new traveling bag of pressed paper was in his hand.

IV

THE link connecting Little Amby with the visit of Mrs. Dimock to the Stapleton residence on Riverside Drive was not exposed by any action or proceeding that I have conned, but it is indicated as obviously as the passage of a mole is indicated by a ridge on the lawn; to find legal and conclusive proof of it is not worth the digging at this late day. You shall judge if there is any reasonable doubt of the connection, using that caution and impartiality that any reasonable man applies to his everyday affairs.

Mrs. Dimock appeared at the Stapleton residence—a twenty-five-foot front, four-story-and-American-basement, pressed-yellow-brick-and-Indiana-limestone structure that has since made way for the march of progress—within forty-eight hours of the departure of Benny Willers from the little house on Center Street. I don't know who Mrs. Dimock was or what she was; she is probably somewhere within the city's two hundred thousand acres and is one of its six million people, and any person of ordinary sense and an infallible gift for finding needles in haystacks could search her out; but there again I haven't thought the gain worth the trouble. Perhaps she is keeping a rooming house on one of the city's four thousand miles of streets; she told Bryce Stapleton and Phelps Stapleton that she was keeping a rooming house on Lexington Avenue. The Stapletons described her—People against Willers, stenographer's minutes—as "about thirty-five years old, nice figure, with brown eyes and brown hair and very good teeth. A smart-spoken woman, like a woman going to business. I don't remember much about how she was dressed. She had a hat on, I think. Yes, I'm almost sure she had a hat on. Well, I wouldn't be sure. No, I couldn't say about anything else. I didn't notice. Yes, of course, I would notice if she didn't have anything on but a hat."

Mrs. Dimock mounted the stoop and rang the bell and told the maid that she wished to see the owner of the house, or the lady.

"Nobody home," said the maid, pushing the door against Mrs. Dimock's foot.

"Come off," said Mrs. Dimock. "You go upstairs and tell him Mrs. Dimock is down here—Mrs. Dimock, of Lexington Avenue—and he'll come down like a fireman."

"Who?" said the maid.

"Mr. True."

"You got the wrong house, ma'am. There ain't any Mr. True living here. These people are named Stapleton. Excuse me."

"Then you tell Mr. Stapleton to slide down the pole," said Mrs. Dimock. "Tell him I'm waiting down here. If he asks you where I'm waiting, you say"—she thrust a sturdy shoulder against the door, butting it open—"inside."

"I'll tell Mr. Stapleton, and I'll tell him how you got in too!"

"Stick around, kid," said Mrs. Dimock amiably. "You can help to dress ship when I go out." She studied her profile and her smile in the hall mirror.

Phelps Stapleton found her in the front parlor, with hands folded in her lap. He was twenty-four at the time, sleek, sophisticated; he was already known on Broadway after dark.

"You wish to see me, madam?" he said briskly.

"Is it Mr. Stapleton?" There were trills and runs in her voice. "Just incidentally, and it's kind of you. I am Mrs. Dimock."

He bowed. She had not risen from her chair. He felt constrained to seat himself.

"I reside on Lexington Avenue, Mr. Stapleton, and I rent out a few rooms to intimate friends. More as a matter of accommodation, you know. One of my—roomers, shall I say?—is a Mr. William True, a charming old gentleman whom I've been acquainted with for quite a few years. He hasn't been at the house in several months, and I wish to know if he desires to keep the room. You understand perfectly, don't you, Mr. Stapleton?"

"I don't understand why you come here, Mrs. Dimock."

"But doesn't Mr. True reside here? He didn't reside at my house, you know; it was more—a matter of accommodation. You understand perfectly, I am quite sure. Isn't it possible that you are mistaken, Mr. Stapleton?"

"Not a chance," he said, in no hurry to end the interview. "I live here. The family has lived here for eighteen years. No Mr. True lives here, or ever did."

"But, my dear," she said, "I saw him here only a few months gone by. Was he, perhaps, calling? But he couldn't have! He was very indisposed at the time. That is precisely what drew my attention; I was passing, and I saw him being assisted up the steps out there. He seemed ill at the time. I should have spoken to him, but he had not seen fit to tell me that he lived here—if he lives here—and it would have seemed—inquisitive, shall I say? It was a Thursday afternoon, if I recall, and the month was November, early in November; I was going to a Halloween party at a friend's. Don't you remember being told of an old gentleman who was overtaken somehow at that time, and was assisted into this house? But don't think that I am curious. You won't, will you, Mr. Stapleton?"

He was staring at her.

"What did your Mr. True look like?"

"He was an elderly gentleman, clean-shaven and slender, carried himself with an

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air. In confidence, Mr. Stapleton, I was not surprised to see him here, because I always did believe that he was someone. He had the air, you know. I have his photograph here if you care to see it."

She handed to Phelps a photograph of Henry Armitage Stapleton.

"Wait here," he said curtly, and he left the room.

Mrs. Dimock drew a vanity case from the hand bag whence the photograph had come and examined details of her reflection in the tiny mirror. Phelps returned with his brother, Bryce, a tall boy still in college, and dressed—as was Phelps—in decorous black.

"Where did you get father's picture, madam?" demanded Bryce impetuously.

"Your father?"

"For heaven's sake, Bryce!" said Phelps vexedly.

"Father, of course. This is his picture. He died several months ago. Why do you call him True?"

"Oh!" ejaculated Mrs. Dimock, catching her red lower lip in her fine teeth in a gesture of commiseration. "I am so sorry. Now I feel that I'm intruding on your sorrow. You'll pardon me, won't you? I'll go at once. My financial loss is a mere trifle, and I wouldn't think of bothering you with it."

"You lost money through father, madam?"

"Merely the rent of the room for the current month; fifteen dollars; Mr. True—if I may still call him Mr. True—paid me something in advance. He paid ordinarily three or four months in advance, with a check on the Federated Trust Company over on Third Avenue."

"I can't believe this!" exclaimed Bryce. "What could father's idea have been?"

"Everything was quite respectable, wasn't it, Mrs. Dimock?" asked Phelps.

"I have said that it was my home, Mr. Stapleton," said Mrs. Dimock coldly. "I am sure that that answers your question."

"But why should father do such a thing?"

"I shall not pretend to misunderstand you, Mr. Stapleton. I know, as anyone must who lets rooms, that there are gentlemen who assume names and identities for their own purposes, and not always for proper ones. That is not the case here. Mr. True was a gentleman of the highest character, eminently respectable. I understood that he was engaged in some private investigation of a business nature, using the address to receive mail and sometimes writing for an hour in his room. The statements of the Federated Trust Company came to him there each month—the Federated Trust Company over on Third Avenue. Perhaps that bank could give you more information."

"And your interest in the premises is only to get your fifteen dollars?"

"Do not put it that way, Mr. Stapleton. I had the highest regard for Mr. True, and I'm inexpressibly shocked to hear of the unhappy event. Personally and financially, I have no claim of any sort or nature upon him, beyond the matter of the month's room rent; I shall be glad to give you any assurance upon that head that you care to ask. And I do not demand that fifteen dollars now. I am truly sorry; I'll go at once."

"But if anything is coming to you, Mrs. Dimock, you shall receive it, after we've made some inquiries."

"I suggest that you inquire at the Federated Trust on Third Avenue. Mr. True had a substantial account there; I chanced to see a statement once in the sum of eighteen thousand dollars. I suppose the account is there yet. Here is my card, Mr. Stapleton; I shall be at home at any hour of the day by appointment."

The young man showed her out with ceremony; she bade them good day smilingly, the head of the housemaid showed over the rail of the stairs leading down into the basement.

"This is unbelievable!" said Bryce.

"My boy," said Phelps sagely, "you're beginning to see something of the world."

"Don't talk silly, Flip."

"I talk silly? Don't you talk silly. What does a kid like you know of the world? You'll learn, kid. It's nothing against father. He had some business reason. I'm going right over to that bank on Third Avenue."

"Now, Flip, I wish you wouldn't."

"Oh, don't be a child all your life. You don't think they can put anything over on me, do you?"

They went together to the Federated Trust Company on Third Avenue near Eighty-sixth Street and spoke to an assistant secretary.

"We have a depositor of the name," said the bank official after some talk. "Just a moment, gentlemen." He returned. "We have an address on Lexington Avenue," he said. "Here it is in the book, and here's his signature. I can't find anybody about at present who recalls having seen Mr. True. He's been with us for several years, but it is evident that he came here very infrequently. The tellers say they might know him if they saw him; I showed them that picture and they are in some doubt. Can you establish his identity by other means?"

"By this lady over on Lexington Avenue."

The official reflected.

"I shouldn't care to pass on it," he said at last. "It's such an unusual case. I understand perfectly that you are responsible and that the bank could suffer no eventual loss, but we must be very careful—the account is now a little over three thousand dollars, gentlemen. The president has left for the day, but I think I can tell you now that he will send you to our attorneys. I know that you are acting in good faith, but we must protect ourselves, perhaps by paying the money over to you only in obedience to a court order. When you have established the identity of this Mr. True with your father, you will provide us with a certified copy of the letters testamentary and we shall be obliged to permit the executor to take over the account."

"But why should father do such a thing?" persisted Bryce perplexedly.

"I can't venture to guess, Mr. Stapleton," said the official. "You'll call again to see the president? And meanwhile it would be well for you to marshal your proofs. Get as much proof as possible, to protect us."

"That signature doesn't help us," said Bryce. "That's not father's writing."

"If I might venture to say so," said the official, "it doesn't look like anybody's writing, in a manner of speaking. At a guess—merely a guess, gentlemen—that signature is written with the left hand. The inference is not unfavorable to your claim—rather confirms it, if I may say so. Good day, gentlemen."

On their way home, Bryce said rebelliously, "I don't like this business, Flip. Let's let the matter sleep and let them keep their miserable money. We don't need it, do we? If father wanted us to know about this business, whatever it was, he'd have told us himself, wouldn't he?"

"And lose that three thousand dollars?" crowed Phelps. "Why, son, that's our money! It was father's and now it's ours, and we're going to get it. You make me tired; don't be a child."

"But we can never prove it."

"Oh, but can't we?" Phelps smiled knowingly. "You watch your uncle prove it. I'll remember a whole lot of things that father told me, if I have to. I'll remember that he told me he had that account under that name. And I'll swear to it too, if I have to. You don't suppose I'm going to let any technicality beat me out of three thousand dollars, do you? There's nothing wrong about trying to get your own money. They'll find they're dealing with a man of the world when they're dealing with me."

Within the month, the Federated Trust Company paid over to the executor of the last will and testament of Henry Armitage Stapleton, late of the County of New York, deceased, the money standing in the name of William True. The testimony of Mrs. Dimock—who refused to accept a requital—was of material assistance. She produced also two witnesses who knew Mr. True slightly and who spoke highly of him, and who then stepped back into the city's millions. Phelps Stapleton testified, with an apparently easy conscience, that his father had spoken of the matter in confidence.

While Phelps Stapleton testified, the surrogate who sat in the matter looked at him steadily, if not chidingly. This surrogate was a rather terrible old man. He had served a term on the supreme-court bench and had been known there as a hanging judge. He sent to the chair, on circumstantial evidence alone, the five young gunmen in the famous Farrell case.

He said to Phelps Stapleton, "This money was not mentioned in your father's will specifically, young man. And if you knew of it, why didn't you report it for transfer tax?"

He didn't press the question. He said a word in his decision for Phelps Stapleton's private ear—Stapleton against Federated Trust, Gutman, S.:

"The estate of which the witness Phelps Stapleton is a principal beneficiary is legally entitled to this money, but it seems to me that in insisting on his legal right he fails in that utter reverence for a father's memory that befits a child. It does not appear that he was fully acquainted with his father's mind in the premises, nor that he explored exhaustively the history of this William True to the end that no stain be brought on his father's name through this application. He is content to assure himself that the money is his under the law. The law gives him his own. But it is to be said that one may pursue one's right to one's undoing, if not to one's shame, and that legal rights and obligations do not oust from the minds of honorable men the fine feeling that is native there."

Mrs. Dimock wrote to Phelps Stapleton congratulating him on his success and saying that she was going away for a few days and inclosing a piece of mail.

"What's the letter?" asked Bryce Stapleton.

"It seems to be a bill for storage addressed to William True," said Phelps. "A trunk in an uptown warehouse. It's a notice that the goods are going to be sold at auction for unpaid charges. We'd better go up and get it."

V

"THIS you, Hinkle? This is Hazzard." The voice came over the telephone into Little Amby's office in Center Street. "What's the idea?"

"What's what idea?"

"You heard me, Hinkle. What's the idea?"

"Listen, Hazzard, I'm busy. What do you want? Spit it out."

"You don't know a thing about it, huh?"

"No. And please use your head. If you have anything to tell me, come down here. Can't talk over the phone. Good-by."

Little Amby put down the receiver. His thin hand lingered on it caressingly.

"Wants to know why he hasn't got his papers back," he murmured, and he emitted a faint chuckle.

The telephone buzzed again.

"Mr. Bolworthy," it whispered.

"Send him in."

Little Amby did not rise to receive his visitor. He was always insolent, out of calculation as much as out of impulse. His rudeness overawed his rascally clients; they terrorized others, but he put fear into them. And knowing his own ill repute, he feared that others than his clients would slight him; better to say, he anticipated it and would not risk the loss of a tactical advantage—it does not appear that he suffered at any time from a just sense of his own unworthiness. So now, receiving a past president of the Bar Association, he said in a staccato and almost mocking tone, "Good morning, Mr. Bolworthy," and nodded his sleek head toward the waiting chair.

A flicker of temper appeared in the deep-set blue eyes of the visitor. He took the

(Continued on Page 97)

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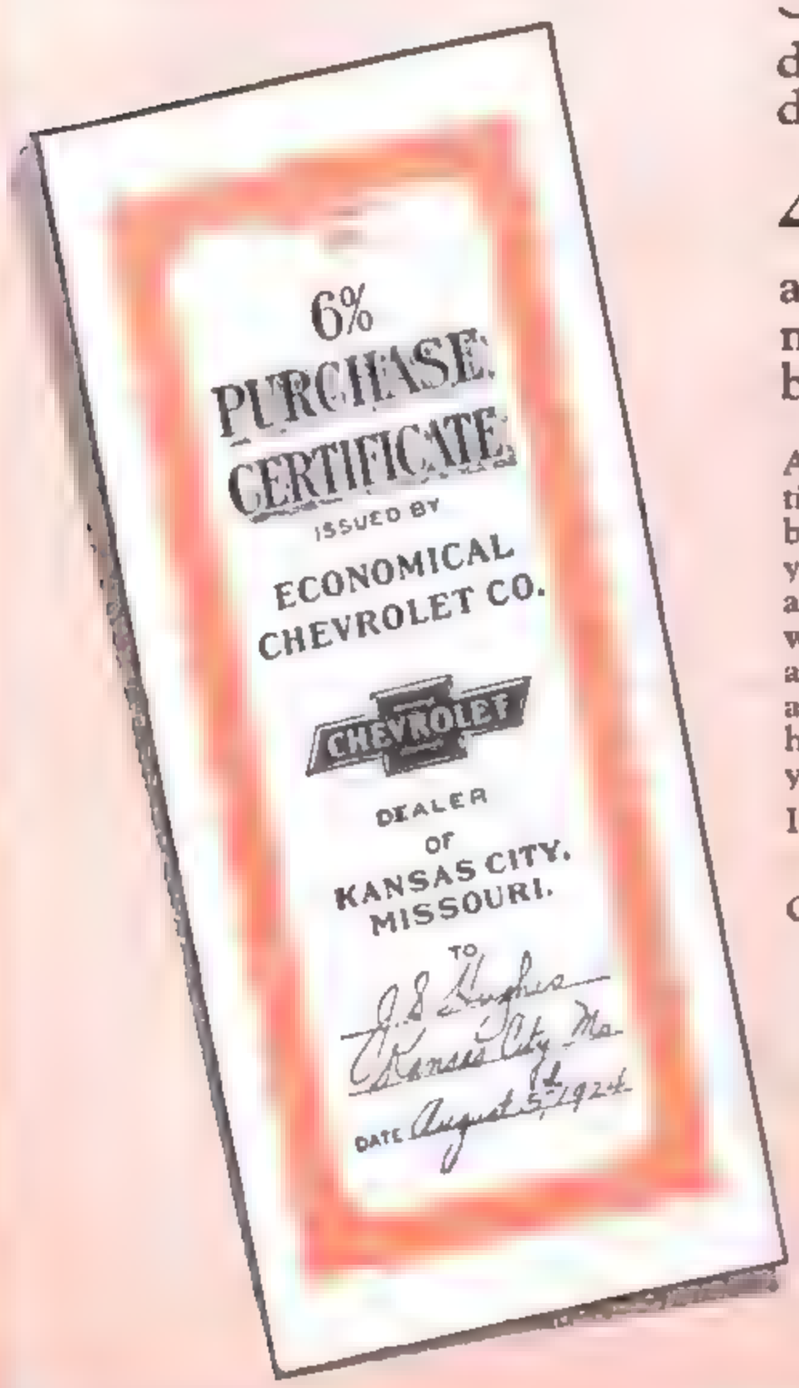

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Continued from Page 94

indicated chair, letting his bulky form down into it slowly, disposing himself in it with that reverence for himself which was his dignity. He passed a blue-veined but still powerful hand over his pointed gray beard. It seemed that this interview was not going to go as he had imagined it, not unless he asserted himself. His hand, caressing his beard, felt through it the heavy jaw underneath.

"I called to speak to you about that absurd claim of your client, Willers, to the Stapleton property on upper Amsterdam Avenue," said Bolworthy.

"Do you still call it absurd?"

"Preposterous."

"Why talk about it then?"

"I will admit that your client can make some difficulty for the estate."

"Nothing is farther from his mind, Mr. Bolworthy, than to make any trouble for his own relations. In fact, and just to show he's a good fellow, if the executor will discontinue that action in ejectment ——"

"Yes?"

" and will execute and deliver to Willers a quitclaim deed to the property, Willers will pay his own costs. And that's what I call handsome." Little Amby bent down to hide a grin and to bring out a box of Havanas. "Smoke? No?" He cut a cigar and listened for the echo to his impudence.

"Let's not waste time, Mr. Hinkle," said Bolworthy sharply. "I have come here today to offer you without prejudice a discontinuance and a settlement for the sum of five thousand dollars."

"For that Amsterdam Avenue property? My information is that it is worth nearly two hundred thousand dollars."

"And your client says he bought it for seven."

"Subject to a mortgage of twenty thousand dollars, Mr. Bolworthy. Mr. Stapleton in his lifetime paid that mortgage off, and we feel that it would be the honorable thing to allow that twenty thousand dollars to his estate, in equity, Mr. Bolworthy. You are aware that there is a serious question in law as to whether the estate can compel a repayment of that twenty thousand dollars. You've studied the deed, I dare say."

"I have," said Bolworthy. He added with a sudden accession of menace: "Hinkle, there's something very queer about this entire affair. I'll admit, between ourselves, that the Stapleton boys put their necks into a noose when they went after that three thousand dollars in the Federated Trust. There will be some difficulty in getting around that mass of testimony that identifies their deceased father with William True. And the discovery of that deed and those letters in the apparent possession of William True is going to bother us. You were alert there. Your young man was on the spot to attach that trunk and to have it opened under safeguards."

"You are very kind," murmured Little Amby. "We do our best. You'll never break the ring there, Bolworthy. It would be a matter of surprise if a layman was acquainted with your proceeding to take over the money in the Federated Trust, since notice of it appeared only in the Law Journal; but we read the Law Journal here, you know. And notice of the auction sale of those stored goods was published in the newspapers. Try again."

"I tell you I don't like this thing, Hinkle! I don't believe that a man of Henry Stapleton's standing would descend to anything so contemptible. I don't believe he was William True!"

"Several people swore he was," said Little Amby, shrugging his narrow shoulders. "Shall we try the case here? Let us consider it fairly—not as you, knowing Henry Stapleton, must consider it; not as I, knowing Willers, the boozy loafer, must consider it; but as a jury, impaneled on that morning, knowing none of the parties, knowing nothing that hasn't been strained through the rules of evidence—as such a jury must consider it.

"Here is a poor old man—and, believe me, Willers is going to look like the poorest old man you ever set a dog on—who was well-to-do once upon a time and is now down and out. Good jury character, eh? He has a rich relation—a shrewd, grasping business man. This rich relation, having a piece of property that is eating its head off, arranges to sell it to the poor man, telling him it will make him rich. He takes the poor man's money, seven thousand dollars, and the poor man, trusting his clever cousin, gives him the deed to take care of. The poor man moves into the miserable old shanty and lives there for sixteen years—without paying a cent of rent to anybody; remember that.

"And what kind of a man is this cousin? Is he the fine upright Henry Stapleton you know? Try to prove it to the jury. He's a tricky customer, a man of two names, a fellow who never lets his right hand know what his left hand is up to. I'll find people who know William True—Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde! Do honest men sneak around under an alias after dark? Why didn't he record the deed, and why did he pay the taxes? The property was going up in value and he wanted possible buyers to come to him. Why didn't he destroy the deed? Because he was a thief and a coward at heart. And then one day, by an act of Providence, a woman who knew him as William True saw him entering that house on Riverside Drive."

"Hinkle, who sent her?"

Little Amby drew tranquilly on his cigar.

"And now shall we resume negotiations, Bolworthy?"

"If it depended on me, Hinkle," cried Bolworthy, raising his voice in such accents of balked rage as those walls had often heard, "I'd fight you to the Court of Appeals for a dollar! But I've been told to get your terms. Come, what are they?"

"Half," said Little Amby. "For the sake of preserving good feeling in the family, and to spare the memory of Henry Stapleton—say, ninety thousand dollars, and I'll get you a quitclaim. Shall we shake hands on it?"

"In no event," said Bolworthy, rising. "I shall submit your terms with a recommendation that they be accepted." He turned on his heel and strode out.

"Not so poor," muttered Little Amby, turning to loose his nimble mind after other game.

The telephone buzzed again in the early afternoon.

"Mr. Bolworthy calling," it said.

"Send him in—prompt. I didn't ask for enough. Wonder if he'll stand for a raise. . . . Good afternoon, Mr. Bolworthy. This is ——"

"Mr. Bryce Stapleton," said the old lawyer, indicating the tall youth who had entered with him.

"Oh, yes. Take a chair, Mr. Stapleton. That's a sad business about your father. I think you do well to settle it quietly and without any painful publicity. We're all men of the world, Mr. Stapleton, and *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, you know. I don't think your father was guilty of any impropriety, but the thing has a questionable look. Hasn't it now, between ourselves, speaking as men of the world? Sit down, Mr. Stapleton."

"You offered to settle this case for ninety thousand dollars," said Bolworthy.

"Subject to the approval of my client, Mr. Bolworthy; subject to my client's approval. Something around that sum."

"You're not sure that you'll accept even ninety thousand dollars now, eh?" said Bolworthy softly.

"Are you offering it to me?"

Little Amby wore his best poker face, but he was studying the lawyer, meditating on his tone to discover a likely source for its new note of suppressed elation.

"Not at the moment," said Bolworthy, drawing a luxurious breath. "Do you still believe, Mr. Hinkle, that Henry Stapleton and William True were one and the same person?"

"That is our case," said Little Amby.

"Do you believe in Divine Providence, Mr. Hinkle? You mentioned the word this morning."

"Are you taking my pedigree, Mr. Bolworthy?"

"Not at the moment," said the old lawyer again. "Now, Mr. Hinkle, may I ask your invaluable opinion on an agreed state of facts? Let us agree for the purposes of the question that Henry Stapleton and William True were not one and the same. Let us agree that you knew this at all times during the past two months. What would be your status?"

"Unaffected," said Little Amby. "You leave out the most necessary factor, my dear fellow—legal proof. Do you wish me to take that for granted too?"

"I do," said Bolworthy.

Little Amby joined the ends of his nicely manicured fingers.

"My position then," he said blandly, "would be—extremely unpleasant. It is an interesting supposition—if you came here to kill time."

"Conspiracy?" said Bolworthy.

"Yes."

"Subornation of perjury?"

"Yes. But why tot up the counts? Come, this is amusing, but it is getting us nowhere. Have you a proposition to make me?"

"I have," said Bolworthy, leaning forward. "Here it is: You are to deliver up to us that despicable rascal, Benny Willers, a creature so low, so base, as to plan to blacken his benefactor's good name and to try to rob his children. You are to assist us in every way to send that scoundrel to jail for as long a term as we can get him. And in return we'll give you a chance to stand from under. I'm sorry to give you that chance, Hinkle. I know your history. I know that for twenty years you have flouted your professional oath and have obstructed justice in this city—no, you'll hear me!—you've put your talent for trickery up in the market for the highest bid; you've altered the public records, fixed juries, bought and paid for perjury. I'd have no more mercy on you, Hinkle, than I'd have on a snake. I'd send you to Sing Sing, and not this half-fool, Willers—and, Hinkle, you'll go with him if you don't accept our terms just as they are."

The old gentleman was shaking with passion.

"Pull yourself together, you old fool," said Little Amby harshly. "What do you mean by coming here and raising such a rumpus? I won't settle the case at all. Get out, and be quick about it, or I'll have you thrown out."

There was a shadow on the ground-glass panel of his door. Thinking that his manhandling bouncer had been attracted by the loud voices, he stepped to the door and swung it open. A detective of his acquaintance from the Central Office was standing outside.

"Hello, Amby," said the officer, smiling nervously.

"What are you doing here, John?"

"Got a warrant," said the officer. "Got to make the pinch, Amby. There's a search in it too; the boys are waiting for you downstairs "

"How bad is it, John?" whispered the little shyster.

"It's only for receiving stolen goods now, but there's bigger than that," mumbled the man through still lips. "Don't ask me to do anything for you now, Amby; I can't do a thing. Nobody can do a thing; you got to take the rap if we find the papers. The chief himself is handling this thing. The complaining witness is a party named Hazzard. Don't talk to me, will you? I tell you I can't! Here's the boys now. This way, Frank; here's the counselor himself."

"Give me a minute, John," pleaded Little Amby. He shut the door and put his back to it. "Quick!" he snarled at Bolworthy. "We'll quit the case. Does that satisfy you?"

"I don't propose to dicker with you, Hinkle," said the angry old lawyer. "You're

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caught like a rat in a trap. Your man Hazzard went to the Customs Building this morning and made his composition with the Internal Revenue Department, acknowledging that he had used the name True. The internal-revenue people called up the district attorney's office, who called us up. You have certain papers here in this office proving Hazzard's story; that is the theory on which we are working—papers that were stolen somehow from that trunk in the Gibraltar Warehouse. The cork is pulled out of your case, Hinkle, and nothing is left but for you to save your neck. You're very clever; you'll know how to shift the blame *in toto* onto Benny Willers. Will you do so?"

"And you'll agree to do your utmost to protect me from prosecution?"

"I so agree, with the utmost regret," said Bolworthy.

Little Amby returned to his desk, sat down and relit his cigar. The flame shook in his hand.

"It's a fair proposition," he said, "and one that can probably be put across. I thank you for the chance, Bolworthy."

"It's a chance that you'll know how to avail yourself of," said Bolworthy. "You yourself deliver those papers over to the district attorney, with your own explanation of how they came into your possession, and the force of the evidence against you will be much weakened if not nullified—unless we two here testify as to the duress which we applied to you. I don't need to tell you that the discovery of those papers in your possession, proving that you knew at all times that William True was your client Hazzard and not Henry Stapleton, will put you and not Willers in the prisoners' box."

"Agreed, as a matter of law," said Little Amby after a minute's silence.

He was slouched down in his chair, sitting awry, licking his thin lips. It was one of the few times in his long and chancy career when he was obviously unequal to an emergency.

"It would not be especially difficult," he said, thinking aloud and speaking slowly, "to rebut any other testimony to the effect that I knew that Hazzard had used this alias. Hazzard is a liar and a crook, by his own confession—I wonder what in thunder ever caused him to make it—a connection could be established between Hazzard and Willers, showing that they put up the job between them. They met here. Hazzard could be handled if that twist of the case were shown to him. Let's say that that is the fact, and that he lost his nerve and ran out on Willers. And what is Willers, for heaven's sake, that I should put my neck in a sling for him? A rum-soaked old bum!"

He rose and walked to the window and stood in his wonted attitude, looking like a crystal gazer into the gray of the Tombs. The door opened.

"Listen, Amby!" protested the detective. "Come on in, boys."

Little Amby swung around; there was terror in his face, but there was also gladness. He had fought and he had won. He walked over to Bolworthy and thrust out his sneering face and tapped the desk with his bony little fist.

"He's an old rumdum," he said, "and he's not worth the powder to blow him to the devil. But he's my client! I have the biggest criminal practice in the city of New York. And how did I get it? And how have I kept it? Because I'm up to every dodge and because there's one thing that I never do. I can give you Willers, and you can't get him except through me, and I won't sell him to you. He's my client. Go as far as you please. Do what you like."

He went to the safe, worked the combination with steady fingers, opened the door, drew out the black box that Willers had given him and slapped it down on the desk.

"See if that's what you want, John," he said. "I won't delay you. Here's the key."

He seated himself again and whistled softly. If despair was in his heart it did not show in his face.

Bolworthy's face had turned red; confusion was in it, and a strange reflection of the exhilaration that had lighted up Little Amby. He saw the perverse nobility in the little shyster's stand.

"You're a man of principle, Hinkle," he said in a low voice. "I respect your attitude, but that's not going to save you. I'll be as good as my word. You're lost now."

"This key don't work," said the detective.

"Those cheap locks never do work," said Little Amby. "Take this screw driver to it."

The detective forced in the blade of the screw driver and wrenched the lid free.

"Here we are!"

Little Amby bent over to look. Color flooded into his white face.

"Switched!" he cried in a high and laughing voice.

"Books," said the detective, lifting out part of the contents. "Well, now, and what is this? It is called Report of the Bureau of Street Openings for Year 1894. And what has that got to do with the price of cheese? And here is a volume of Poems of Edgar Allan Holznagel. And here is one called Roadtown. And here is a quarter's worth of secondhand magazines ——"

"Say, a quarter for the lot, John," grinned Little Amby. "That must be Mr. True's library, John. Well-read man, wasn't he, whoever he was? Take them over to the district attorney, John, and tell him to improve his mind."

"Come now, Amby. Don't try to put nothing like this over. Where are those papers?"

"You've got a search, haven't you? Look around! Tell Hazzard to come over and help. But be quick about it; I've got an appointment at the Abernathy."

"Can I use that phone, Amby? . . . Hello! Franklin 2304! District attorney's office? Let me have Mr. Potts; this is John Kimmelman. . . . Hello, this is Kimmelman. I'm over here in Mr. Hinkle's office, and what I mean —— What's that? I don't get you. Philadelphia? In Philadelphia? Well, what'll I do—well—well, all right."

He hung up.

"They collared a guy over in Philly," he said. "Guy named Willers. Had the papers we're looking for here. Seems he was writing letters to this Hazzard party and telling him if he didn't come through with a couple of hundred he would make trouble. Well, that drives Hazzard in, see?—and he makes a dicker with the people that are after him, and—here we are. Sorry to bother you, Amby."

"Don't mention it, John. I'll send around a discontinuance, Mr. Bolworthy. Sorry that I was deceived in the character of this Willers; he seems to have no principle. Good day. It's been a pleasure, Mr. Stapleton. Your brother will have to do some explaining. Tell him to look for the string next time before he reaches."

And there's my guess as to why the memory of Little Amby commands any affection. He had his knavish point of honor. He was not less than a great advocate ruined, the glory obscured which should light his name.

An editorial writer in the Star and Advertiser said a cogent thing the day after the Court of Appeals affirmed the decision in People against Hinkle—that famous case does not enter into this story, nor do I insinuate that that editorial writer, or any other editorial writer, said cogent things only after the event. He said:

"In considering the career of any man who rose to eminence through the pursuit of his selfish interest against the public weal, we perceive at last that a fundamental of his success, the very corner stone of the dark tower that he built, was some sterling virtue honored of all. Napoleon was democratic; Robespierre was incorruptible; Cæsar was just; and Ambrose Hinkle—a sorry celebrity in such company—was loyal to the men who feed him. The success of such men challenges to thought; it puzzles at first blush; but only at first blush is it scandalizing."

The Swing is to the 6-Ply Balloon

Progress in the General Cord line did not stop with the outstanding success of its 4-ply Balloon. General has not regarded it as the final step in pneumatic tire development any more than the four-cylinder car was looked upon as the last word in motor car development.

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FULLEST ADVANTAGES OF LOW PRESSURE IN REGULAR SIZES AND IN 4-PLY AND 6-PLY BALLOONS

THE FOURTH DEGREE

(Continued from Page 13)

vigilant policeman in the corridor woke him whenever he dozed.

"Dennett."

"Yes?"

The jailer was chuckling.

"You're going out of this," the jailer said.

"Where?"

"Wherever you like. You're free."

"Free?"

"Sure. Free." The jailer chuckled again, as one in the possession of highly comic news.

"Y' see," explained the jailer, "you're in luck. It looked like they had you, but I guess they made a little mistake. Today, just a minute ago, they got a confession out of the guy that really did the job. He's a farm hand from out around Lagrangeville, Jake Tarver, by name, and a sort of nut, I guess. We've had him in the cooler a couple of times already. Well, the captain and a couple of the boys had a nice little talk with Tarver in the office just now, and in half an hour he broke down and signed a confession. So you're clear.

"Of course," the jailer added, "I don't blame you for feeling sore. They wouldn't have handled you so rough if they hadn't of thought they had the goods on you. But we all make mistakes, and I guess Captain Burrage is human."

"Yes," said Dennett, addressing himself, more than the jailer. "Yes, he's human."

"This way out," said the jailer briskly.

Dennett slowly stepped out of the cell.

"I'd like to see Captain Burrage a minute," he said.

"Can't be done," said the jailer promptly.

"Why not?"

"Busy."

"Did he tell you to tell me that?"

"Well, yes," admitted the jailer, "he did." They were at the door of the jail by now.

"Will you give Captain Burrage a message for me?"

"Sure. What is it?"

"Just say three words to him for me."

"What?"

"The fourth degree."

Police Captain Burrage ate a heavy breakfast next morning in the bachelor house he maintained in Cannon Street. He stepped down the brownstone steps with firm stride. He was whistling cheerfully. Then he stopped his whistling to scowl. "Little brats!" he muttered, for his eye had fallen on chalk marks on his steps. He was about to efface them with one of his heavy policeman shoes when he stopped and his scowl deepened. For he had read the words that were printed there, and the words were "4th Degree."

With an angry oath he rubbed them out and went on his way to police headquarters. He did not start to whistle again.

When he returned to his house late that night he saw by the street light that the printed words were there on his doorstep again. He did not sleep that night. He sat in his bedroom window, watching. Next morning he went out, surly. At the corner of Cannon Street he stopped as abruptly as if he were a soldier and someone had barked "Halt!" at him. There on the flagstones, in bold letters, were the words, "4th Degree." He ground them into a blur with his feet. As soon as he reached his office he summoned a patrolman.

"Purcell," he directed, "you're assigned to special duty along Cannon Street. If you catch anybody defacing the sidewalks or houses with chalk, pinch him. If anything like that happens in that neighborhood, and you don't see it, by heaven, you'll sweat for it. Quick now. On your way."

As Officer Purcell left the station house he said to a fellow policeman on duty there, "Better steer clear of the captain today. He looks like the wrath of God, and he's got the devil's own grouch about something."

At the end of a vigilant day Officer Purcell had nothing to report.

"Tell Schmidt to take over the same duty tonight," said Burrage.

"Don't take this job as a joke," Purcell advised Schmidt. "Burrage means business."

A copy of the Evening Tribune was lying on Captain Burrage's porch when he returned there that evening, lying carelessly where it had been tossed by a hurrying newsboy. Burrage took the paper into his house to read with his supper. When he turned to the front page he saw headlines approving his work in arresting and getting a confession from Tarver, but it was not the headlines that caught his eye and made the paper tighten in his hands. Across the top, with a soft red pencil, were printed the words "4th Degree."

Eight days passed. On every one of those days Captain Burrage had seen the words "4th Degree." They came to him written on his milk bill; they came on post cards; he found them chalked on the side of his automobile when he left it standing for a minute on the main street. On the ninth day he was in his office when Detective Carson came in. Burrage was lowering at a post card lying on his desk.

"I've had enough of this," growled the police captain.

"What, captain?"

For answer Burrage shoved the card across the desk.

"Another one, eh?" said Carson.

"That white-faced rat thinks he can scare me," said Burrage. "I've let him get away with this sort of stuff long enough. But now I'm going to stop it."

"Aw, don't bother about it, captain," advised Carson. "Let him have his fun if it makes him feel any better. I guess he did get a sort of raw deal. We'd better lay off him. Until he's healed up, anyhow. We're lucky he didn't make a row. Forget it, captain. He'll forget it in time. They all do."

"Maybe. But this one—he was queer," said Burrage. Then with sudden fury he burst out, "I've stood all I'm going to stand from him! I tell you! It's got to stop. Bring my car round front."

"Want me to go along, captain?" asked Carson.

"No. This is between me and him."

"When will you be back?"

"Don't know."

Next morning when Carson came into the police captain's office he saw at once that his superior was in better humor than he had been for days.

"Get your daily message?" asked Carson.

"No."

"Then you must have put the fear of God into him."

"I didn't," said Burrage.

"How's that?"

"I didn't see him," said the police captain gruffly.

"You started to."

"Well, what if I did? I didn't see him, I tell you."

Carson looked questioningly at his chief.

"He'd gone," said Burrage. "No trace of him anywhere. Beat it out of town probably."

"Well," said Carson, "I guess that's the last you'll hear of him."

Burrage looked keenly at the detective.

"Think so?" snapped Burrage. "What makes you think so?"

A grin twisted the detective's mouth corners.

"Oh, I've got a hunch, that's all," he said.

The prediction of Detective Carson appeared to be an accurate one. One day, two days, three days passed, and Captain Burrage received no more messages about the fourth degree. Abruptly they stopped coming.

Captain Burrage was asleep in his house in Cannon Street on the night of the third messageless day. At his bedside the telephone rang urgently. Burrage rolled over, half asleep, cursing.

"Yes, this is Captain Burrage."

He heard, at the other end of the wire, the loud brogue of Officer Purcell, who lapsed into the speech of his early Cork days, when excited.

"This is Purcell. You're wanted, captain. There's been murder done. It's a queer-lookin' case."

"Where?"

"At the old lighthouse on Saltash Point."

"Who did the job?"

"Don't know—yet."

"Who was killed?"

"That fellow, Dennett."

"What? John Dennett?"

"Yes. Can you come?"

"Can I get out there?"

"Sure. The tide is out. Leave your car on the edge of the marsh, and follow the path."

"Yes. I know the place," said Burrage. "I'll come."

The night was black, raw, cheerless, but as Police Captain Burrage stepped into his roadster he was whistling to himself.

Saltash Point is a low narrow spit of land running a mile out into the sea. At the very end of it, half a century ago, a lighthouse had been built, a solid tower of stone, now crumbling, a deserted ruin, for it has been abandoned and neglected for many years. To get to it it is necessary to follow a path that runs along the backbone of Saltash Point, and, as this path is covered at high tide, the place is seldom visited.

The salt wind from the sea whipped the face of Captain Burrage as he drove his roadster through the night. Behind him in the silent sleeping city he heard a church clock strike one. He followed the road that skirted the marsh and came to a halt where the path to the lighthouse began. He left his car and followed the path, still soggy from the tide.

As he drew near the old lighthouse he saw high up in its dark bulk a speck of light, the wavering, yellowish light of a lantern, and he knew that it came from the round room at the top where in the old days the great signal lights had flashed out their warnings to distant ships. He was glad his walk across the dismal marsh was over, glad to get to a light, and to other men. He climbed the circular iron staircase, and threw open the heavy door to the round room. Behind him the door slammed shut. Burrage stood blinking in the center of the round room. No one was there. He was alone.

"Purcell!" he shouted. "Purcell!" He heard the sea lashing the rocks below, but he heard no answer.

He looked hastily around the room.

"Damn queer," he muttered. The place, he knew, had been abandoned many years. Yet he saw now that it had been fitted up as a dwelling place, adequately, even comfortably. A new lantern stood on a deal table in the center of the room. Against the wall was a brass bed, neatly made, with blankets on it. Two easy-chairs stood near by. He saw a washstand with bowl and pitcher on it. There was an oil stove, throwing out odorous heat, and even cheap red carpet on the stone floor.

Shaking his head perplexedly, Burrage went to the door. Perhaps Purcell had gone to meet him and they had missed each other in the dark. The door presented a solid oak surface; on the inside there was no knob at all. Burrage pushed against it with one of his powerful shoulders; he might as well have tried to force one of the stone blocks out of the wall. He gave it up, and stood there, cursing Purcell. Where had Purcell gone? And where was the body? He waited five minutes. He thought he had waited longer. Then he tried the door again, plunging against it this time with his two hundred pounds. It did not quiver—even a little.

He walked back and forth across the circular room, and every step was an oath. He went to the lone window through which years before the signal light had gleamed and a half-said curse died on his lips. The window was barred with thick iron bars. He had not remembered them.

"That cursed fool, Purcell! I'll break him for this," he muttered. He sank into an easy-chair to wait.

"Make yourself comfortable, Captain Burrage."

The voice made him spring from his seat, made him claw at his hip pocket, where his revolver would have been if he had not neglected to bring it, for he had been still half asleep when he dressed. He stood, trying to see the whole round room at once, for he had recognized the voice. It was John Dennett's.

"You'll find this place far more comfortable than the cell you put me in," said the voice.

It was Dennett's. Burrage was sure of it now. He had not forgotten that voice.

"Let me out!" roared Burrage. "I'll make you sweat for this. When Purcell gets back I'll break every bone in your body and throw you into the sea."

"I don't think so," said Dennett's voice.

Captain Burrage's face had grown white.

"Say," he got out, "you were murdered, weren't you?"

"Oh, yes, I'm a ghost," answered Dennett cheerfully.

"Purcell!" called Burrage. "Purcell!"

"Call away, captain. Purcell will not come back, because he was never here."

"But he telephoned me ——" the police captain started to say, then stopped.

"You're beginning to understand, captain," said Dennett, with a laugh. "After all, anyone can learn to speak with a brogue, with a little practice."

"Dennett," said Burrage, "what's your game? What do you want?"

"You know what I want."

"I don't."

"I want," said Dennett, "a confession from you that you killed Esther Huxley."

"From me? You're crazy. You know I didn't kill her. Tarver—he's confessed."

"Oh," said the voice of Dennett—it seemed to come out of the wall—"I know that. You didn't need to third-degree him long, did you? He's guilty, all right; and you're innocent. No matter. You are going to confess that you did it."

"You're mad."

"Doubtless. But my memory is good. You tried to make me—an innocent man—confess with your third degree. Now I'm going to make you confess with my fourth degree. That's fair, isn't it?"

"Huh!" sneered Burrage. "You've got a fat chance! I'll be missed first thing in the morning. My men will comb the country. They'll find me here. You'll do a nice long stretch for this, Dennett—if you live to."

"Captain Burrage," said Dennett, "you forget you are not dealing with an illiterate farm hand. Don't you suppose I figured on that? I took the liberty of leaving a typewritten note signed with your name—you write like a ten-year-old child, you know—saying you had been called out of town by urgent private business and didn't know when you'd be back."

"They'll find my car."

"Yes, if they can see through forty feet of water. I regret to have to tell you, captain, that by dawn your car will be at the bottom of Weymouth Channel. No, don't grasp at straws. You're here, and here to stay till you confess. Shout, curse, scream. No one will hear you but the sea and me. I won't mind. So set your mind at rest. Nothing can come between you and the fourth degree."

(Continued on Page 105)

Coffee and cigars at the old Maxwell House

WHAT GAY FEASTS, what lordly banquets those stately old dining rooms have seen!

Here presidents, admirals and generals paid their respects to the South. Here governors entertained their most distinguished guests. And here the "beaux" and "gallants" of old Dixie assembled to make merry.

Years ago the wonderful food at the Maxwell House in Nashville, carried its fame throughout the southern states. "It was the gathering place of all the notable men of the South," are the words of one gray-haired statesman, former governor of Tennessee.

We can picture those old-time Southern dinners! Soft gas lights glowing through cut-glass pendants; the gleam of silver and candles; the soft-footed waiters bringing richly laden dishes—

And then the climax—*coffee and cigars!* What contentment came with the first sip of that wonderful coffee! More than anything else at the Maxwell House, it was the coffee that was celebrated in that land of good things to eat and drink.

Year by year its fame grew

Only one kind of coffee was served at the Maxwell House, a special blend so full-flavored and mellow that those who once tasted it could not forget it. Wherever the guests of this old hotel went, they took with them to their homes the memory of this coffee.

Gradually the news of Maxwell House Coffee spread far and wide, first throughout the South, then to all parts of the country. In city after city the families who best understand good living have wanted this wonderful blend for their own tables. And the same man who perfected it years ago, Joel Cheek himself, still supervises with his associates the blending and roasting of it today.

The same coffee, with all the rare flavor that delighted the guests at the old Maxwell House, is now on sale in sealed tins at all better grocery stores. It is the largest selling high grade coffee in the United States.

The first taste of its smooth richness, the first breath of its delicate aroma, will tell you why this coffee has become so famous. See what new contentment it brings at the breakfast table. Serve it tomorrow morning. Ask your grocer for one of the blue tins of Maxwell House Coffee.

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The fine new Overland Six has turned a new leaf in six-cylinder engineering, and has written its name clear across the page in big, bold capital letters . . the name of a great car . . . a great achievement in automobile progress . . . a great success.

Here is a six-cylinder motor car of a new order . . . a very decided advance in all phases of chassis, engine and body design . . . topping the heights of beauty, offering new comforts, setting a precedent in power . . a newcomer in the six-cylinder field, stampeding old-timers . . . changing old notions, bettering old values, improving old standards . . . and welcomed as only the public ever welcomes a true work of progress.

Super-abundant energy and perfect balance give this fine new Overland with six cylinders a swiftness of pick-up and getaway that fairly makes your eyes sparkle. At all speeds it maintains the same delightful smoothness. Swung low, clinging to the road with sure-footed balance, it sweeps along over the miles with utter disregard for distance

If the road turns into a toboggan trail up and down hills, so much more the pleasure The new Overland Six takes to hills as if born for hills. Past masters in driving—people who have owned many cars of many makes—are of one accord in praising its consummate performance. Small down payment—easy terms.

Standard Sedan $985

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YOU have been hearing a good deal about Balloon Tire comfort.

Here is the *low-pressure tire* that makes comfort a fact.

Its new, flat "Low-Pressure Tread" gives much more road contact than a round tread.

This distributes the load evenly over the entire tread surface.

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You can run your U. S. Royal Balloon Cords with just enough air in them to support your car and its load.

That's maximum cushioning and it won't hurt the tires.

United States Rubber Company
Trade Mark

Remember

"Low-Pressure Tread"
Latex-treated Web Cord
"The Balloon Tire Principle at its Best"

U.S. Royal Balloon Cords

(Continued from Page 100)

"You go to hell," bellowed Burrage. Dennett made no answer. For long minutes Burrage sat there in the lantern light. Then he called out, "Come on, Dennett. Bring on your fourth degree. It'll get you nothing."

"Before I start," said Dennett, "I'm going to give you the same chance you gave me. Did you kill Esther Huxley?"

"No."

"Where were you at midnight on March second?"

"Home in bed—though it's none of your business."

"You say you did not kill her?"

"Of course I didn't. You know perfectly well I didn't."

"You're lying."

"Damn you ——"

"That's what you said to me, captain. Come across now. You did kill her, didn't you?"

"No."

"If you don't confess, you get the fourth degree. You know that, don't you?"

"Bring on your fourth degree, whatever that is," said Burrage. "What is it? Boiling oil, or something?"

All Dennett answered was one word—"Wait."

Burrage's bed was a good one, but he could not recapture the sleep that the telephone call had broken into. He tried to sleep, but he moved restlessly on the bed, and was up at dawn. All he could see from the barred window was the sea stretching to the horizon. All he could hear was the sea licking the foot of the tower. A sound made him turn from the window. Through a small panel in the bottom of the door his breakfast had been thrust. It was a good breakfast, plenty of coffee, oatmeal, fruit. As he was eating it the panel slid up and a box of cigars was slipped into the room.

"Cut out this comedy, Dennett," growled Burrage. "Start your trick fourth degree. Get it over with."

"Wait."

There were some old newspapers in the room. Burrage began to glance through them. He had seen them all before, for they had been published at the time of the murder of Esther Huxley and they were full of that story; but anything was better than sitting waiting, doing nothing. He did not read the papers long. Irritably he threw them from the window and watched the wind flutter them far out across the water. He began to call out to Dennett, cursing him, taunting him. But the tower was silent and not till noon did he again become aware of the existence of his captor. Then through the panel a tray was slid containing a hearty lunch, a pipe, tobacco.

Drowsy from his lunch, Burrage stretched himself on the bed; but he did not sleep. The unknown hanging over his head kept him awake; he must be on his guard against—what? By the time Dennett brought him a well-cooked dinner Burrage was in a state of high fury. He stormed at Dennett through the closed door.

"You let me out of this, you rat!"

"Wait."

"Think you can scare me? I'm not afraid of you and your fourth degree."

"Wait."

"When do you start it?"

"Wait."

Burrage waited. There was nothing for him to do but wait, to sit there alone in the easy-chair by the lantern, sucking at his pipe, smoking, waiting. Once or twice he roused himself from his chair and shouted with all the strength of his great deep-chested voice. He had done that at intervals all day long; his voice filled the round room with booming echoes; but his outcries had no result. He gave them up, at last, discouraged, and waited. Sleep pressed on him; he tried to shake it off. He was afraid of sleep; yet he felt it creeping on him from behind like a soft-footed assassin. He sat there, fighting to keep awake. Toward dawn he awoke with a jerk, stiff from sitting. He crawled into bed, and pulled the blankets up over his head, but though he could shut out the light and air, he could not shut out his fear, he could not shut out his thoughts.

When breakfast came there was a conciliatory note in Burrage's voice as he addressed his invisible captor.

"Look here, Dennett, this joke's gone far enough. You know you ain't got nothing on me. The longer you keep me here, the harder it will go with you when I get out. Spring your fourth degree, whatever it is. I guess maybe you got a right to be sore at me, but you've no right to go this far."

"Will you confess you killed the girl?" said Dennett. "Will you write a confession? You'll find pen and ink on the table."

"Confession! No!"

"Then you want the fourth degree?"

"Bring it on."

"Wait."

The panel slid shut. Burrage waited. He strode up and down the round room. He roared loudly for Dennett to come back, to start something, anything, torture even. That was better than waiting, and waiting for he knew not what.

"Dennett." There was something that was almost a whimper in Burrage's husky voice. "What's this fourth degree? Give me a clew. Tell me what's coming. I got a right to know."

It was the longest morning in Burrage's life. When noon at last came Burrage began to plead.

"Start it, Dennett. It's wrong to keep me waiting like this. You can burn me or flog me, but for God's sake start doing it."

The lunch was an excellent one; Burrage hardly touched it.

Burrage would not believe his watch when it registered four o'clock. He shook it beside his ear. Certainly he had been waiting there more than four hours. The hour from four to five was a day long to him; the hour from five to six an endless agony. He lit cigar after cigar; ground them with his teeth, threw them away with hands that trembled. He pictured a thousand diabolical things that Dennett would do to him. When his supper came Burrage was openly whimpering.

"Dennett, let me go. Burn me or brand me or anything you like, but let me get out of this. I'll give you money, all the money I have—nearly thirty thousand dollars. But don't keep me waiting around like this, thinking things."

"I want your signed confession that you killed Esther Huxley," said Dennett coldly. "Otherwise you can expect the fourth degree."

"I've been expecting it for hours, days," said Burrage, his voice shaking. "When do I get it and what is it?"

"Wait."

It was a night without end. Through it, Burrage waited, crouching in his chair, with the lantern's light on his face, hard, defiant once, but white and terror-worn now. The night was cruel to him, for it was full of fears. He could not tear his mind away from the thought that held it with eagle talons: "What is going to happen to me? What is the fourth degree?" He writhed in his chair as if in physical torment. He was fighting. He was fighting himself.

Then, as the chill steel dawn began to come in through the barred window, he suddenly wrenched himself from his chair and sprang up. There was the table, there the pen and ink. With set lips he seated himself at the table, and drove the pen across the paper with faltering fingers.

When John Dennett softly slid up the panel of the door at eight that morning to slide in the breakfast tray, he saw the big form of the police captain sprawled on the bed. Burrage was sleeping the sleep of utter exhaustion. Then Dennett saw under the door a sheet of paper, and he read what was written there in a heavy scrawl:

"I killed Esther Huxley. I confess it. I'd rather hang for it than wait like this, not knowing what is going to happen to me. I did it, all right. I dragged her into the woods and when she struggled I blackjacked her. You'll find the blackjack and my blood-stained handkerchief hidden in a hollow pine tree ten yards from where she fell. I lost my head after I hit her, or I'd have destroyed them. I tried to sweat a confession out of Dennett, and I planted his hat; but he was too tough. So I got hold of Tarver, knowing he was weak-minded, and I made him confess. That's all there is to it, and I'm glad it's off my mind. I know I'll swing for it, but I'm not afraid of the gallows. At least now I know what to expect."

At the bottom he had signed his name, "MATTHEW J. BURRAGE."

HALF A BRICK

(Continued from Page 23)

The real-estate dealer remained alone and almost pale. He brooded a few anxious moments. But at last, heaving off the incubus of worry, he managed something like a laugh, and phoned Rock & Worcester, Consulting Engineers.

"Yes, yes, important!" he concluded his message. "Come right up, Rock. Twenty minutes? Make it ten!"

Three more days passed, as days will; and on the morning of the fourth, Martuccia, from the doorway of the little fruit store, remarked to her man, "You want' on da phone, Giusepp'!"

"Hullo?" queried Mr. Giuseppe a moment later. "Dat you, Puffendorf? W'at? I go see you' lawyer? No, sir, I see you or nobody! An' I no goin' to you. If you wanta see me, you know where I am. Gooda-by!"

Grimly he resumed his seat in the saggy-bottomed chair on the sidewalk, surrounded by pleasant and fruity aromas. With a certain gleam in his eye he watched the come and go of midsummer Main Street; and, waiting, he hummed a vindictive old *canzone:*

"La piag' è sanata,
Il duolo cessò!
Procur' altri amanti,
Non t'amo più, no!

"Ed il tuo piangere
Gran gusto me fa!
Tu piangi, ripiangi,
Io rido ha-ha!"

Of a sudden, there stood Mr. Puffendorf before him.

"Well, now," remarked the real-estate dealer, while he of the Rialto remained seated—"well, now, I'm a plain, blunt man, and don't beat around the bush. When I'm wrong, I'm wrong, and say so. That's me! I've got to acknowledge the corn!"

"Corn—corn?" queried Mr. Giuseppe. "W'at you mean—corn? I talkin' 'bout half a brick."

"Corn," repeated Mr. Puffendorf. His youth, which he was now striving to forget, had been largely spent amid corn; and despite himself, the phraseology would now and then crop out. "I mean, you're right about this here little matter, and I'm—yes, I admit it frankly—I'm wrong. I've had records looked up and plats examined, and—yes, I—that is, my building is a trifle over on your land."

"W'at you mean—trifle? I say four inch' 'Bout size of half a brick. Four beeg inch!"

"Oh, well, after all, four inches is only a trifle, a mere groveling trifle!" Mr. Puffendorf waved a plumply dismissive hand as if four inches were purely negligible. "My mistake, of course—that is, my engineers

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Feet that lightly trip their way

TWINKLING feet! A treat to watch. Charm, so truly feminine . . . how often achieved at the cost of comfort . . . tortured feet that quickly tire.

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Models for men and women in all the latest modes. Most styles are $10 to $12. Let us send you the Arnold dealer's address and a book of styles. M. N. Arnold Shoe Co., North Abington, Mass. Dealers write for Catalog P-22.

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A creation of charming style—and true Glove-Grip comfort. Made of 750 white kid with cut-out strip on the vamp. Heel and welt sole

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and architects' mistake. Sorry, of course, and all that, but nothing to kick up a row about. Between neighbors, you know! And I—I'm willin' to pay you somethin'. I'll make it right—O. K.!"

Mr. Giuseppe pondered, squinting at the coiled smoke of his cigar.

"Other day," he reminiscently murmured, "you' car t'row mud an' water on me. I have to get my clo'es clean'. Dat costs me somet'ing."

"M'mmmm—too bad, Giuseppe, and—and ——"

"My name, I tella you, is Mr. Spezzia."

"That's too bad, Mr. Spezzia. I'll pay for the cleanin', of course. An' what's more I'll buy the four-inch strip off you. That'll give me a full-orbed, complete proposition. The lot's a hundred an' fifty-five foot deep. A strip four inches wide makes fifty-one an' two-thirds square foot, and ——"

"I see you gotta great head for figures," remarked Mr. Giuseppe admiringly. "Me, too, I gotta one."

"I'll buy from you," continued Mr. Puffendorf, brightly hopeful; "buy—an' that's the end o' the business."

"When you build dissa skyscrape'," mused Mr. Giuseppe mildly, "you try to buy dissa lot, dissa house. But she's my home. Only leetla t'ree-story wood house, wit' store underneat' her, but—my home. I build when Boomburg just small town. Boomburg, she's grow up all round, beeg-a city. Still, me an' my Martuccia, we stay here. Twelve-a year. Seven children born here. Four die here. My leetla home. No, sir, how I can sell her?"

"Of course you can't!" sympathized Mr. Puffendorf. "Naturally, a man don't want to sell his home. But I mean, just the four-inch strip—the fifty-one an' two-thirds square foot. You'll let that go, of course?"

"Jus' da strip?"

"Why, sure! At a liberal price for land in this section," estimated Mr. Puffendorf, in his most convincing tone; "say, ten dollars a square foot. That's five hundred an' sixteen dollars an' sixty-six cents. Let's call it even six hundred!"

"You said ten thousand dollar?" smiled Mr. Giuseppe.

"What?"

"Twenty thousand, you said?"

Snarling, Mr. Puffendorf turned on his heel and strode away.

"*Corpodi Bacco!*" murmured Mr. Giuseppe, and continued his twisty, straw-perforated cigar, humming the while:

"Tu piangi, ripiangi,
Io rido ha-ha!"

He was still sitting there, smoking and pondering, when Mr. Puffendorf rang up the fruit store. Mr. P. had just been having a hasty and from-the-shoulder conference with two of Boomburg's leading attorneys, who had offices right in his own building. The two attorneys were pepful and do-it-now young men. They had been telling Mr. Puffendorf several things about cleft sticks, jams and the like.

"See here, Mr. Spezzia," said the real-estate man, when the Rialto-er had come to the fruit-store phone. "I've decided to do the liberal thing by you. Only a little strip o' land an' not worth much, but—well, I'll give you fifty thousand cash for it. Well, what say?"

"'Scuse me, Puffendorf, but that's a beeg-a lot o' money. Beeg-a deal. I ain't never say yes, no, in a hurry. I got to t'ink about dat one week. You call again one week from now an' I letta you know."

Mr. Puffendorf found himself at the end of a vacant wire, with something very like panic reaching for his heart.

A week later he called again. This time, however, he did not phone, but presented himself in person.

"Have a cigar," he jovially offered. "Fine mornin', eh? A fine, full-orbed day! Great to be alive a day like this, ain't it? I suppose you have lota o' sunny mornin's like this in Italy, don't you? Sunny Italy! Must be a great old country, that. No wonder so many Eye-talians go back to it after they make their pile!"

"Great-a country, yes," assented Mr. Giuseppe, lighting the cigar that Mr. Puffendorf had just given him. "But America, discover' by one Italiano, she's greater. An' I know one Italiano family w'at never go back. Americanos now!"

"Oh, well, of course I didn't mean you'd want to!" The real-estate man's smile was expansive. He set thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat. In his tight-fitting blue suit with the almost invisible vertical white stripe, he looked what was locally known as natty.

"Me, never," murmured the fruit man. "Never go back."

"Only, lots do. But no, no, we wouldn't want to lose you. You're too good an American now. Why, you're nearly 100 per cent, ain't you? I should say about 99.9 per cent, and still goin' up. Ha-ha! Pretty good joke, eh? Eye-talians are great people, I'll say!" Mr. Puffendorf looked the very soul of boosting and expansive joviality. "What'd we do without the Eye-talians? They sugar off as pretty fine citizens, they do. They're great builders—railroad builders, buildin' builders, empire builders, you might say, and ——"

"Now 'bout that leetla strip o' land," interrupted Mr. Giuseppe, "I been think' ——"

"Oh, yes, that, of course!" assented Mr. Puffendorf, with the idea just recurring to him. "H'mmmm! Fifty thousand, I believe I mentioned. That offer still holds good, Mr. Spezzia. What say we just close the deal this fine sunny mornin' an' say no more ——"

"How much it costa you to move you' skyscrape' off-a my land?"

"What?"

"How much it costa you to move her, eh?"

"I—but my Lord, man!" And for a moment the real-estate man floundered. "I—I ——" His face betrayed incredulity that he had heard aright. "How the devil do I know?"

"Well, I know!" calmly asserted Mr. Giuseppe, and blew rich smoke. "I got fine engineers come, look, make-a da estimate. Twenty-story buildin', steel frame, brick, concrete, hollow tile. Hundred an' seventy foot on Main Street. Hundred an' fifty-fi' foot deep, an' ——"

"Move it?"

"Yeh, sure."

"But great heavens, man, it can't be moved!"

"Sure she can! Engineers say so. But costa you half meellion dollar. Besides, you gotta buy Porter Block, on da odder side o' you, six-story buildin', tear her down to get room for da four inch. Dat costa you mebbe hundred an' feefty thousand more. 'Bout six hundred an' feefty thousand dollar do da job."

"You devil!" shouted Mr. Puffendorf, to the vast amaze of several passers-by. "You Black-Hander! You hold-up artist! But I won't buy your strip, an' I won't move neither. You can sue me for trespass, get damages—punitive damages if you like—but not an inch will I move!"

"Suit you'self," mildly remarked Mr. Giuseppe, contemplating his cigar smoke. "I know you ain't very popular in Boomburg, 'count of some deal what you make what hurt lotta people. If you like-a face a jury in Boomburg, *molto bene!* An' I get damage, too, you calla me Black Hand and robber front of all da public!"

"You go to ——"

"You go to court room wit' me pretty soon! I got plenty lawyer, bes' kind. I like-a see what happen to you when jury getta da case—meellionaire against poor Italiano fruit man. My lawyers have two-t'ree Italiano mans on da jury, sure. We see what happen—plenty. Gooda-by!"

The next time they met, after three more days had drifted over Boomburg's booming, Mr. Puffendorf did not offer Mr. Giuseppe a cigar, nor even a good morning. His air was brusque, not to say dictatorial.

The fact that Harrington Jones, one of his fellow real-estate dealers and a brother

(Continued on Page 108)

So we're both selling the same thing -- dependability. White Trucks will give you the uninterrupted service your customers demand

A White Truck salesman is talking to a buyer. It might be any buyer of motor trucks. The buyer says:

"Trucks cut too big a figure in my business for any guessing. When my customers want something they want it 'right now!' I've got to have trucks ready to roll any minute."

"That's why you need White Trucks," says the salesman. "You can't buy greater dependability. Wherever dependability is most essential Whites predominate—in department store fleets, among public utility companies, in the bottling industry or in the oil fields."

"Yes," the buyer interrupts, "*all* you truck salesmen *talk* dependability. I want proof."

"I've given you proof—in that White Roll Call," says the salesman. "No one knows White dependability better than White fleet operators. And that Roll Call lists 837 of them who operate 31,093 Whites in fleets of 10 or more. Ask any one of them. Some of them have had Whites since 1910. Or ask the many thousands of owners of smaller White fleets or single Whites. White owners know dependability—whether they own one White or a thousand."

"Further proof is in the owners' records of 4,251 White Trucks which have each run from 100,000 to 300,000 miles or more."

"What about parts and service?" asks the buyer. "The best truck made isn't worth garage room if you can't get good service and parts when you need them."

"Service is just as much a part of your truck as one of the wheels when you buy a White," says the salesman. "No White Truck is ever far from a White Service Station where quick service is well done at low cost. And parts—our records show that 98 per cent of our parts orders are shipped the same day the order is received. Whenever or wherever you need them, White service and White parts are readily accessible."

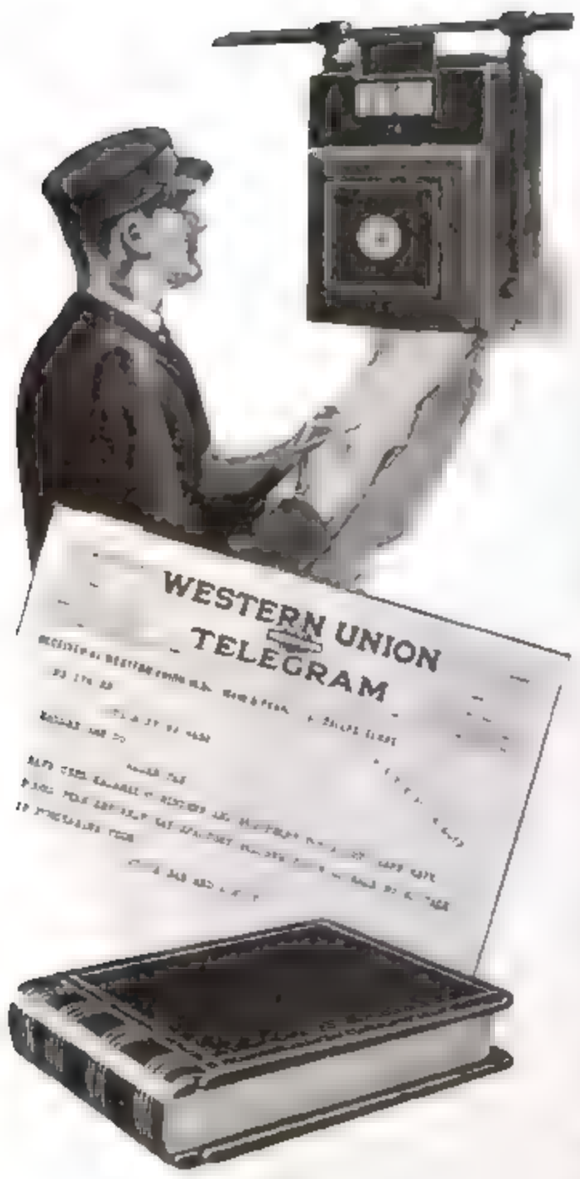
"A lot of truck makers have fine-looking service stations until they suddenly go out of business some day," says the buyer.

"The White Company's history for 25 years back is the best guarantee of stability you could have," says the salesman. "Sound management and a good product with service always accessible have kept The White Company the leader in the industry for a quarter century. No White Truck will ever be an orphan."

Let us send you a copy of The White Roll Call or the booklet containing owners' records of 100,000 miles and more. Write The White Company, Cleveland. Let a White salesman show you how White Truck dependability can build your business. There is a White Truck model to meet every transportation need. Truck chassis, $2,150 to $4,500; Bus chassis, $4,950—f. o. b. Cleveland.

THE WHITE COMPANY, CLEVELAND

WHITE TRUCKS



The Story the Telegram Tells

Kalamazoo Loose Leaf Equipment is in active daily use by the New York Edison, the Utica Gas and Electric, the Dallas Gas, the Potomac Power and Light of Washington, the Pacific Light and Power of San Francisco, the Pennsylvania Power and Light Company and hundreds of other Public Utility companies in the United States, and they are willing to endorse it to their friends.

The loose leaf equipment used by these companies must be convenient, practical, durable, and save time and labor. That Kalamazoo equipment has been selected by so many of these companies warrants your investigation of its advantages.

The new "Public Utility Book" will be interesting to Public Utility officials. The new General Catalog is ready for any one desirous of getting the most out of their investment in record keeping equipment. The coupon is convenient.

KALAMAZOO LOOSE LEAF BINDER CO.
Factories at Kalamazoo, Mich., and Los Angeles, Calif.
Sales Offices in Principal Cities

KALAMAZOO
LOOSE-LEAF-DEVICES-AND
ACCOUNTING-SYSTEMS

Kalamazoo Loose Leaf Binder Co.,
Kalamazoo, Mich
Please send me the catalog of better record keeping checked below
- ☐ General Catalog.
- ☐ Kalamazoo Public Utility accounting equipm't.
- ☐ Kalamazoo Record Keeping Equipm't for Banks.
- ☐ Transportation record keeping equipment.
- ☐ Department Store accounting equipment.
- ☐ Insurance record keeping equipment.
- ☐ Catalogs that sell (catalog covers).

Name

Address

Continued from Page 106

Boosters' Club member, had got wind of the negotiations and had coined the word "Pharasite" to apply to him, added to Mr. Puffendorf's irritation; "Pharasite" being compounded of "Pharisee" and "parasite," and the new title having already spread like wildfire through Boomburg. It spoke volumes; it suggested unearned increment, grinding the faces of the poor, and much beside.

Writhing under ridicule, Mr. Puffendorf had attempted a back fire by launching a defy against what he called "lawless insinnuendoes"; but this new word of his had only slightly stayed the ravages of "Pharasite Puffendorf." All Boomburg had begun to laugh at him; and even the Boomburg Clarion was itching to feature Mr. Giuseppe's story. Mr. Puffendorf had already largely increased his advertising in the Clarion, to hold that sheet in check, but at any time now the story was liable to break. Viewing all factors together, the situation looked bad—very bad, indeed, for Mr. Puffendorf. Bad as it looked, his temper was worse.

"Now see here"—he was trying to lay down the law to Mr. Giuseppe, in the fruit store—"we've had about enough o' this nonsense! D'you know what I can do to you?" Mr. Giuseppe merely shrugged corpulent, indifferent shoulders. "I can dispose of you all right, without much trouble, and I will too! I'm goin' to have your property condemned by the city!"

"Condemn'? Watta you mean—condemn'?"

"Why, you poor, ignorant, groveling Eye-talian fish! You don't even know what 'condemned' means? But you'll find out. It means the city'll take your land and buildin', that's what! T-a-k-e, take, savvy? Take 'em away from you!"

"How city goin' take-a my land? City can take house, but nobody—only eart'-quake—can't take-a land!"

"I mean get it away from you! Kick you out! I guess you understand that!" Mr. Puffendorf was waxing crimson and vehement. "The city can take all your lot to improve itself; widen Boomopolis Avenue—make a square of it here; sweep out all this here rubbish!" He waved a contemptuous hand at Mr. Giuseppe's store, above which was Mr. Giuseppe's home. "What's more, that'll give me a corner site too. If I can't go to the corner, I can make the corner come to me! Clever, eh? Ha-ha! I'll say it is! Condemn, savvy? Chase you out, get rid o' you—shoo! Wops all gone!"

Mr. Giuseppe opened eyes of considerable alarm.

"*Misericordia!*" he exclaimed. "You—you can't do dat to me!"

"No, but the city can!" And Mr. Puffendorf's smile was wicked. "You wait an' see the full-orbed trouble that's comin' to you, that's all!"

"My property! Nobody take-a my property without pay me!"

"Oh, that! Yes, o' course, the city'll have to pay you—somethin'. They'll appraise it and pay you. But you won't get what it's worth, I'll tell you those! Then you and your rubbish'll have to get out, vamose, savvy? You're done! Remember"—and he lowered his voice—"I've got friends on the city council. I elected Mayor McSwigg myself! So you see? You're smart. But there's somebody smarter'n you are, and that's Felix J. Puffendorf! You groveling guinea, I'll fix you!"

"But looka here, I ——"

"The fireworks are due to arrive in about a week. And when they do, look out! Watch yourself, Dago! Good day!"

Departing with large and angry scorn, Mr. Puffendorf left Mr. Giuseppe deflated and panic-smitten.

"My leetla store, my house!" he exclaimed. "*Povero me!* Condemn her, take her away—ah, *corpo di Bacco!*"

Groaning, Mr. Giuseppe sought the open air, where he could at least breathe. He sank into his splint-bottomed chair on the sidewalk and with lackluster eye regarded the hateful Puffendorf Building. And as he thus regarded it, his agonized look fell on a blue-penciled mark upon its wall. Slow thought quickened. Hope dawned again. Something almost like a smile was born.

Reëntering his store, he hastily phoned Mr. Marco Volenti, the fox, and bade him hurry thither. Whereat Fate shot her shuttle through again, adding still another thread to the fabric of destiny.

Mr. Giuseppe next day beckoned Mr. Puffendorf as the latter descended from his limousine.

"Here, you! I wanta speak wit' you!"

"Well, you got a nerve, I must say!" the real-estate man blew off at him. "Want to sell your property to me, I reckon, before the city condemns it? I thought you would! But see here, if you want to see me, you know where my office is!"

"No wanta se'l!"

"What?"

"Only wanta tell you, if you wanta lose coupla hundred thousand, you go 'head, get me condemn'!"

"What's that you say?" demanded Mr. Puffendorf, advancing a few steps to meet him.

"I say, you get dissa piece o' land condemn', she all got to be condemn'. An' you' buildin' is on four inch o' de land. City, she can't help herself; she's gotta condemn all one wall o' you' buildin'!"

"What?" Stunned, Mr. Puffendorf blinked.

"Gooda lawyer, he tella me! He know. You have to peel off all one wall like peela da banan'."

"Why—you—you're crazy with the heat!"

"You'll be crazy wit' da expense! I have gooda engineer too. He say all brick an' tile gotta come off. Twenty thousand brick gotta come off. Steel frame, she's gotta be burn off wit' gas torch. You lose rent on all offices dissa side two-t'ree month. Da work costa like devil. Da rent, seventy-fi' offices, feefty dollar a month. Mebbe more, each one. 'Bout twelve or fifteen thousand you lose just on da rent. An' everybody in town laugh at you, how poor guinea sell out an' same time get de best o' you. Engineer work an' rebuildin'—if you get out by lose only coupla hundred thousand dollar, you lucky man!"

For a moment Mr. Puffendorf could only gulp and stammer wordlessly. But at last some husks of speech formulated the admission:

"I—I believe, by gum, you—you're right!"

"Right? Heh! I know I right! Ain't gooda engineer, gooda lawyer tella me? Sure I right! You go ahead get her condemn'. I clean up somethin' pretty good on my property, anyhow—ten time what I pay. But you—you lose-a two hundred thousand, mebbe more. An' everybody laugh. Nice, eh? Ha-ha!"

"Well, I'll be hanged if you—a wop, a guinea—ain't got me stopped!" Paling, Mr. Puffendorf wiped sweat from an anguished forehead.

"You gotta me stop' too. I no like to leave my leetla store, my home. Me an' you, we each got odder one stop'. Me, one train. You, one train. Go like-a devil! Only one track. Toot-toot! Bang!" Mr. Giuseppe made an eloquent Latin gesture. "Everybody dead. Everyt'ing all smash up, so!"

From the heart Mr. Puffendorf groaned. A look almost of commiseration illumined Mr. Giuseppe's eye. Profoundly he pitied himself, and a trifle of that pity welled over for Mr. Puffendorf. For Mr. Giuseppe was an Italian, with facile Mediterranean emotions.

"'S too bad," he murmured, "'s too damn bad!"

"Ain't it?" agreed Mr. Puffendorf. "Ain't it now?"

"*Corpo di Bacco!*"

And at this juncture, behold, here came Martin Kenneally sauntering around the corner of Boomopolis Avenue and into Main Street.

"Mornin'! Mornin' to ye!" he hailed the disconsolate disputants. "Sure, it's a fine mornin', such as makes a man feel that the skin of a gooseberry covers all his enemies! Ain't it now?"

No very enthusiastic response greeted these cheerful remarks. Neither he from the Rialto nor he of real estate had heart for badinage. Martin cast an inquiring, appraising glance.

"Well, what's the matter here? Sure, ye both look as if the last rose o' summer had just fell off!"

"Trouble," murmured Mr. Giuseppe. "We both stop each other. Everyt'ing all smash up."

"Little disagreement," put in Mr. Puffendorf. "Can't seem to reach an understanding."

"Nothin' easier!" smiled Martin. "Flip a coin!"

"Coin? Coin?" asked Mr. Giuseppe.

"Great idea!" exclaimed Mr. Puffendorf. "See here, Giuseppe! If I win, I get the strip for my original offer of six hundred. If you win, we'll call it the fifty thousand I closed on."

"I take-a you!" enthusiastically cried Mr. Giuseppe, with a gambling gleam in his eye.

"Done!" rejoiced Mr. Puffendorf.

Mr. Giuseppe fished in his pockets, but found no coin. His every penny, as fast as taken in, always went into the cash register. Mr. Puffendorf fumbled, but brought forth only bank notes.

"Here ye are!" smiled Martin Kenneally producing a quarter. "One toss! What'll ye have?"

"Heads!" chose Mr. Puffendorf.

"Tails!" exclaimed Mr. Giuseppe.

The quarter, spinning high in air, twinkled, descended—and falling down a catch basin at the curb, forever vanished.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" gulped Martin.

"Same here!" Mr. Puffendorf ejaculated.

"No, no, she's answer us!" declared Mr. Giuseppe.

"What d'you mean—answer?" Mr. Puffendorf demanded.

"Ain't you see? You wrong, I wrong. You right, I right. Feefty-feefty! Dat mean—w'at you call?—arbitrate! Have a cigar!"

He handed Mr. Puffendorf a long, twisty *sigaro di Napoli* with a straw down the middle.

"Here, have one o' mine!"

And Mr. Puffendorf passed Mr. Giuseppe a rich black one with a gold band round its fat middle. While the amazed Martin speechlessly regarded them, both lighted up—from one match.

"Come along to my office till I write you a check!" invited Mr. Puffendorf. "I reckon we can sugar off a deal without goin' to no grovelin' court!"

"Sure I go!" accepted Mr. Giuseppe. "Two Americanos, w'at for they fight?"

Arm in arm, trailing smoke of exceedingly different quality, they departed. The revolving doors of the Puffendorf Building swallowed them. Martin Kenneally stared hard.

"What the hell?" he murmured. "Them two, ready to cut each other's hearts out the past couple o' weeks, an' now —— An' who gives me a cigar? An' how 'bout my quarter? What the hell?"

A moment he frowned; but presently a broad Celtic smile brightened his face.

"What's a quarter between Americans? And anyhow, speakin' o' fruit, ain't I been ahead o' the game for some time?"

Carefully choosing the choicest plum on Mr. Giuseppe's stand, he proceeded jovially down Main Street, while the sun continued to shine and Boomburg to boom.

"I should worry 'bout a quarter!" he communed with his blithe soul. "I should worry!"

Everything that's in a quart bottle of milk goes into this Carnation can—

except what you can draw from any faucet

IT is quite simple. Milk, as the diagram above shows, is partly water.

It is actually 87 per cent water. On the average, there are one and three-fourths pints of water in every quart of milk you buy.

All the vital elements which make milk Nature's most nearly perfect food—the butter fat, protein, carbohydrates, and minerals—are in the remaining quarter-pint.

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TRUST

(Continued from Page 4)

house at one o'clock of the morning. Taken to hospital and trephined for a depressed fracture of the skull, he had recovered consciousness long enough to say "The Grand got me." A sergeant reported that the policeman of the beat, an old-timer, had told him of having seen Murphy and a man whose face, though vaguely familiar, he could not immediately place as they got out of a taxi in front of the house at a little after midnight. Before Big Bill's dying deposition had been made, the policeman suddenly remembered the face that had puzzled him, and reported in that Jimmy the Grand had been with Big Bill.

The police had been watching for Jimmy for about three weeks, advised from Scotland Yard that he had sailed from Liverpool for New York under the name of Samuel Rogers. John remembered that name, because he knew a perfectly respectable Sam Rogers. The account went on to say that the Grand was under suspicion of having managed several big bank and other robberies some years before, but at the time of his sailing there had not been evidence enough to warrant his detention. Though English-born, he was a naturalized American citizen, provided with the papers of such in the name of Samuel Rogers.

So this was the criminal John sufficiently resembled to be arrested as of such identity?

From what John knew of Big Bill, club and Broadway gossip, he was no such spotless lily himself. John decided to keep his mouth shut and let police procedure take its course, if only to teach them a lesson in mistaking a minister's son in good standing for a felon and assassin.

The policeman came walking back.

"The bus is coming; but are you pretty sure about this man?"

"Sure I'm sure! Why?" The detective's surly tone suggested also that he was hurt, grieved and pained at such doubts cast at his capture. "This guy is the Grand, all right. Look at his map and his rig. The Grand was always a swell dresser. Worked the Lord Algy stuff to a frazzle. And there's his sketchin'. Besides, the Grand was a natural-born Britisher, and never could talk straight American. This here bird tries hard, but don't quite get away with it."

So much, John thought, for pure diction and a Harvard accent.

"Well, it looks like you must be right; but they say the Grand was brought into Jefferson Market half an hour ago. Grabbed off as he was goin' aboard the Boston boat."

"Then some bonehead has pulled himself the big laugh."

He glowered at John, sidelong, then shut his mouth in the complete fashion of a bulldog, with thick pursed lips. John also remained silent, in growing irritation. He did not object particularly to being arrested on a mistaken identity, but the close contact irked him. He thought of Saint Paul chained to the Roman soldier.

The patrol car arrived and drew up in front of the Aquarium. The loungers eyed it askance, roused to a sort of gloomy interest only as John and his captor got aboard and the ominous vehicle rolled off. John paid no heed to its direction. It had suddenly flashed into his mind that all this might explain certain incidents that had several times puzzled him while studying art in Paris two years before. Three or four times he had been accosted by well-dressed strangers who had apparently mistaken him for somebody else. Also he had once been pretty certain that his studio on the Boulevard Raspail had been overhauled in his absence.

He had not thought much about it at the time, reflecting that the French police system kept an exact *dossier* on visiting foreigners, and that also the close surveillance methods of the war might still linger to some extent. Let them go ahead and investigate him to their hearts' content. After all, this sort of precise official scrutiny of strangers was a protection, where such are well behaved, respectable, just as it was onerous for crooks.

But John now perceived that there might have been more back of it than he had guessed, and that it had been due not to any interest in his own affairs, but in those of some man whom he must strongly resemble—one of international criminal activities.

Pondering on this, he scarcely noticed when they stopped. Then in obedience to some order they went on again. No doubt his personality was to be compared to that of the other suspect, who probably was Jimmy the Grand. John began to feel an intense curiosity to see him. Such resemblances were not, he thought, entirely fortuitous. Nature does not work in that way. More probably there exists in these cases a remote blood kinship. John remembered that there was an English branch of Argents about which he knew nothing beyond the fact that it existed, just as is the case of many Americans.

They stopped in front of the old medieval-looking police station, where John was taken immediately to the desk and confronted by an officer with keen eyes and a stern but not forbidding face. He looked surprised at sight of John. Then a faint smile showed under the close-cropped mustache.

"What is your name?"

"John Van Rensselaer Argent, sir."

The officer nodded.

"Take 'em off," he said briefly to John's discomfited captor, who sullenly released him. "The mistake was natural, Mr. Argent. You're a dead ringer for this man the Grand as he looked a few years ago. You'll never be troubled this way again though," he added grimly.

"I think now it's happened before," John said, and described what had occurred in Paris.

The officer nodded.

"Yes, they know him over there. We wanted to see his double and pass the word around."

"Can I see him myself?" John asked.

"Sure! I don't think you will blame the detective when you do. Let's see, wasn't your father the Rev. Cornelius Argent?"

"Yes; rector of Our Saviour's."

"I know. Pretty raw to pick on you. Accidents will happen in the best regulated forces." The thin smile showed again. "Go give him the once over, if you like."

He jerked his head briefly at a police guard. John was shown back to a cell in which a man was sitting on the edge of a cot. He glanced up indifferently at the visitor, then rose, thrust his hands in the side pockets of his coat and stepped to the barred door. It did not strike John immediately that the resemblance between them was so striking as to lead to the error made, but on looking closer he was not so sure. They were of the same strong, lean, rangy physique; the same strongly featured type of face with its dominant salients of bony prominences; black wavy hair, dark blue eyes; and had the same wide mouth that because of cheeks very flat and lean seems pushed out a little.

The Grand smiled.

"Well, I'll be hanged! Did they drag you in?"

"'Drag' is right," John said. "But now that I've seen you, I don't blame this bull."

"Rum, isn't it? I've heard about you—in Paris. John Argent, aren't you?"

"Yes. It must have been some friends of yours that have spoken to me several times."

The Grand nodded. Like John, he was faultlessly dressed, had every well-bred and gentlemanly accent of speech and manner and appearance. Also like John, the harshness of his featuring was relieved by a touch of humor about the eyes and mouth, though where this was in John's case of a cheerful sort, it was in the Grand sardonic.

The guard, having looked curiously from one to the other of the two men, stepped down the corridor a few paces in answer to some call.

John lowered his voice a little.

"I'm afraid you're in pretty deep."

"Oh, I'm up the flue. I was in a jam and had to take a chance. This swine of a Big Bill had the goods on me. He was a nark, as we say in England—a stool pigeon."

"Tough stuff," John said. "Can I help?"

"Thanks, old chap, but you can't."

"I'm sorry. What was it about my etching that seemed to make this cop that pinched me so sure?"

"Etching? You're an etcher?" The Grand looked surprised. "I thought you were a moneyed idler. I say, that's rich! Another common trait. I'm officially recognized as a master engraver. We seem to touch on quite a lot of points. Not so bally odd, though."

"Why not?"

"My mother was an Argent—the English branch. I once hunted up the ancestry to a ripe old egg of a Grand Master of Knights Templars, the Baron du Bois d'Argent. When he wasn't busy at my own line, freebooting, he made beautiful maps. And do you know, this old boy's portrait looks exactly like you—or me. Same indigo eyes and deep gash straight down between 'em, and across the cheeks."

He laughed.

John glanced round. The guard was talking to a man in plain clothes, several paces away.

"Look here, if money can help you ——"

"It can't, but it's jolly decent of you. I'm in too deep. They've got a straight case on me. I slipped in that slimy vestibule and clapped my open palm against the plaster wall. They took an impression just now. That does it."

"All the same, there might be something ——"

"You are a good sort. I'd be a swine to get you in the mess, even if there was anything you could do. Think what people would say—with a resemblance like ours!"

"I don't care a hang what they say. I want to do something."

The Grand looked up suddenly.

"Well, there is something you can do then, but not for me. I was going to trust it to a woman, but after what you've just said I'd a lot rather it was you. Never can tell about women, and you're a kinsman of sorts." He slipped a ring from his little finger and handed it to John. "Show this signet to one Hobbs, George Hobbs, waiter at the Ambassador Hotel, breakfast room. Tell him to give you an envelope addressed to me, Ralph Jones. That's my respectable name. Got that much?"

"George Hobbs, breakfast room waiter, Ambassador Hotel. Envelope addressed to Ralph Jones."

"Right! There's a chart in it. It's no good to anybody unless they know the place it fits. That's John's Island, John's Bay, coast of Maine. The middle of the western side. Now repeat."

"George Hobbs—Ralph Jones—middle of western side—John's Island—John's Bay, Maine."

"Right! You can find it on the map. Apply the directions on the face of the chart and you'll find a bale of money. It's all clean money. I want you to secure that and turn it over to Miss Alwyn Ashwell, when she comes of age—Miss Alwyn Ashwell."

"Wait a sec!" John hurriedly repeated the data. "Where is she?"

"Ambassador Hotel. Got it all straight?"

"Yes. I'll do it—let you know. My time's up. Here comes the guard."

"Thanks awfully. If you feel like shaking hands ——"

They exchanged a strong grip. John did not wait for the guard to tell him that the interview must end. He was in a hurry to get out and jot down a part of the data just given him. And he was suddenly conscious

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of an emotion that gave him, as the French say, *le cœur gros*—a swelled and stifling heart.

III

BACK in his studio apartment in the Beaux Arts, John flung himself down on a window seat to think. It was plain enough by this time that the Grand's foresight in making a cache of negotiable funds against emergency had provided for just such a hopeless jam as that in which he now found himself. The idea was clever, John thought. A descriptive chart would have left him dependent on the honesty of the person to whom he intrusted it. But a sketched local chart, with directions only as to how this should be used inscribed thereon, would be of no use to anybody in ignorance of what small area on the earth's surface it was a map.

This information the Grand had now imparted to him. John's Island in John's Bay, whatever part of the Maine coast that might be. A small island, probably to some part of which the chart might be readily adapted.

It was also evident to John that the Grand must have felt for himself the same immediate bond of sympathy that John had experienced for the Grand—in the latter case not merely pity. Robber and killer the man might be, a freebooter like that Grand Master of Knights Templars who had doubtless been their common ancestor, and from whom the Grand had inherited the rapacious traits, while to John had been transmitted only the craftsman's.

The Grand, in a word, was an avatar of this robber baron, who in his more peaceful periods had, it seems, been a skilled maker of the maps of his period. Perhaps he had cut them cunningly and laboriously from boxwood or lignum vitæ. And so strongly had this nice faculty for a science and an art been scored into the talents of the Knight Templar that here it was cropping out in these two descendants like the physical featuring; John was already an etcher of promise and the Grand had said that he himself had been at one time an engraver of recognized ability.

Such gifts, when pronounced to the degree of distinct talent, or what is called genius, were after all a matter of heredity, John decided; not an infinite capacity for taking pains, though that helped, or some memory carried over from a previous incarnation of the ego, or mentality, but merely physical inheritance from a progenitor with a certain sort of brain; a cerebrum that had become shaped that way as the result of effort in an art or craft pursued through several generations.

John perceived also that the Grand was more unfortunate than criminal in having inherited more than his share of both sides of the Knight Templar's nature. The restraining influences could not have been very great to start with, and succeeding generations did not appear to have cultivated them in his case. Measures that may have contributed to the puissance of a Knight Templar of the Baron du Bois d'Argent's time led in these days to the gallows or the chair.

It was not surprising that the Grand should have trusted John so implicitly and at first sight. The man, for all his hardness, had been deeply moved at John's offer of assistance, no matter at what cost to social prestige that was bound to result from their strong resemblance. Nobody would doubt for a moment but that a close relationship must exist, possibly of a bâton-sinister sort.

Moreover, the fact of John's being a rich man would allay any doubt of the Grand lest he be tempted to play false to so singular a trust. But John preferred to believe that no such doubt had for a moment presented itself

Nevertheless he wondered a little at the Grand's precipitation. There should be plenty of time for more detailed instructions, with the clearing up of certain points now obscure as to John's trusteeship. He desired urgently to know who and what Miss Alwyn Ashwell might be, to the world and to the Grand; why he so strongly desired her to have this inheritance, and what might be her present circumstances. Since this girl was still under age and a guest at the Ambassador, then it looked as if she were the daughter of wealth, and would not therefore be apt to know the Grand in his criminal identity. He had said that the letter in the keeping of Hobbs the waiter bore his respectable name, so the chances were, John thought, that he was known in this respect to Alwyn, and perhaps to Hobbs also. It was therefore incumbent on John to proceed warily.

The Grand, he reflected, might just as well have cleared up these points a little later instead of being in such a rush. John, posing as a distant relative, could have access to him, though perhaps their interview would have to be carried on in the presence of a guard. The chances were that the Grand desired not only to keep his criminality a secret from those to whom he was known as Ralph Jones, gentleman of leisure, or whatever he had posed for, but also, in his gratitude to this rare friend and distant kinsman, he wished urgently to keep John's name out of his affair. Whatever predilection or force of circumstance had led him into crime, the Grand was unquestionably a man of culture and a sportsman. Every accent of speech, course of action and physical appearance clearly indicated that.

A part of the solution was presented to John in the next morning's paper, which he read at about seven while sipping the cup of tea brought him before rising. The Grand was dead.

The account was meager. Something in his immobility early in the evening had prompted an investigation. An autopsy had showed death due to poisoning by cyanide of potash, concealed doubtless in his clothes. Well, barring the undetermined future state of the soul of a suicide, that was no doubt the best that could have happened him, as the case against the Grand was now complete for premeditated murder. Cheated the chair? Well, "cheating" did not seem quite the word to John. Why not say that he had saved expense to the state?

So this was the reason for his haste. Having put his earthly house in order, he saw no further use in going through with the unpleasant procedure of a trial, conviction and ignominious switching off at the hands of a professional enemy, the law. Perhaps also he desired to avoid as much as possible the chance of his other identity becoming known in the course of such procedure, which would have been apt to happen on the publication of court-room character sketches, where the traits of personality are apt to be more pronouncedly depicted than in the reproduction of a photograph. Or he may have feared that others might be involved, John amongst them.

So that was that. John was sorry, but could not help a feeling of relief. He had not accepted the Grand's refusal of his offer to assist, if possible; but further reflection had shown him that a continued interest in this direction was bound to be attended with a good deal of unpleasant notoriety. He could visualize the press leaders:

Rich New Yorker Offers His Fortune in Defense of Murderer. John Van Rensselaer Argent, Son of Late Rev. Cornelius Argent, Interested in Case of Jimmy the Grand. Mystery Involved in Striking Likeness of the Scion of Wealth and the International Master Thief. And so on *ad nauseam*.

John whipped out of bed and telephoned to the police station, requesting that the body of Jimmy the Grand be held in the morgue, as a friend of the deceased desired to provide for its interment. As the Grand had not yet been convicted of any crime at all, John could see no obstacle in the way of its burial in the consecrated ground of a nonsectarian cemetery. But before proceeding with this, he desired to get that letter from George Hobbs, waiter.

It was a good hour in which to see Hobbs. There was the danger that if the man was aware of the criminal identity of Ralph Jones, and had learned of his arrest and suicide, then Hobbs might suspect that the letter had to do with the disposition of hidden funds and hold out for a price or share in their amount. John dressed hastily, telephoned for his high-powered two seater and drove down to the Ambassador Hotel. On entering the breakfast room he was saved the trouble of looking for Hobbs. A middle-aged waiter with every mark of a trained British serving man caught sight of him as he entered, stared for a moment, then approached in an expectant manner. There was a sort of deferential friendliness about him—his bald crown, sideboards, faded eyes and large high-bridged nose over a tucked-in mouth.

"You are Hobbs?"

"George Hobbs, sir, beg pardon, sir."

"I've come on an errand for Mr. Ralph Jones, but I may as well have some coffee and eggs while about it."

"This way, please, sir." He led the way to a table and drew back a chair. "I 'ope Mr. Jones is well, sir. And where might he be at this moment?"

Argent ignored the question, merely turning the signet on his finger.

"I suppose you recognize this ring?"

An expression of surprise showed for an instant on Hobbs' face.

"Oh, very well, sir."

"Mr. Jones asked me to show it to you and tell you to give me the letter addressed to him."

Hobbs looked upset.

"There now, I do 'ope I 'aven't been 'ad, sir."

"Had by whom?"

"By Miss Ashwell, a lady friend of Mr. Jones', sir. Miss Ashwell called up on the telephone just as I was going on this morning. She asked for me and said she had 'eard from Mr. Jones, who wished her to get the letter from me and would I bring it up. So up I went, passing by my room to get the letter from my trunk ——"

He paused as if uncertain how to proceed.

"Did you give her the letter—without being shown any ring?"

"Well, I could 'ardly 'elp myself. She snatched it like, and when I asked to see the ring, said that Mr. Jones had wired her to forward on this letter right away and there had been no time to send the ring. Miss Ashwell is 'igh-tempered, sir."

"Didn't it occur to you that in that case he would have wired you direct?"

"It did when too late, sir. Miss Ashwell 'ad the letter and I could 'ardly make a scene. It's worried me a lot, as my instructions from Mr. Jones were to wait for the ring. But I 'oped that might have been in case he sent a stranger for the letter."

"Then Miss Ashwell is not a stranger to you?"

"Oh, no, sir. I had seen her often on the Riviera and in Paris when in the service of Mr. Jones. I knew that Miss Ashwell was an intimate friend of 'is in whom he 'ad every confidence. . . . Coffee? And 'ow do you like your heggs, sir?"

"Poached and with a rasher of bacon."

Hobbs, having filled the order, seemed rather to avoid him, John thought; as if the man feared that he had betrayed a trust and desired to escape reproach, or possible further questioning. Since there appeared to be nothing more to say, John finished his coffee and eggs, paid his bill and left. The rest of the morning and a part of the afternoon he spent in arranging for the decent interment of Ralph Jones' remains. Thief, slayer and suicide the man might have been; but John felt not only under a certain obligation for the trust reposed in him but had no doubt whatever but that there had been a remote blood kinship between them.

At four in the afternoon he drove again to the Ambassador, where he sent up his card on which he wrote, "In the interest of Mr. Ralph Jones." Word came immediately that Miss Ashwell would come down. Hobbs' statement had considerably altered John's mental picture of this young lady. He now thought she would probably prove to be a common pampered girl of no social background, sophisticated and of ungoverned impulses. Hobbs had said that she was 'igh-tempered, which might be translated into violently bad-tempered.

This, then, would be the sort of ward with which John found himself saddled as trustee. And the fact that she had acted so promptly to secure the envelope in the keeping of Hobbs seemed clearly to indicate that she had known the criminal identity of Ralph Jones, and of his having committed suicide. But what she had not known, John thought, was that the chart could be of no use to anybody who was ignorant of the place to which it might be applied.

It looked now as if he might be in for a stormy scene with some sort of common if luxuriously housed young termagant. John was therefore a good deal astonished when presently he found himself indicated by one of the bell boys to a mature and altogether pretty and charming girl who had about her every evidence of good breeding, good manners and a frank but gentle look of modesty. Physically she was of the athletic, fresh-complexioned English sort, with ruddy burnished uncut hair; and though well dressed, yet not in the very latest style.

"Mr. Argent?" she asked in a pleasing voice.

John bowed. Here certainly was not the sort of girl that one would expect to snatch a letter from the hand of Hobbs or to fit his description of 'igh-tempered, unless perhaps affronted in some way. The rather square boyish face, with its firm little chin, suggested, however, that in such a case she might act and speak with plenty of decision.

"I see by your card that you have come from Mr. Jones. Won't you sit down?" She led the way to an unoccupied corner of the room; then as they seated themselves glanced at John's face and smiled. "You must be a close relation of his."

"Distant. We appear to have our resemblance from a remote ancestor. I came to ask you, Miss Ashwell, why you were in such a hurry to get that letter from his former manservant Hobbs."

She looked very much surprised.

"But I don't know anything about any letter."

"You're Miss Alwyn Ashwell, aren't you?"

"Yes, of course. But it might have been my sister Paula."

"Oh, I didn't know that you had a sister Paula. My instructions from Mr. Jones were only to get this letter myself from Hobbs and employ it for the benefit of Miss Alwyn Ashwell. Was Mr. Jones a close friend of yours, may I ask?"

"No, not of mine, though I liked him tremendously. He and my sister have known each other off and on in Paris for a number of years. But why do you say 'was'? Has anything happened to him?"

"I am very sorry to say that Mr. Jones is dead."

Alwyn clasped her hands quickly; her gray eyes showed genuine distress.

"Oh, I am sorry. I thought him such a splendid man. He seemed very strong. What was it—an accident?"

"Heart failure," John answered truthfully enough. "This letter was about a legacy he wanted to leave you."

She looked surprised, and shook her head.

"Then it really must be Paula, Mr. Argent. There is no reason why he should have wanted to leave anything to me. But he was very fond of Paula."

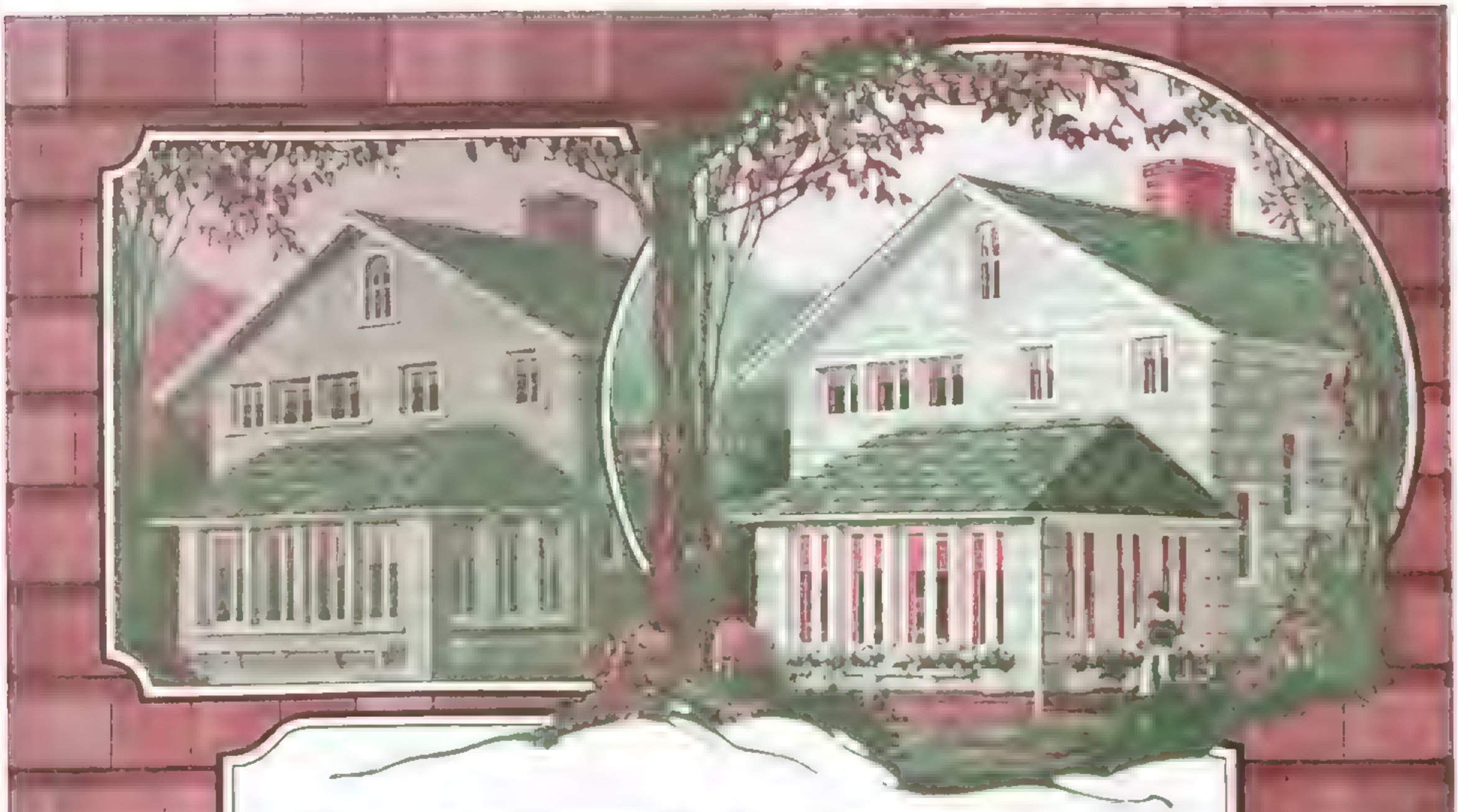
"He distinctly said Miss Alwyn Ashwell. I could not have got it wrong, because I did not know that there was a Paula. But what you tell me explains why Hobbs should have given the letter to your sister this morning. Is she in the hotel?"

"No; I expect her back about six."

"Then I had better wait. May I ask you not to mention to her what I have just told you until I have talked with her?"

Alwyn seemed to stiffen a little.

(Continued on Page 117)



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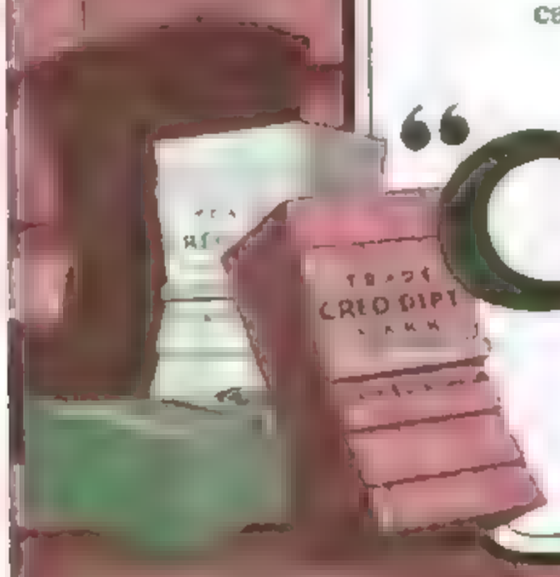

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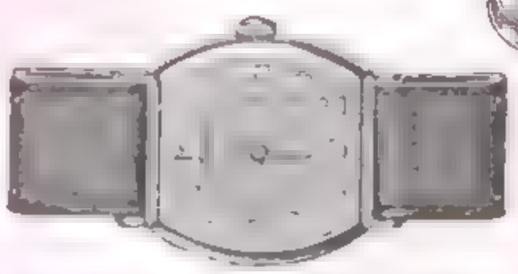
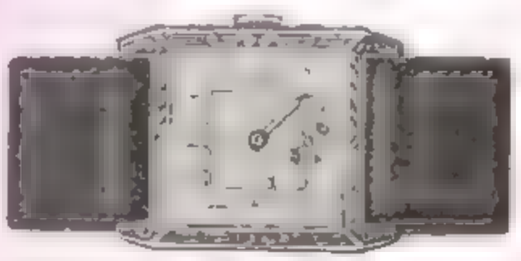
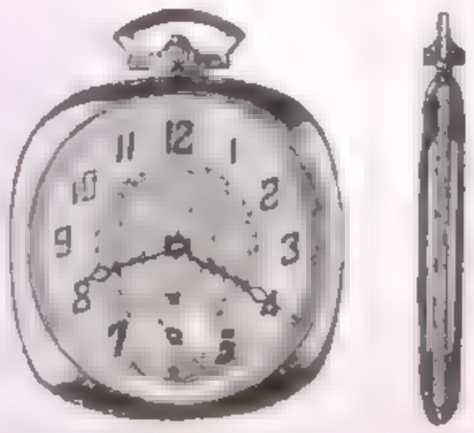


3155—Bulova Quality filled white or green; 17 jewel; radium dial.....$28.50

39734—14 kt. solid gold, handsomely carved; 17 jewel; radium dial.....$85.00
Bulova Quality filled, 17 jewel $50.00



39724 14 kt solid gold, handsomely carved, 17 jewel, radium dial. . $75.00
Bulova Quality filled, 17 jewel $37.50



474—14 kt. solid white gold, hand carved; very thin, 17 jewel.....$125.00
Bulova Quality filled, 17 jewel.....$50.00

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BULOVA WATCHES have long been known as the *"blue bloods"* of the watch industry—probably because of their regal beauty, their princely precision, their nobility of purpose.

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6724—18 kt. solid white gold, hand carved; 17 jewel.....$50.00
Bulova Quality filled, 15 jewel.$35.00

5728—18 kt. solid white gold, hand carved, set with 8 sapphires; 17 jewel $[illegible]

WATCHES

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5[illegible]—18 kt. solid white gold, platinum top, set with 12 diamonds and 12 sapphires, 17 jewel. $175.00

6965—18 kt. solid white gold, hand carved, 2 diamonds and 4 sapphires set in platinum; 17 jewel. $75.00

6520-S—14 kt. solid white gold, hand carved; set with 4 sapphires; 15 jewel. $50.00

4714—18 kt. solid white gold, hand carved; 17 jewel. $60.00

6514—14 kt. solid white gold, hand carved; 15 jewel $37.50

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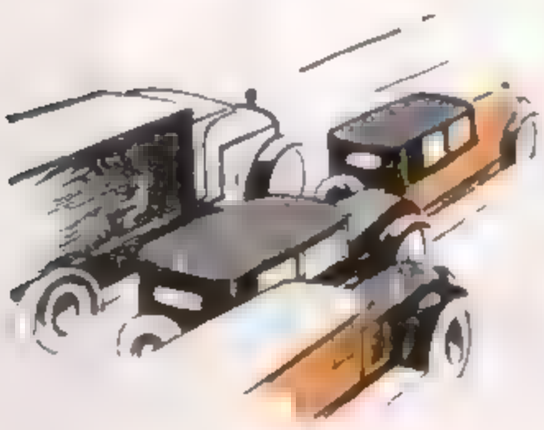

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(Continued from Page 112)

"That's hardly necessary, Mr. Argent. If Paula got this letter from Hobbs, it must have been because she was acting in my interest. She is a good deal older, and is devoted to me."

"My reason for asking this," John said, "is merely because I find myself in a position of trust to carry out Mr. Jones' behest to you. My instructions were to take charge of this fund and see that it was secured for you on your coming of age. But without this document which Hobbs gave your sister my hands are absolutely tied."

"I don't think you need worry, Mr. Argent. Whatever action Paula might take would be entirely in my interest. Perhaps she may know of some reason why Mr. Jones should have wanted to leave me this legacy, for I'm sure I don't. He was always very kind to me, but Paula was his particular friend."

"Did Hobbs know about you? Did he know there was another Miss Ashwell?"

"Of course he did. He was with Mr. Jones when I first knew the latter in Cairo. Paula had known Mr. Jones before that in Paris and presented him to father and myself."

"Is your mother living, Miss Ashwell?"

"No, she died when I was a little girl. Father died about two years ago."

As there did not seem to be any more to say to this girl, John rose. He felt that there was something out of order here, but it was evident that Alwyn would resent any implication that her sister might be playing the game on her own personal account. John therefore told her that he would call again a little after six, in the hope that Miss Ashwell might have returned by that time and be willing to spare him a few moments.

Turning the matter in his mind as he drove away, John felt pretty certain that Paula, like himself, would have no more than one of the two keys necessary to unlock this box. The Grand had probably confided in her only to the extent of telling her that the chart was in Hobbs' possession, but without giving her the name of the place to which this chart might be applied, withholding this information to send her at the last moment, if he so decided. The mere fact of his having accepted John's services would indicate that he had for his own good reasons preferred to trust John rather than Paula.

At half past six John returned to the hotel and sent up his name. He was kept waiting only a few minutes, when a bell boy approached to indicate him to a woman so unlike Alwyn that it was difficult to believe there could be any blood relationship at all. John found himself confronted by a very striking personality, that of a distinctly pretty woman in her early thirties, dark, full figured, who gave the impression of that intensified vitality associated with the Slavic races.

He perceived also that Paula was keyed up to any tune he might see fit to start. Though by no means bristling, she fairly radiated a sort of animal magnetism—from the negative pole; currents that thrust out from her. But the anode as well as cathode of her would be in working order; and once she discovered John to be in possession of something she desired, as he firmly believed himself to be, the current might be suddenly reversed to draw this out.

Paula acknowledged his bow briefly. Her slaty eyes, rather widely set under a broad brow on which the hair grew low, lightened a little, then took on an Oriental blankness. She seemed almost to sniff at him with her straight low-bridged nose, not in the usual sense of the word, implying disdain, but testingly, like a cat.

"Will you not sit down, Mr. Argent? I believe you wished to speak to me about Mr. Ralph Jones. I should say you were a relative of his."

"Distant, Miss Ashwell. May I ask if you have any news of him?"

"None that you would be apt to admit the truth of, Mr. Argent, unless you can verify it yourself. But I am convinced that Mr. Jones is dead. I have reason to believe that he died last night at ten minutes past twelve."

"What sort of reason, Miss Ashwell?"

"The best, for those who happen to be gifted in a certain way. I saw Ralph distinctly standing by the window of my room, looking at me in a troubled way, last night as I was getting ready for bed. I knew immediately what had happened to him. What was it?"

"Heart failure. So that was why you telephoned this morning to Hobbs?"

"Yes; I hadn't any doubt at all. That sort of thing runs in my family. And it was natural that Ralph should come to me, because we were—well, very close friends."

John felt that she was lying. He did not deny the possibility of such spiritistic communion—was inclined to believe in it; but he had now a strong conviction that the woman was cleverly offering this explanation to cover her knowledge of the actual fact. More than this, John did not believe that she had ever been anything to the Grand—either as such or as Ralph Jones—his sweetheart or mistress, or had any sort of claim on him at all. The Grand was the sort to pay his debts, and he had named Alwyn as beneficiary.

"A few hours before Mr. Jones died," John said, "he asked me to get that letter from Hobbs and to use it in the interest of Miss Alwyn Ashwell."

"Ah, but he did not say Alwyn, did he? Just Miss Ashwell, I am sure."

"No, there can be no mistake. He not only said Alwyn Ashwell but he added, 'as soon as she comes of age.'"

"Really, Mr. Argent? You will forgive me if I say that what you tell me is rather hard for me to understand. Alwyn was nothing to Ralph beyond a young girl friend, while I was—well, rather more than that. Who else was there when he told you that he wished to leave the legacy to Alwyn?"

"Nobody else. We were alone together."

"Indeed?" One of her straight narrow eyebrows arched upward, the other retaining its thin horizontal. "And where was that?"

"In his room at this institution for the treatment of such cases as his. He was buried this afternoon in Greenwood Cemetery."

"Wasn't that—very expeditious?"

"He particularly desired that there should be no funeral, and I expected that I should have to start on a journey tonight. Of course, if you decline to take my word about this, Miss Ashwell, there is nothing for me to do but to retire from the case. I can no more secure this property left by Mr. Jones without the data in your possession than you can recover it, I imagine, without the information he gave me. The fact that he gave me his signet ring also, and told me that Hobbs had instructions to deliver the letter to the person who presented it, would seem to show that at the last moment Mr. Jones decided to make me his executor."

Paula nodded assent. Her expression showed no anger or resentment that John could detect. She appeared merely to be turning the matter in her mind. It was probable, John thought, that Alwyn had disregarded his request that she say nothing to her sister about their interview. She had, no doubt, told Paula all about it; and now, on looking John over, Paula was evidently keen enough to perceive that he was not the type of man on whom any bullying or persuasion of hers would have the least effect. For she said in a throaty voice, like that of the polyglot who turns at ease from one tongue to another:

"I must admit that I am surprised and a little hurt at what you tell me, Mr. Argent, though of course I quite understand your position. I can't understand why Mr. Jones should have decided to put the matter in other hands than mine; or, to be frank, why he should have wanted to leave what he had to Alwyn. The chances are that he thought I had money of my own, and he may have learned that our father left very little. He was taken ill and died just as he was on the verge of putting through a big promoting scheme, and without his handling it fell through."

"Then you are half sisters, Miss Ashwell?"

"Yes. Didn't Alwyn tell you that? My mother was Russian."

This, of course, explained the wide difference in type of the two, Alwyn's being markedly Anglo-Saxon and Paula with all the featuring of the Slav. And the dissimilarity would not be merely physical, John thought.

He said then, "Miss Alwyn told me very little."

Paula seemed to reflect.

"Well, all this puts a different aspect on the matter, Mr. Argent. I had understood from Mr. Jones that he wanted me to be his beneficiary—not that it would have mattered so far as Alwyn's welfare was concerned—so when I had reason to believe that he was dead and had recovered from the shock a little, it occurred to me that it might be just as well to get the letter from Hobbs before he learned that his former master had passed over."

This, John reflected, had been precisely his own idea. But in his case it was based on the knowledge of Ralph Jones' criminal character, and the belief that Hobbs also was quite aware of it. In that case the waiter, suspecting that the letter might have to do with the disposition of funds, was apt to hold it back for a price. John now believed that Paula herself knew Ralph Jones to be Jimmy the Grand, who had been arrested for the murder of Big Bill Murphy; that she had seen the account in the paper, and on learning of his suicide she had acted immediately to get the letter from Hobbs. And it was pretty certain, John thought, that Paula would now hold out for a share.

He was therefore a good deal astonished, and still suspicious, when Paula nodded as if to herself, then said, "Then as matters stand, there is nothing for me to do but to give you the chart. Please excuse me for a moment, Mr. Argent."

She rose with the lithe, sinuous movement of a performing leopardess and walked to the elevator. John, reseating himself, wondered what sort of trick would come next. Everything about Paula inspired him with an instinctive distrust. She was too smooth, too plausible, not the sort to accept defeat without some effort to get the situation either in her own control or at the very least to have some sort of stake in the game.

John waited. Twenty minutes passed. Then Paula entered and with no commentary handed him a square envelope addressed in a firm masculine hand to Ralph Jones, Esq.

"There is the chart, Mr. Argent. As you say, it is no good to anybody who does not know even the country to which it must be applied. But even if I had the other data, it would make no difference, after what you have told me."

John bowed.

"You pay me, an entire stranger, a very high compliment, Miss Ashwell."

"No, it's really not that. I have my intuitions; and you are so strikingly like Ralph, who, with all his oblique reasonings and points of view, was really the soul of honor. Besides, I can't imagine his mistaking a dishonest man for an honest one. Since he trusted you so implicitly, the least tribute I can pay him is to do the same."

John was rather dazed. He wished now that he could rid his whole mental system of the profound distrust with which this beautiful woman infused it. He slipped from the envelope a sheet of twice-folded thin paper on which was drawn in ink the fragment of a chart, gave it a brief glance, then replaced it in the envelope. He looked up to find Paula's eyes resting on him with a look of tolerant reproach.

"Now that you see how implicitly I trust you, Mr. Argent, you might at least have a little more confidence in me."

"I can't help wondering just how much you knew about Ralph Jones."

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"Then I might as well tell you. I knew that several years ago he had been under international police surveillance, which might have made it difficult if not quite impossible for him to live in this country. In fact he told me almost as much as that himself. He told me also that he had put a large sum of money in cash where it would be accessible if at any moment he was obliged to get under cover for a while. He told me about Hobbs and his having this chart, with orders to give it to any person who might present Ralph's signet ring with a demand for it. But he did not tell me where the place was, and of course I didn't ask. He gave me to understand, though, that in the event of his sudden death he wished me to be his beneficiary."

"Why?"

"Because he was fond of me, and he had no other claims upon him. I have always believed that he had got involved in some business scandal and been made the scapegoat, and might even have killed some person who was blackmailing him. That would have frightened most women, but it merely interested me the more in him."

For the first time in their interview, John was able to believe her. But the feeling of profound distrust still remained.

"Besides the manifestation you spoke of, had you any reason to suppose that he was dead?" John asked.

"Well, since you know about him, I might as well admit that I had. Ralph had once told me that there was just one man who might still get him into a great deal of trouble—the Big Bill Murphy who was found yesterday morning in the vestibule of his house, and who died after being operated on in the hospital. Knowing that, I naturally guessed that Ralph must be the former criminal known as Jimmy the Grand. The description tallied. I did not know whether Hobbs knew that his former master had been a member of the underworld, so I called him up to find out. He came up here and brought me the chart."

"And he made no protest at your taking it without showing him the ring?"

"He was upset a little, but I managed to reassure him. I explained that the ring was only necessary in the case of a stranger. Hobbs knew of the friendship between Ralph and me. I now believe Ralph must have seen this coming and thought it possible that he might need the money for his defense, in case something of this sort happened. Why he should want Alwyn to have it, I can't imagine. But since you assure me that he did, and wished you to be his executor or trustee, then all that I can do is to give you the chart."

Convincingly spoken, John was bound to admit. He admired Paula's self-control. It must have been infuriating for her to feel that one uttered word stood between her and a heap of money, would roll back the rock that blocked the treasure of one thief, if not of forty. She must, John reflected, feel like getting that Ali Baba which was himself by the throat and choking it off the end of his lips. He rose.

"As I have tried already to say, you do me tremendous honor, Miss Ashwell. I ought, I think, to tell you just how I happen to come into this. Ralph Jones, alias Jimmy the Grand, may be a relative of mine—probably was; but I had never heard of him until yesterday. Then while etching in Battery Park I was handcuffed to a policeman and taken to jail on suspicion of being the Grand. That's how we got acquainted."

Paula stared at him, first incredulous, then nodded.

"Yes, that's not surprising—nor his trusting you, either."

"He guessed who I was."

"And who is that?"

"My father was rector of a big church two blocks west of here. He was very highly esteemed. In fact my direct ancestors have been well considered in this town since they edged the Indians off the island. They have also passed on little farms they held on it in one form and another. So Ralph must have felt fairly safe in taking a chance. I like to think he would have anyway." John rose and bowed. "I can only repeat that I am very greatly honored by your confidence in me, Miss Ashwell. I shall put all other engagements aside to secure this money immediately for Miss Alwyn, then act on the best conservative advice for investing it so that it may begin to bear interest immediately."

He did his utmost, which was good, to put the ring of sincerity in his voice. This took some doing, since, whereas up to that moment John had been suspicious of Paula's readiness to give up the chart, he was now convinced that she was playing some deep and crafty game. He managed also to meet her frank look ingenuously as he took his leave, saying that he would report immediately on the result of his quest—one by the way in which John had not the slightest hope of finding anything at all.

For as an etcher, designer, draftsman who had considerable experience in hand tracery with pen and pencil, dry-point needle and stylus, it had needed but one brief glance at the chart to assure John that it was recent and a sham. The masculine square hand that had addressed the envelope with a strong and positive stroke was not the same as that which had in hesitating fashion drawn the chart.

IV

AS JOHN drove from the hotel to his club, he reflected that the affair as it now stood was of a sort that threatened not only impossibility of achievement but put him in grave danger of being seriously discredited in the eyes of Alwyn Ashwell.

The chart given him by Paula was most obviously a fake. The first step necessary therefore was to prove to Alwyn that it was a fake. Otherwise Paula would persuade her that she had intrusted it to John because there seemed nothing else to do, and that he had gone to the spot described to him by Ralph Jones, recovered the money and placed it to his own account, reporting to Alwyn and Paula that he had failed to find the spot to which the chart was alleged to correspond.

John had investigated the location and found it to be an uninhabited island off Pemaquid; but as an up-to-date American and no poor man of affairs, he disliked the idea of leaving a large amount of money planted anywhere indefinitely, even on an uninhabited island. One could never tell nowadays. Somebody might come along and take a fancy to that island and buy it and start in to overhaul it, building a sea wall or leveling or something of the sort. Besides, he felt it his duty as trustee to put that money immediately to work. His Biblical training reviewed the parable of the just steward and he desired to be one. He was willing to take the Grand's word that this money at least was clean. Alwyn need never know that her benefactor had been a criminal. It was the hour for investment and it would be pleasant to turn over not only the original fund but an interest accrued and accruing on which a lady might live without touching her capital.

It would not be difficult, John thought, to prove to Alwyn that the drawing was very recent, not made by the same hand that had directed the envelope, presumably that of Ralph Jones, and that moreover whoever drew it had done so in a very uncertain and hesitating manner. Any expert of the sort called in court to pass and testify on cases of suspected forgery would be able to do this, John opined. Paula had not been aware that John, by virtue of his craftsmanship, was himself enough of an expert so that his suspicions must be immediately aroused. Furthermore, she had committed the not unusual mistake of underrating the general intelligence of her adversary. She had, perhaps, got some sort of line on who he was before their interview, if only at the desk of the hotel, where his name and position would be known, as he had often lunched there with his aunt.

It was necessary therefore to talk to Alwyn alone, and as soon as possible. John

(Continued on Page 121)

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For waxing a large expanse of flooring we recommend the use of a Johnson's Wax Electric Polisher—or any other good electric floor polisher. You can rent a Johnson's Wax Electric Polisher by the day or week from any store maintaining a Johnson Service Department. Identify them by this sign

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All you do is spread a thin, even coat of Johnson's Liquid Wax on the floor with a lamb's-wool mop. This dries in a few minutes—then polish with a weighted floor brush—a few brisk strokes will bring up a fine polish. For large surfaces we recommend an electric wax polisher.

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Why? Because when the wax is rubbed in thoroughly, the thin film on the surface protects the linoleum. A daily going over with a hair broom takes the dust right up. The entire monthly cleaning and waxing cost was about a quarter of a cent per square foot."

All the leading manufacturers of linoleum recommend Johnson's Liquid Wax for polishing, preserving and protecting inlaid, plain and battleship linoleum.

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Records show that in one large telephone building ***the entire cleaning, waxing, and labor costs on thousands of square feet of linoleum average about a quarter of a cent per square foot per month.***"

Johnson's Liquid Wax is the proper finish and polish for all floors—large or small—in offices, hospitals, institutions, schools, clubs, hotels—and in the home. In many cities there are firms that offer an electric waxing service for floors and linoleum. Write for particulars.

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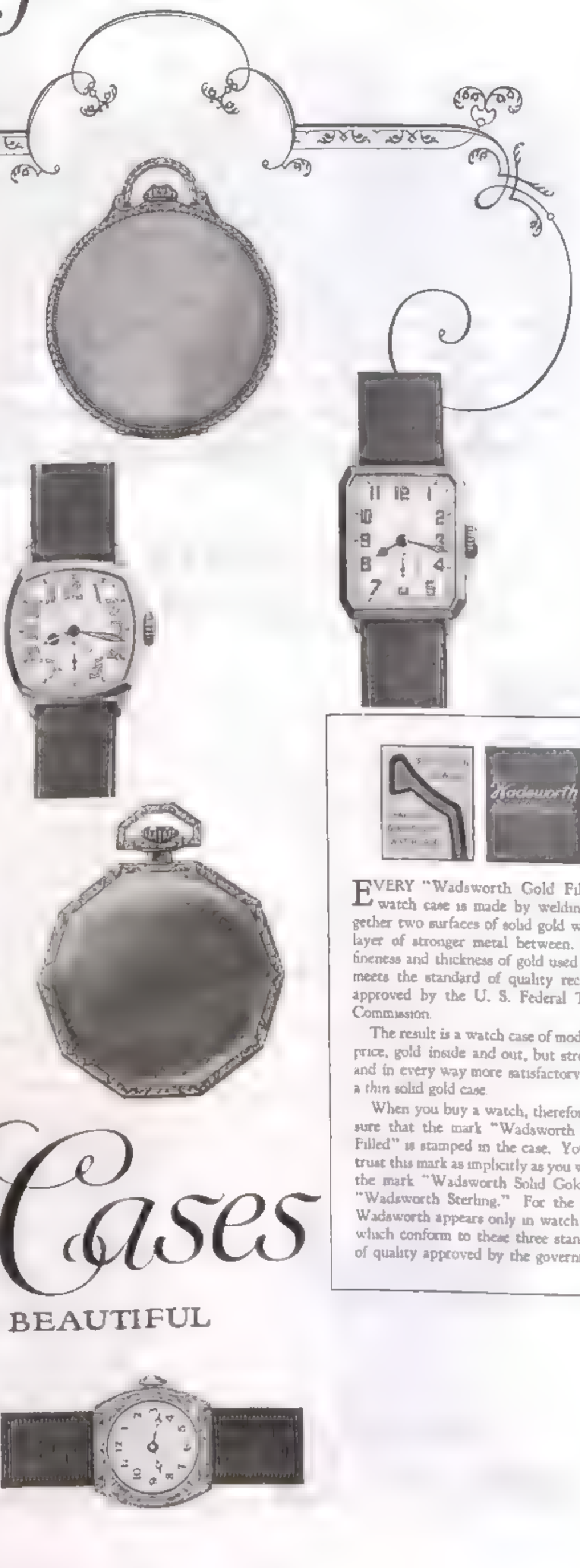

TODAY, more than ever before, a watch is recognized as an important mark of its wearer's good taste and prestige. Naturally, these things are first of all reflected in the case.

It is the case which determines the degree of pride with which a watch will be worn and consulted in the presence of others, just as it is the movement which determines the degree of timekeeping satisfaction it will return.

Knowing this, Wadsworth has sought out rare designs from all ages and distant lands and adapted them to the creation of fine watch cases, as illustrated here. Their chief aim has been to make your watch a source of lasting pride and satisfaction, as well as to give sturdy protection to the delicate works which make it go.

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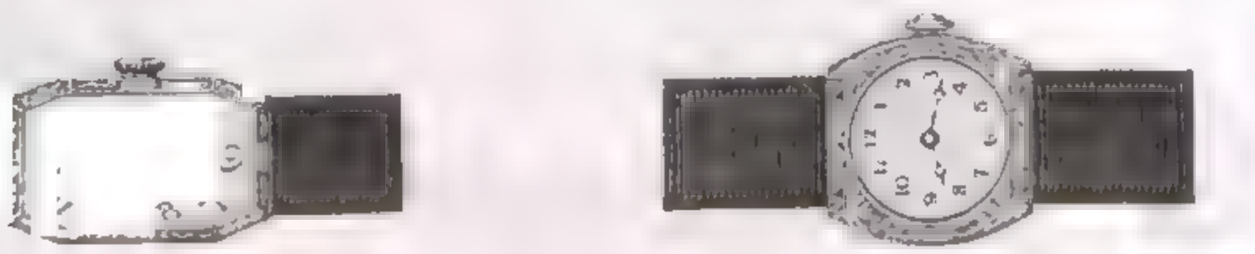
EVERY "Wadsworth Gold Filled" watch case is made by welding together two surfaces of solid gold with a layer of stronger metal between. The fineness and thickness of gold used fully meets the standard of quality recently approved by the U. S. Federal Trade Commission.

The result is a watch case of moderate price, gold inside and out, but stronger and in every way more satisfactory than a thin solid gold case.

When you buy a watch, therefore, be sure that the mark "Wadsworth Gold Filled" is stamped in the case. You can trust this mark as implicitly as you would the mark "Wadsworth Solid Gold" or "Wadsworth Sterling." For the name Wadsworth appears only in watch cases which conform to these three standards of quality approved by the government

Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL



Continued from Page 118

succeeded the next morning in locating a handwriting expert, then at about ten got into his two seater and drove to the Ambassador, where he was told by the door man that Miss Alwyn Ashwell had gone out for a walk with her poodle about five minutes ago, turning straight up Park Avenue. It was probable, John thought, that she would walk north until arriving at the latitude of the park, then turn west. But on reaching Fifty-seventh Street he caught sight of her halfway down the block.

As Alwyn was on the north side of the street, John drew in to the curb beside her and got out. Alwyn looked neither particularly pleased nor surprised at sight of him. Paula would have given her a bad impression of his insistence in the matter of administering her legacy, John thought.

"Good morning," he said. "I learned from the hotel that you had just left and followed in the hope that I might catch you. I want very much to have a little talk with you."

Alwyn looked even less amenable.

"Paula told me that she had furnished you with all that was necessary to get hold of this legacy that you say Mr. Jones wants me to have, Mr. Argent."

"That remains to be seen, Miss Alwyn. I want to carry out instructions, if possible, and there are certain details that I think you ought to know. I shall not detain you long. Won't you let me take you and your little friend for a turn around the park? This is not a very good place to talk."

The poodle promptly accepted this invitation. With a sharp tug he jerked the leash from Alwyn's hand and skipped up onto the seat.

"Dogs," said John, "have an instinct for people to be trusted."

"It's not a question of that, Mr. Argent, but merely that you are doing precisely what Paula said you were sure to do."

"Try to talk to you alone? But I want to talk to you in the presence of another and disinterested person before I leave you."

"Who is that?"

"A graphologist—expert in handwriting—down in the Woolworth Building."

"But what's that got to do with me?"

"I'll tell you when we hear what he has to say."

Alwyn hesitated. Then, as John had hoped, curiosity triumphed. He placed her beside him, the poodle against her knees. John headed down Fifth Avenue.

At the end of a block Alwyn asked, "Why do you want me to go with you, instead of Paula? Because, I suppose, it has something to do with the chart she gave you."

"Yes; and that has principally to do not only with you but with me. You see, Miss Alwyn, I have no assurance whatever that Hobbs has given your sister the true chart. For all we know, he might have suspected that the envelope contained some sort of directions for getting a hidden fund of money and decided to hold out on us a bit."

"That's so. I hadn't thought of that."

"It's not very hard to lift a seal and get it back in place. As your sister may have told you, the chart is of no good to anybody who does not know what place it is to be applied to. I have reason to believe that I am the only person who knows that, and I should very much dislike to go there, then come back and report that I had failed to find anything, or even a place that the chart fitted at all."

"But how could this expert help?"

"He could help me in the position I might be in if he were to pronounce the chart to have been made very recently, hurriedly scratched off at random, and by a different hand than the one which addressed the envelope, which must be that of Mr. Jones."

"I see. Then this is really to protect yourself from any possible suspicion. Well, you really needn't bother, Mr. Argent. Since Mr. Jones saw fit to trust you, that is quite enough for Paula and myself."

"But you don't know anything about me."

"Oh, yes, we do." Alwyn checked herself. "I'd really rather not go. Please drop me out."

"If I drop you out, Miss Alwyn, do you know what I shall be compelled to think? That your sister herself got the right chart from Hobbs and gave me a faked one that she made up out of her head."

"Do you find it necessary to be insulting?" Alwyn asked.

"Your sister's act in sending immediately for Hobbs to bring her this letter on no more than a presentiment of Ralph Jones' death makes it necessary for me to protect myself in your opinion."

"But why should she have wanted to send you on a fool's errand—if I am obliged to discuss the matter with you at all?"

"So that she might be able to have me shadowed and so learn where this place is. That would be all that is needed to go there later with the true chart and get this money and administer it as she saw fit."

Alwyn sat up very straight, angry color in her cheeks and the double fringe of long black lashes almost together.

"Mr. Argent, I am not going to listen any longer to any such attack on my sister. It's horrid and unjust. I don't care whether she gave you the right chart or not. Whatever she might do would be for my best good. And I must say, I think it's mean and cowardly of you to talk this way about her to me. Why don't you say it to Paula herself?"

"Very well," John answered quietly. "Then I'll do that thing, and now."

He turned down Fifty-third Street and came presently to the hotel. Alwyn got down without a word to him, went in, and to the elevator. John was shown where to park his car, then entered and asked for Miss Ashwell. Word came down that she had not yet gone out, and would he kindly wait.

John waited fumingly. Here, he thought, was a nice kettle of fish. To act fairly and frankly in the matter of getting a considerable legacy for this petulant young beauty and get ripped into for his pains! And that, most probably, was not the half of what he might expect. Alwyn would be now telling Paula all about it, and Paula would come down presently to tell him what she thought about it.

The minutes dragged past. John, from being angry and disgusted, began first to curse himself for a fool in having gone about the business as clumsily as he felt that he had done with Alwyn. Pretty raw work, after all, to tell a younger sister, even a half sister, who had shown herself as loyal and devoted to her elder as Alwyn had done, that he believed this sister to be trying to slip something over on her. That had been temper on his part; resentment at the way she received this gratuitous service from a stranger who asked only to safeguard her interests and her own future opinion of himself.

Passing from this state of mind, he became acutely and irritably nervous. Paula would be a high-tempered piece of work herself, and no doubt lash into him with slight respect for time and place. There were, John perceived, all the makings of the sort of scene he most abominated—a sort of dog-and-cat fight in the aisles of a fashionable hotel.

He was therefore taken considerably aback to see Paula and Alwyn approaching, and the former with a smile that was half amused, half apologetic on her alluring face. Alwyn herself looked still angry, but also a bit ashamed, John thought. But the manner in which Paula had evidently decided to treat the affair was so diametrically opposed to what John had expected that it rattled him; more than if Paula had swept in with a high flush and a Lucrezia Borgia look. She now added to this embarrassment by offering her hand.

"This is too bad, Mr. Argent," she said. "A tempest in a teapot. Alwyn is a temperamental child, for all her ingénue look. Let's sit down and straighten this thing out. It struck me last evening after you had gone that there was still quite a lot we should have said." They seated themselves. "First let's look at this map," Paula suggested. "At first sight of it I was impressed just as you were, I imagine—that it was a copy very recently made and that it might not be the real map at all."

John took the chart from his pocket and spread it on a smoking table, directly under

"You're Miss Alwyn Ashwell, Aren't You?"

Continued on Page 125

A Thin Paper that Opens Up Vast New Fields for Printing

An opportunity for better envelope enclosures, package inserts, direction folders

BUSINESS men have needed a lighter, thinner printing paper. The need has been growing for some time. The need was made acute by the new postal rates. The need is met by Warren's Thintext, a remarkably light thin paper, of excellent folding and printing quality.

Why a thinner printing paper was needed

You have opened a letter and found enclosed with the typewritten sheet a printed circular giving information and pictures, making a special offer, announcing a sale or containing some interesting message apart from the subject of the letter. That is an envelope enclosure. It travels free. It rides on the postage you have to pay anyway. It has as many different uses as there are kinds of business. But it must be light. Warren's Thintext, being lighter and thinner paper, affords more surface to print on, with no extra weight on which postage must be paid.

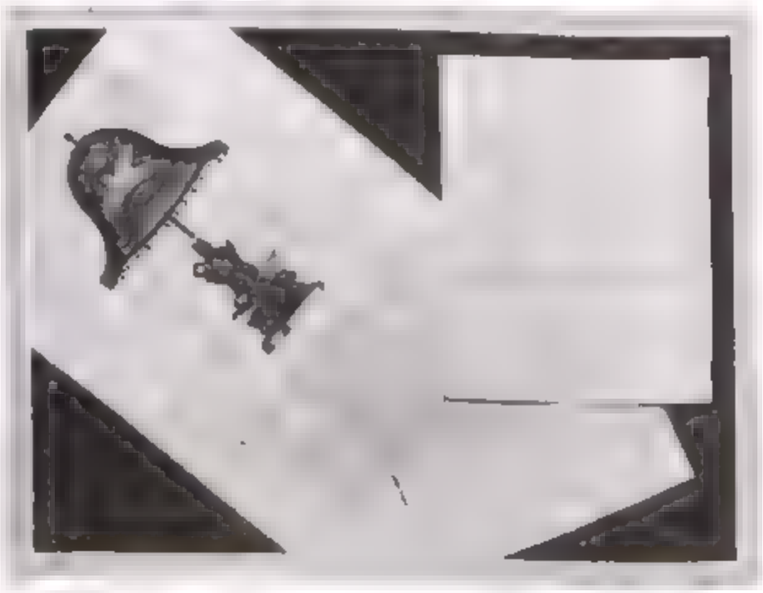
Package Inserts

You have opened a package bought in a store and found a small circular or booklet wrapped with the goods. These package inserts are great helps both to buyer and seller. They help the buyer to understand what he has bought. They help the seller to sell more goods. Warren's Thintext makes it possible to use large package inserts that add no chargeable weight, or small package inserts that fit in tiny space.

A broadside is a large folder used principally in advertising which unfolds to full size and permits the complete message to be presented to the eyes at one time. It has the advantage that when opened, there are no pages to turn. Huge pictures are possible. Nothing can be missed. Everything is visible. Broadsides are frequently printed on but one side. They should mail for minimum postage and offer maximum printing area. Thintext

Here is a Thintext broadside [illegible] by 38 in. Note the ring on the upper left corner. **Inset:** *The same broadside, when folded six times and rolled, passes through the finger ring. It weighs less than an ounce—but little more than the ring. Warren's Thintext has rare folding properties.*

White envelope enclosures on Warren's Thintext will can add an insert of large area that can be folded [illegible] without injuring the appearance of the half-tone illustrations.



THINTEXT
Another Warren Achievement

THIS thin paper called Warren's Thintext is the latest contribution of S. D. Warren Company to the printing and reading world.

Warren made for America the first coated paper that gave to half-tone printing and color printing the quality of true reproduction. Warren also developed Cameo, the father of all dull-coated paper.

Warren's Thintext, the latest achievement of S. D. Warren Company in paper making, appears destined not to supplant other papers so much as to establish new uses of printing and new forms in which printing can be used.

For this reason, a good printer is in a better position than almost anyone else to recognize those occasions where Warren's Thintext can be profitably and satisfactorily used. Good printers have, or can secure from us, printed demonstration sheets that not only show the printing qualities of Thintext, but also show how others have used it with economy and profit.

is ideal for large broadsides because of both the large size and the low mailing cost. (Note: Don't fail to read the following paragraph on the printing qualities of Warren's Thintext.)

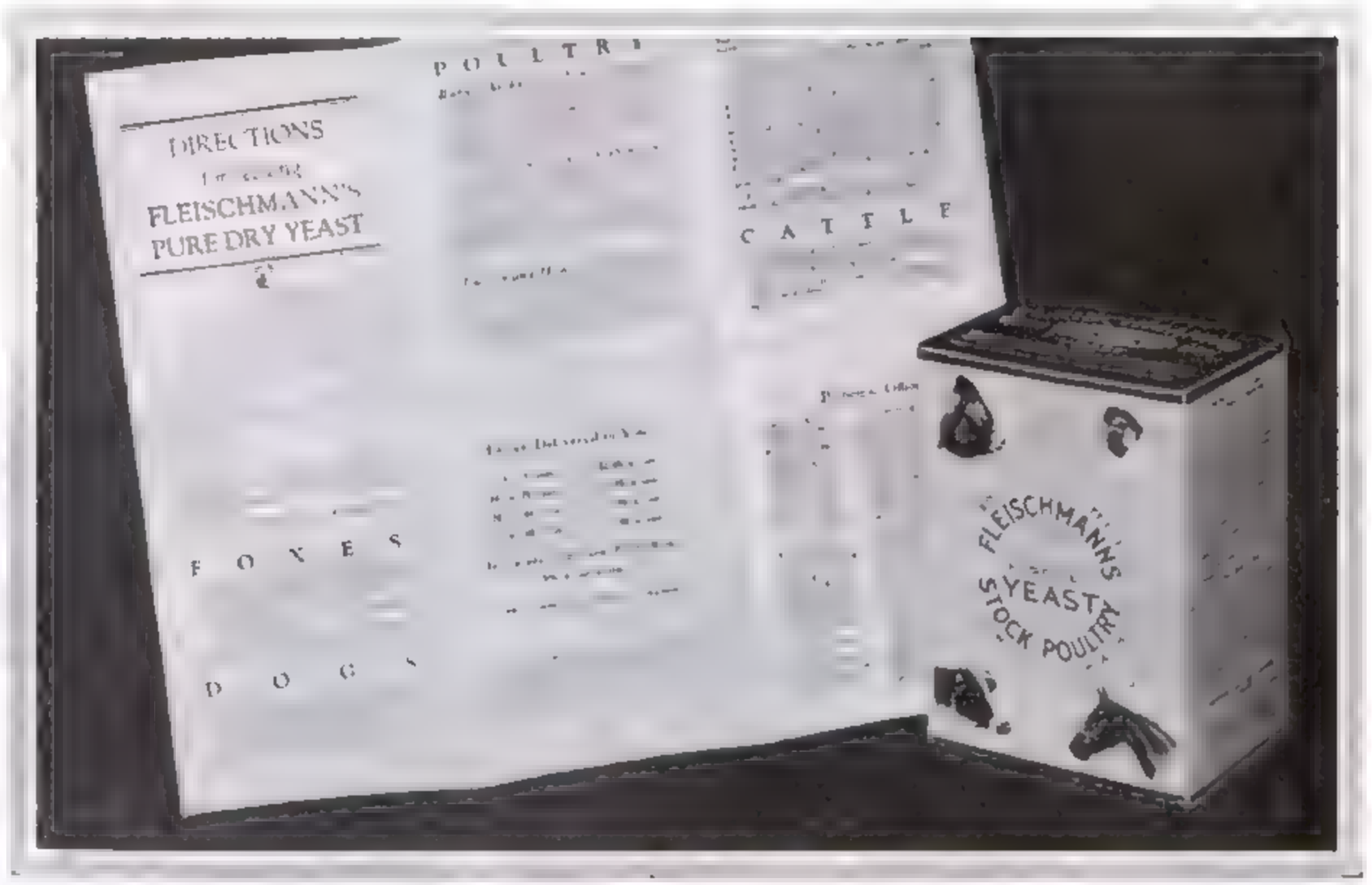
Printing Qualities of Warren's Thintext

Warren's Thintext, which has a remarkable opacity for so thin a sheet, will take half-tone engravings of 120-line screen and is well adapted for simple color printing. There is a character, a softness, to the printing effects that good printers get on Thintext which in many cases will recommend its use even when extreme thinness is not absolutely necessary. Specimen printings should be examined to appreciate this feature.

Almost any type face can be used, although the heavier ones are not recommended. Thintext is tough and strong, binds well, lies flat, and does not readily puncture. It is pleasant to the touch and will not scratch delicate surfaces. To thoroughly appreciate how well and how often Thintext folds, you should experiment with a sheet in your own hands.

Specimen sheets are readily obtained. If you buy or use printing in your business, you will find it a pleasure and a surprise to examine Thintext samples and consider how it may serve you.

Printers who have worked with Thintext report unusually low pressroom spoilage. We have testimonials as to the pressroom performance, copies of which we shall be glad to send to anyone interested.



Sometimes a direction folder must be wrapped around a small vial, box or tube. Even with larger packages these folders should occupy a minimum of space and still give complete information. Here are twelve pages of directions (printed on Warren's Thintext) that, as a light and compact book, go with each package of a stock and poultry food put up by the Fleischmann Company.

To Printers, Merchants, Manufacturers, Buyers of Printing

BOOKLETS descriptive of Warren's Thintext and printed demonstration sheets may be obtained on application to any paper merchant near you who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers, or direct from us. In addition S. D. Warren Company are issuing through these merchants, books dealing with preparation, production, and profitable use of direct advertising. These books may be obtained, as they are issued, without charge, from paper merchants selling Warren's Standard Printing Papers, or direct from us.

S. D. WARREN COMPANY
101 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

Warren's Thintext and other Warren Papers are carried in stock by these merchants:

Warren Papers are sold by representative paper merchants, so located in the larger cities as to be able to serve any printer in any town in the country. These firms carry Warren's Standard Printing Papers in stock and are prepared to give prompt and efficient service to printers:

Albany, N. Y.	Hudson Valley Paper Company
Atlanta, Ga.	Sloan Paper Company
Baltimore, Md.	The Barton, Duer & Koch Paper Company
Birmingham, Ala.	The Diem & Wing Paper Company
Boston, Mass.	Storrs & Bement Company
Buffalo, N. Y.	The Alling & Cory Company
Charlotte, N. C.	Caskie-Dillard Company, Inc.
Chicago, Ill.	Chicago Paper Company The Paper Mills' Company
Cincinnati, Ohio	The Diem & Wing Paper Company
Cleveland, Ohio	The Petrequin Paper Company
Columbus, Ohio	The Central Ohio Paper Company
Dallas, Texas	Olmsted-Kirk Company
Denver, Colo.	Carter, Rice & Carpenter Paper Co.
Des Moines, Iowa	Western Newspaper Union
Detroit, Mich.	Beecher, Peck & Lewis
Fresno, Cal.	Zellerbach Paper Company
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Quimby-Kain Paper Company
Hartford, Conn.	Henry Lindenmeyr & Sons
Indianapolis, Ind.	Crescent Paper Company
Jacksonville, Fla.	Antietam Paper Company, Inc.
Kansas City, Mo.	Midwestern Paper Company
Little Rock, Ark.	Western Newspaper Union
Los Angeles, Cal.	Zellerbach Paper Company
Louisville, Ky.	Miller Paper Company, Inc.
Lynchburg, Va.	Caskie-Dillard Company, Inc.
Memphis, Tenn.	Tayloe Paper Company
Milwaukee, Wis.	The W. F. Nackie Paper Company
Minneapolis, Minn.	The John Leslie Paper Company
Nashville, Tenn.	Bond-Sanders Paper Company
Newark, N. J.	Henry Lindenmeyr & Sons Lasher & Lathrop, Inc.
New Haven, Conn.	Storrs & Bement Company
New Orleans, La.	The Diem & Wing Paper Company
New York City	Henry Lindenmeyr & Sons Lasher & Lathrop, Inc. The Alling & Cory Company
Oakland, Cal.	Zellerbach Paper Company
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Western Newspaper Union
Omaha, Neb.	Field-Hamilton-Smith Paper Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.	D. L. Ward Company Charles Beck Company
Pittsburgh, Pa.	The Alling & Cory Company
Portland, Me.	C. M. Rice Paper Company
Portland, Ore.	Zellerbach Paper Company
Richmond, Va.	B. W. Wilson Paper Company
Rochester, N. Y.	The Alling & Cory Company
Sacramento, Cal.	Zellerbach Paper Company
St. Louis, Mo.	Beacon Paper Company Mack-Elliott Paper Company
St. Paul, Minn.	Nassau Paper Company
Salt Lake City, Utah	Zellerbach Paper Company
San Diego, Cal.	Zellerbach Paper Company
San Francisco, Cal.	Zellerbach Paper Company
Seattle, Wash.	Zellerbach Paper Company
Spokane, Wash.	Zellerbach Paper Company
Springfield, Mass.	The Paper House of New England
Toledo, Ohio	The Central Ohio Paper Company
Tulsa, Okla.	Tayloe Paper Company
Washington, D. C.	Stanford Paper Company
Wichita, Kansas	Western Newspaper Union

Export and Foreign

New York City (Export)	National Paper & Type Company
Australia (Brisbane, Melbourne, Sydney)	B. J. Ball, Ltd.
New Zealand (Auckland)	B. J. Ball, Ltd.
Hawaiian Islands	Zellerbach Paper Company
Argentine (Buenos Aires)	National Paper & Type Company
" (Rosario)	National Paper & Type Company
Cuba (Havana)	National Paper & Type Company
Mexico (Guaymas, Guadalajara, Monterey, Tampico, Mazatlan, Mexico City)	National Paper & Type Company
Peru (Lima)	National Paper & Type Company
Uruguay (Montevideo)	National Paper & Type Company

{ better paper ~ better printing }

WARREN'S THINTEXT

One of WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

The Harvester aim—low-cost hauling

ALMOST a century ago—in 1831 to be exact—the first of the Harvester Company's products began to build a reputation that was to extend through every country of the world. Since then other products have followed, deserving in every instance to be members of this famous line.

Twenty years ago motor trucks were added. During the years that followed, the International organization has played a steadily constructive part in the progress of motor transportation.

The mechanical excellence of International Trucks has advanced in keeping with the standards set by other products of this Company throughout its history.

Today the accumulated International experience is evident in outstanding features of design, such as the life-guaranteed ball-bearing crankshaft, the removable cylinders, steer-easy steering gear, and auxiliary rear springs. And the International reputation is reflected in the fact that the entire capacity of three great factories is required for the manufacture of International Trucks.

Good trucks for twenty years—better trucks now than ever!

The International line includes a Speed Truck for 2000-pound loads; Heavy-Duty trucks ranging from 3000 to 10,000 pounds, maximum capacities; and Motor Coaches for all requirements

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
(INCORPORATED)
606 So. MICHIGAN AVE. CHICAGO, ILL.

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

FOR LOW-COST HAULING

Three great factories are devoted exclusively to the manufacture of International Trucks. The 111 company branches listed here are scattered from coast to coast—the farther you go from one the nearer you get to another. This is the largest company-owned truck service organization in the world.

Aberdeen, S. D.
Akron, Ohio
Albany, N. Y.
Amarillo, Tex.
Atlanta, Ga.
Auburn, N. Y.
Aurora, Ill.
Baltimore, Md.
Billings, Mont.
Birmingham, Ala.
Bismarck, N. D.
Boston, Mass.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Camden, N. J.
Cedar Falls, Iowa
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Charlotte, N. C.
Chattanooga, Tenn.
Cheyenne, Wyo.
Chicago, Ill. (3)
Cincinnati, Ohio
Cleveland, Ohio
Columbia, S. C.
Columbus, Ohio
Council Bluffs, Iowa
Dallas, Texas
Davenport, Iowa
Dayton, Ohio
Denver, Colo.
Des Moines, Iowa
Detroit, Mich.
Dubuque, Iowa
Duluth, Minn.
East St. Louis, Ill.
Eau Claire, Wis.
Elmira, N. Y.
El Paso, Tex.
Evansville, Ind.
Fargo, N. D.
Fort Dodge, Iowa
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Fort Worth, Tex.
Grand Forks, N. D.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Green Bay, Wis.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Helena, Mont.
Houston, Tex.
Hutchinson, Kan.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Jackson, Mich.
Jacksonville, Fla.
Jersey City, N. J.
Kankakee, Ill.
Kansas City, Mo.
Knoxville, Tenn.
Lincoln, Neb.
Little Rock, Ark.
Long Island City, N. Y.
Los Angeles, Calif.
Louisville, Ky.
Madison, Wis.
Mankato, Minn.
Mason City, Iowa
Memphis, Tenn.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Minot, N. D.
Nashville, Tenn.
Newark, N. J.
New Orleans, La.
New York, N. Y.
Ogdensburg, N. Y.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Omaha, Neb.
Parkersburg, W. Va.
Parsons, Kan.
Peoria, Ill.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Portland, Ore.
Quincy, Ill.
Richmond, Ind.
Richmond, Va.
Rochester, N. Y.
Rockford, Ill.
Saginaw, Mich.
St. Cloud, Minn.
St. Joseph, Mo.
St. Louis, Mo.
Salina, Kan.
Salt Lake City, Utah
San Antonio, Tex.
San Francisco, Calif.
Shreveport, La.
Sioux City, Iowa
Sioux Falls, S. D.
South Bend, Ind.
Spokane, Wash.
Springfield, Ill.
Springfield, Mass.
Springfield, Mo.
Terre Haute, Ind.
Toledo, Ohio
Topeka, Kan.
Watertown, S. D.
Wichita, Kan.
Winona, Minn.

The above company branches and more than 1500 dealers the country over insure to International owners everywhere all the service from these trucks that the Harvester Company has built into them

(Continued from Page 121

a soft, strong light. It was rather lightly drawn in ink on a piece of thin and rather good quality of writing paper slit at the folding crease. The outline was of a broken shore line, as indicated by printed words, SHORE LINE—WEST CENTER and a number of sketchy strokes to show the water. In the middle of the drawing was a deep fissure that ended squarely, while a scale of feet at the bottom of the paper showed this to penetrate the land for about forty feet. Directly inshore from the head of this by about twenty feet was an asterisk beneath which was printed, SPRUCE TREE. Ten feet diagonally from this a circle was marked, WHITE BOWLDER. Between the tree and the bowlder a rhomboid slightly shaded had beside it the legend, FLAT STONE. DIG UNDER THIS.

"Plain enough," said Paula; "but, as you say, not entirely convincing."

"What's the matter with it?" Alwyn asked.

"Well, for one thing," Paula volunteered, to John's surprise, "Ralph told me last summer in Paris that he had been very badly discredited and nearly disgraced in a business affair he was mixed up in some years before. He said that he wasn't sure then but that the case might be reopened some day, when he ran the risk of arrest and possible conviction. He said that on that account he had put away a hundred thousand dollars in a safe place."

"How did he happen to tell you that?" John asked.

Alwyn shot him an angry look, but Paula answered pleasantly and with a steady look from under her wide, straight brows, "He said that there was something I ought to know before accepting him as a close family friend."

"I beg your pardon," John said.

"There's no need, Mr. Argent. This is a queer business all through, and most naturally you feel your responsibility. Some time later, Ralph spoke of this hidden money again, and said that he had made a chart of the place and might one day ask me to get the money and use it in his defense. That was when he told me that there was a man in New York who had been trying to blackmail him. Now I thoroughly agree with you, Mr. Argent, that this map has been made very recently."

"I don't think there's any doubt of that, Miss Ashwell. The ink has hardly more than set, and the paper is American."

"Yes; and one would expect Ralph's hand to have been firmer and more sure in drawing the outline."

"Then you think that Hobbs has been up to some trick?"

Paula shook her head.

"No, I don't believe that Hobbs has ever so much as seen it. I know Hobbs; and what's more important, I know his particular sort. First and last, he is a manservant. He would be faithful not so much from honesty as because being that sort of blind obedient servant is in his blood and breed. He admired and was fond of his master, and thoroughly considered Ralph to be just what he was—a gallant gentleman. But if Ralph had been a crook, Hobbs would have served him loyally just the same."

John felt as if his head was swimming. Here was Paula, whom he had believed and still believed as crooked as her silhouette from knee to shoulder, not only passing up what would seem to be her best trick, exculpating Hobbs, but volunteering information that she might just as well have held back—about Ralph Jones having made the chart before his coming to America this last time.

Evidently she had something in reserve though. John waited her next move with interest.

"There's another thing, Mr. Argent," she went on, "and that's the seal. I unscrewed the lens of my opera glass and examined it carefully. It would have taken more of an expert than poor old Hobbs to have got that sealing wax off and on again. It was soaked into the paper."

John looked across at Alwyn, who was sitting moodily, her chin on her fist, gray eyes brooding, pretty mouth set. He felt like saying, "Your sister has got a lot more sense than you have, Miss Malapert."

Alwyn looked up, got the silent remark and asked shortly, "Well, then, who did make the beastly map? Let's get on, Paula."

"I think that Ralph did. But I think he did it very recently and hurriedly and from memory. I believe that he had intrusted the original, that he made carefully at the place, to somebody in Europe. Then I think that when he felt that he was not for very long"—she threw John a meaning and cautioning look—"he decided that he would rather intrust it to somebody over here, and drew this map the best he could from memory. That would account for the uncertainty of the lines, as if he wasn't quite sure. It has a sort of just-where-do-I-go-from-here look to it. Don't you think so, Mr. Argent?"

John, feeling a little dazed, nodded.

"Yes; I—I hadn't thought of that. Of course, that must be the explanation. I—I scarcely know what—how—just what to say to you, Miss Ashwell."

"Don't try," Alwyn advised. "There really isn't much to say when you've called a person a thief behind her back."

"Be still, Alwyn. You seem to forget that Mr. Argent is trying to serve you to the best of his ability."

"Then he had better stop trying and drop out of it." She turned her gray eyes on Argent. "Why don't you tell us where this place is and abdicate in Paula's favor? I'm tremendously obliged and all that sort of thing, but I'd really rather you chucked it. Your conclusions are too hair-trigger."

For the first time in his life John felt the urge to maltreat a woman. He felt that he would give that hundred thousand dollars for the privilege of ten minutes on a desert tropic isle with Alwyn and a bamboo sprout, something that would make its contact felt through such costumes as girls appear to be cast away in on tropic isles. Then he looked at Paula. Her expression was pleasantly meditative, as if considering something she desired to say next, but wanted to weigh a little. Not one thing of what she had already said but that was reasonable, logical and frank, so far as one could see.

And yet, as he now looked at her, all John's first distrust was strong as ever. It seemed to him that he could fairly scent her guile, as if it had been a physical aroma. More than that, he felt that if Alwyn actually felt the trust and confidence in her that she professed, then Alwyn would not have been so furiously angry at John's charge. It was partly anger at herself, he thought, because of a suspicion that she felt to be a shameful disloyalty.

Paula handed back the chart to John.

"I believe it's all right, Mr. Argent. I think you will find the money there."

"Of course he will," Alwyn said with scorn.

John leaned toward her.

"And I say that I will not, young lady. I'll take back my charges against Miss Ashwell, with profound apologies. But I still maintain that this chart is a fake. But on the off chance that your sister may be right about it, I'll go there and look—on one condition."

"What?" Alwyn asked.

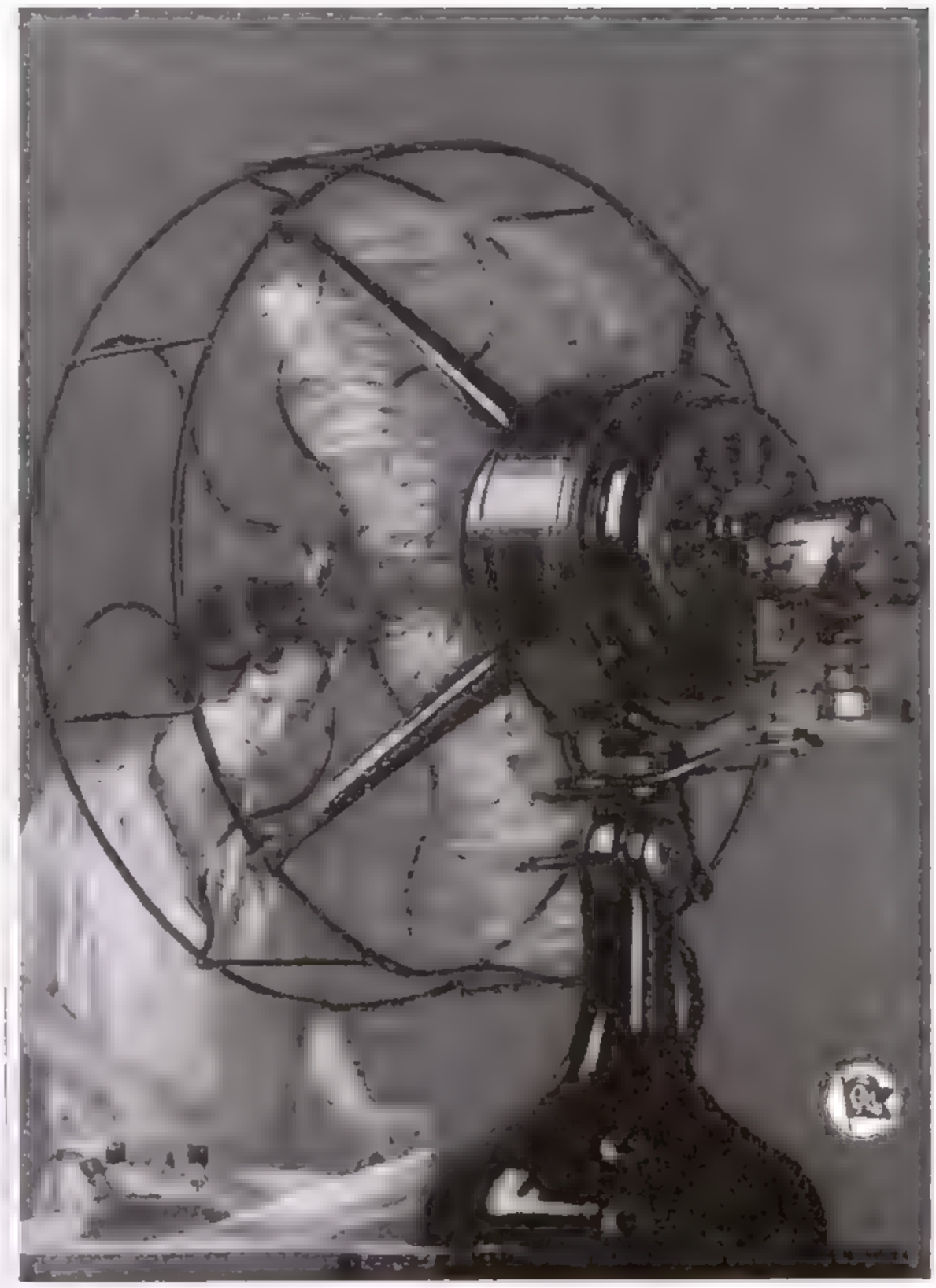
"That you two go with me."

John turned his eyes from Alwyn to Paula's face.

It seemed to him that just for the fraction of a second he caught something in their depths, a point of flame.

Then it was gone, and she asked in a tone of surprise, "But why that, Mr. Argent?"

"Because I want your sister to try for herself to find any place that corresponds to this fool chart. I don't believe it's a chart of anything. I believe that if not Hobbs himself, then somebody else has managed to lift the seal and slip in a fake chart. The plan, of course, was to follow the unsuspecting person to whom Hobbs gave it, and thus discover the location of the place."



Mother wants one, too

You men know the comfort of Robbins & Myers Fans at the office—how they help keep you cool and shipshape until the last letter is signed at night.

Get one or two of these reliable fans to take the edge off hot ironing days at home, to drive cooking fumes from the kitchen, to freshen up the dining room, to bring a gentle, sleep-wooing zephyr to the bedroom.

Your dealer has R&M Fans in sizes and prices to suit your wants. The cost of current is surprisingly low. Stop in and order yours on the way home tonight.

Robbins & Myers Fans *and Motors*

THE ROBBINS & MYERS CO., SPRINGFIELD, O. • BRANTFORD, ONT.

You're Looking Mighty Well

"That is just what I did say, you're looking mighty well. Why? Are compliments so very rare after ten years of married life that even a little one causes surprise?

"Well, perhaps those things you rub on your face every night do have something to do with it, but their makers don't claim any more for them than that they help the complexion. Your complexion looks great, sure. But it seems to me, too, that you have lost a lot of those tired lines around the eyes you had a while ago. I think those new shoes you bought a few weeks back have something to do with it."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Your husband is entirely right, madam.

Every woman should take good care of her complexion and her hair. They *are* important factors in every woman's beauty. But strained feet and tired arches make women look tired out. In addition to putting things on the face to help the complexion, women who want to look well have come to realize that they must put shoes on their feet which permit the foot muscles to exercise naturally, shoes whose natural lines give real foot comfort.

A face free from tired lines and little wrinkles of weariness, requires that the shoes a woman wears be flexible, comfortable and scientifically constructed. Women, and men, too, who have many steps to take during the day have discovered that the Cantilever Shoe, with its natural lines, its flexible arch and scientifically placed heel, helps them retain the springy step of youth. It keeps them from getting tired, and so looking all worn out when evening comes.

There are many attractive styles for Spring and Summer in tan calf, black kid or brown and the popular Summer styles in white. This time of year is an excellent one for other women and men to make the sensible, logical, comfortable change to the

Cantilever Shoe

for Men and Women

"Then you no longer suspect Paula?" Alwyn said mockingly. "How very nice of you!"

"I believe I've apologized," John retorted. "Of course, when we fail to find anything, you can always say I took you to the wrong place. But if you take the trouble to investigate my past life and habits and general character, you might think that scarcely worth while. Some of us don't do that sort of thing."

"Quite so," Alwyn drawled. "I've heard that in certain circles it really isn't done." And again John longed for the lonely beach and the bamboo withe.

"That will do," Paula said, with a tone of genuine reproof. "I don't think that Mr. Argent ever did think me quite so bad as that. And even if he did, or does, I very much doubt if by this time and after the gratitude you've shown, Alwyn, it would break his heart if I were to bilk you."

There was, John thought, a certain amount of truth in this. But as a matter of fact, he had stopped worrying some time ago on Alwyn's account. It was now purely a matter of fulfilling his promise to Jimmy the Grand.

"It wouldn't matter much, would it?" he asked indifferently. "As the case stands now, it's a stalemate. If the chart is a fake, then we don't get it. If we don't get it, then nobody gets it."

"Don't be too sure," Alwyn warned. "You might be shadowed."

"Then it will have to be a speedy shadow. I told my aunt that I would take her limousine to Newport the end of this week. It will be ready today, so we can get an early start tomorrow morning, if you like, and make a two-day run of it down to this place; and then I'll bring you back to Boston, where you can take the train and I'll go on to Newport with the car."

"You're a wonderful trustee, Mr. Argent," Paula said.

"Thank you, Miss Ashwell. Let's hope that my ward in chancery may feel the same about it before we close up the affair. But I tell you frankly that I've got a different idea from yours about this man Hobbs; not that I don't agree with you about his being faithful enough to his master. When it comes to outsiders, though, he wouldn't feel under any obligation."

"Well, perhaps you're right. We'll have to wait and see."

"You can start tomorrow?"

"The sooner the better. We're to sail the middle of next week."

"Then unless you hear from me to the contrary, I will be here with the car tomorrow morning at eight. It is a long run through to Portland. I'll take my man, who is a good driver, and we can spell each other."

He wished them good morning then, went out and drove to the garage where his aunt's big car had been given an overhauling for the summer.

It would be ready that afternoon, John was told.

Driving back to his apartment, John studied the situation as it now presented itself. He was still thoroughly convinced that Paula was up to some trick. Examining the seal of the envelope through a strong lens, he was inclined to agree with her that it had not been tampered with. Paula herself had not broken it across, but slit the letter along its edge. In any case, there was one thing of which John was certain—the Grand had not drawn that chart. Paula's theory was clever, sounded reasonable, might have convinced anybody but a draftsman. Even if copying the other chart or drawing a new one from memory, as he might easily have done, the Grand's hand would have been steady and assured, and not the vacillating, uncertain one that was so plainly indicated.

Moreover the lettering of the legends, the scale and the compass cross were not such as the Grand would have made. The lettering, in Roman capitals, was of the same uncertain sort. That of the draftsman, especially an engraver, would have had the sharp, accurate precision of type. What applied to the outlining, a possible series of pauses in an effort to recall the shape of the map with precision, would not apply to the lettering; but on this map all the details were of the same inaccurate character.

Paula herself had volunteered what she need not have done—that the chart had been made at the least more than a year ago. Perhaps she had anticipated John's conviction that this chart was a very recent sketch. She had also volunteered the opinion that the seal had not been tampered with. But if Hobbs or any other person had lifted and replaced it skillfully, as was frequently done by experts of the secret service during the war, and as John had heard is done constantly by those of the Post Office Department, then what good would it have done them if they did not know to what spot the chart must be applied? And the Grand had given John to understand that nobody but himself knew this.

It was possible, of course, that they might be holding back to make some sort of bargain for the true chart, but John did not believe so. The time to do this would have been on the presentation of the demand for it.

Hobbs had been under no necessity to deliver a bogus chart to Paula. Such an act would be only to complicate things needlessly.

No, it all boiled down to his first conviction, John thought. Paula was quick to recognize the stalemate in which they found themselves, and in which she perceived that her only chance of getting possession of the money must be through John's piloting the way to the place. She now believed, no doubt, that she had removed John's suspicion of herself so that he would do this. Then on failing to find the money, or even any place corresponding to the chart, she would express surprise and chagrin and admit that she must have been wrong about Hobbs.

But she would have learned the locality and could return at some future date to procure the fund by applying the true chart that she had withheld.

In that case John's chance of forestalling her was slim. Paula might go there soon after their visit or wait a year. But for one thing, it was John's only chance; and for another, he was so disgusted with Alwyn's treatment of him and general attitude that he no longer greatly cared whether or not she got this legacy in its entirety. Paula no doubt would look after her in some fashion. At any rate, John would have done his best to carry out his trust; and if he failed, then it would be the Grand's own fault for confiding anything at all about the business to Paula. John wanted to get through with it and put it from his mind.

Putting his plans in motion at an early hour next morning, John was pleased to find that the weather at least promised to be perfect. He took with him his manservant Perry, a steady and trustworthy ex-navy wardroom steward who had been in his employ since the war.

Paula and Alwyn were ready when John reached the hotel. Alwyn appeared to be, if not in better humor, at least with her antagonism of the day before suppressed.

With John spelling Perry at the wheel in two-hour tricks, they ran through to Portland better than John had hoped. There would now be ample time, by getting an early start, to go the next morning to the point nearest the island, where they could get a launch to visit it and return that night to Boston.

This plan was carried out with what seemed to John an ominous ease. They found no difficulty in hiring an open launch at the little port. John's man Perry acted as engineer, while John, who had supplied himself with a government chart, was pilot. The island, in the mouth of a deep bay, was about three furlongs in length by half of that in width.

Its south end was directed to open sea, while on either side the mainland was about a mile distant.

Finding a good place to land in a deep narrow niche of the rocks, sheer on one side, but more shelving on the other, John told Perry to remain in the boat. He helped Paula ashore, Alwyn declining assistance, and they made their way across a sort of rough moor to the western side of the island. Then, following the shore along, they reached at about the middle point a spot which at the first glance showed itself to be identical with that drawn on the scrap of paper.

It was exact; one of those square penetrating niches that are formed by the erosion of ages where a soft stratum runs through the harder rocky formation. This one appeared to run straight across the island, and to correspond to that in which they had left the launch.

And here, at the head of it, on the edge of the turf was the spruce tree, precisely as marked, the white bowlder and the flat rock, beside which was inscribed on the chart: DIG UNDER THIS.

John lacked the nerve to look at his companions. He knew that Alwyn's face would show an accusing scorn and Paula's a mocking triumph.

He had brought with him a heavy ash oar that was in the launch; and using this as a lever, found no difficulty whatever in capsizing the flat stone, around the edges of which the sparse turf showed no sign of disturbance.

The earth beneath was firm, but free of stones. John scooped it out with the blade of the oar, getting almost immediately a hollow metallic note.

Alwyn and Paula, standing as if petrified, watched him paw for a moment with his hands, then draw out a long box wrapped in a piece of sailcloth.

Following the ease with which in fact the entire affair had been fraught from the very start, John drew off a piece of canvas wrapped round a long security box that was not even locked. He opened it to find its contents neatly swathed in a piece of oilcloth that had apparently been cut from the sleeve of a yellow slicker; and drawing this aside, there lay revealed a stack of bank notes fresh as the day they had come from the bank, each of a thousand-dollar denomination.

John felt suddenly weak. In absolute silence, he handed the package to Alwyn. She took it with hands that trembled. Paula laughed.

"Well, my dear, there's your legacy. Poor Ralph—God bless him!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Doubles" *the beauty of your hair*

Try this quick and simple method of shampooing, which thousands now use.

See the difference it makes in the appearance of your hair.

Note how it gives new life and lustre, how it brings out all the wave and color.

See how soft and silky, bright and glossy your hair will look

THE alluring thing about beautiful hair isn't the way it is worn.

The real, IRRESISTIBLE CHARM is the life and lustre the hair itself contains.

Fortunately, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you shampoo it properly.

Proper shampooing is what makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure.

It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. The entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and appear much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for children—fine for men.

Mulsified
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

"an ounce of pull ....worth a pound of push....."

"Please realize," said the retailer to the salesman, "that your product is but one of 18,000 items we stock.

"At rush hours, each clerk waits upon an average of 30 customers per hour. That doesn't give much time for him to *push* anything. The public must *pull* it off the shelves. In modern retailing, an ounce of *pull* is worth a pound of *push!*

"I am interested, of course, in the demand your company creates but more especially in how much of that demand I can focus upon this store."

It is just this condition which has made advertising and "dealer helps" so necessary.

It pays the manufacturer to furnish "dealer help blotters." They provide economical advertising at the points where the goods are on sale. Without them much trade might go to stores selling rival lines.

It pays the retailer to use them, because in this way he focuses the local demand upon his establishment. He distributes them, at no postage expense, in letters, statements, packages and from house to house.

One very successful advertiser using pages in *The Saturday Evening Post* says, "We consider blotters the most important of all our dealer aids."

A retailer in a small town who made most ingenious use of the blotters furnished him by a national advertiser says, "I use more blotters than any other form of advertising because it is the only way I have been able to trace direct results."

Most good printers, lithographers and advertising service organizations have our complete library on blotter advertising showing the ways successful concerns use blotter campaigns and why. Consult them.

STANDARD PAPER MFG. CO.
Richmond, Va.

SPECIFY *ink-thirsty*

Standard Blottings
(TRADE MARK)

"More Mental Impressions from each printing impression"

AN IMPERFECT IMPOSTOR

(Continued from Page 31)

on Jeremy, now on Olivia. "I know she cares for you. Anybody could see that. Was that in the bargain too?"

Olivia took Jeremy's arm. She was not in the least disturbed.

"It wasn't in the bargain; but it is now," she said. "If you think you are going to give our self-control a jolt, Lady Dorothy, you'll have to think of something far worse. Jeremy and I are deeply involved in this business."

"I may add," said Jeremy, "that if it had not been for that fact I'd never have gone on with the business."

Lady Dorothy pondered this. Her eyes did not leave his face, nor did she show that she was hurt. She was reflecting that all those days when she had seen this man, when they had talked books and poetry, discussed life and philosophies and their own future, everything she had had from him in friendship and—yes, even that, too, even the saving of her life that day in the trap—all this she owed not to herself but to Olivia. It was all for Olivia's sake he had done these things. It was because he loved Olivia that he had stayed and put up with her, Lady Dorothy. For Olivia's sake he had pretended, he had learned smatterings of modern poetry, he had done everything—for her sake.

That faint mocking smile faded from her face as she stood facing them. A hostile presence seemed to be in the room with them. Neither the cheerful candlelight nor the warm paneled walls, nor any other friendly thing in the room, was enough to prevent that sudden birth of enmity. It was in the room with them like a physical presence. Lady Dorothy dominated the scene, standing slender and almost frail against the dark wall.

Suddenly Olivia turned to Jeremy, and he, anticipating her, took her in his arms. Still holding her, he said, "I'm a bit of an ass, I know, Lady Dorothy; but I've never willingly hurt anyone yet. I had no intention of hurting you; and you must admit that when it came to the point I told you the truth rather than make a fool of you."

"Oh, you dear, delightful ass!" thought Olivia. "Now you've put your foot in it!"

He had.

The shadowy sense of hostility which had filled the room like a ghost was blown from the air like cobwebs by the violence of Lady Dorothy's answer.

"You fool!" she cried. "Can't you see that sometimes a woman might prefer to be made a fool of? You may yet wish you had made a fool of me, rather than an enemy!"

And before they could answer she was gone.

x

"YOUR bath is ready, sir." The voice of Willett came through a hazy dream in which Jeremy was being pursued by all manner of worse disasters than those which had actually befallen him. For the first few moments the scene of the night before with Lady Dorothy was confused and tangled with the dream, so that he found it difficult to grasp how much was real, how much was dream. He lay for a while in the great bed, contemplating a gray autumn morning. From where he lay he could see the sky, clouded with flat layers of pale gray. In one spot the filmy veils parted and a wash of tender rainy blue gleamed. At its edge a drift of cloud wrack caught the gleam of the hidden sunshine, glowed rose pearl for an instant, and then disappeared behind the slow cloud curtains.

"A bad day, Willett?"

"Yes, my lord.

"I'll take breakfast here after my bath."

"Yes, my lord."

Jeremy looked at the calm, settled face of his servant. Alone of all the people with whom he had come into contact, this man Willett seemed to have no suspicions. He had accepted him from the first; and though it was true that Willett had had but few opportunities of observing him, Jeremy felt safe with the man. In fact, in the St. John's Wood flat he felt more secure than he had done for weeks.

After his bath he sat up in bed wrapped in a gorgeous Indian silk dressing gown, enjoying the first comparatively calm period of his visit to England. The toast was excellent, the marmalade his favorite kind, the coffee perfect. A bundle of letters, which he did not open and did not intend to open, lay on the side table near the telephone. The Times, ready opened at the main news page, was at his hand if he wanted it. There was nothing to worry him, nothing to trouble about. The worst had happened, and he had had the good sense to cut clean through his difficulties and to return to a mode of life where difficulties were unlikely to crop up.

"I made a great mistake going to Pulldan," he thought. "And yet I don't see what else I could have done. I've never really had any freedom of action. I was forced to go there. I couldn't help the Lady Dorothy affair. I couldn't help Aleck Thane's unfriendliness. And yet—I don't know!"

He was forced to the conclusion that he had made a mess of things.

"Now I've got a few minutes to think, it seems to me the best plan would be for me to take stock of the situation. Nearly everybody knows that I'm not Lord Amlett, and at the same time nearly everyone allows me to carry on. Lady Dorothy knows, has known all along—or so she says. Olivia, of course, knows. The servants at Pulldan, if they don't actually know, at least suspect. What about Thane? He'd do me an injury if he could, but I don't think he's at all certain of his ground. He's puzzled, but he's not sure of anything. It's to no one's advantage to expose me. It's to everyone's advantage to keep their mouths shut. But if it came to a pinch I should be in Queer Street.

"I haven't the foggiest idea in the world where that letter from Arthurton has got to. I ought to have kept that. It was the only bit of evidence I've got. Supposing anyone did make trouble. How could I prove my case? There's Olivia, of course. She could swear that she knew my identity all along. But would they believe her? In any case, do I want her to be involved in any unpleasantness? It wouldn't be fair. I've not been fair to her all along. I'm a rotten impersonator. I had no idea it would be so confoundedly difficult."

He rang for more coffee, and then decided to get up and go out for a walk. It was the only thing he could do. He had precious little money left, and he did not want to borrow any more from Colonel Jackson or from Olivia. He had no idea of the length of time that might yet pass before the real Lord Amlett came back to relieve him. He had no future prospects. He only knew that when Lord Amlett did return he would have a nice fat bill to present to him for services rendered.

And then what about Olivia? He had no settled job, he had little or no money. What sort of future could he offer her? It was a bit thin.

He walked down through Regent's Park, and then turned eastward rather than face Piccadilly and the West End, where he might meet any of Amlett's friends. He saw himself condemned to a dreary infinity of walking the streets to kill time, unable to join in the real life of the position he occupied because of lack of money and because of the fear of complications.

A thin rain began to fall and he turned back. Dash it all, though stony or not stony, he would have a taxi. He summoned one and drove back home through the gray, cheerless day. As the taxi drew up outside the block of mansions a second taxi came to a standstill a few yards away. As Jeremy got out and paused to pay the driver he noticed a woman getting out of the second car. Something familiar in the carriage of her head, in the poise of her body, seemed to remind him of a woman he had known.

Suddenly he realized where it was he had seen her before. This was the woman in green! This was the woman who had been seen in the village, who had watched him from the shelter of the wood on the road to the station, the woman who kept turning up at all sorts of odd moments and in the most unlikely places, without ever getting any further. She was standing on the pavement now, apparently undecided as to her next step. She realized that Jeremy had seen her, realized that she must take some action unless she wanted to speak to him now and at once. Jeremy put an end to her hesitation.

"I'm not going to have mystery women following me about," thought Jeremy. "I'm going to settle this now. Better the devil you know than the devil you don't know!"

He walked along toward her, raised his hat.

"Excuse me," he said courteously, "but I have an idea that you want to speak to me about something."

The woman laughed, a low vibrant laugh which had something unsettled and unstable about it. Her face, thought Jeremy, was curious. A perfect oval, of more than ordinary beauty, it was marred by an extreme pallor. There did not seem to be any color in the skin whatever. Its pallor was opaque, a heavy dead white, while the lips were scarlet with rouge. Her eyes were far apart, but it was impossible to see much of them. They were like dark slits in the heavy whiteness of her skin. She rarely opened them to the full, but peered through her dark lashes at the world suspiciously. She was slim, straight, well-dressed—in green as usual—and might have passed for a minor actress or an artist's model.

"I do," she said. "I've been wanting to speak to you for some time."

"Then why didn't you do it?" said Jeremy.

"There is an answer," said the woman. "It's such an easy answer. I won't tell you now. You'll discover it yourself."

"Um—about as clear as mud," said Jeremy brightly. "I'm not good at riddles. Anyway, we'll only get wet standing here. Will you come inside?"

She nodded, and followed him into the flat. Some secret amusement seemed to animate her face; she was laughing at him. And yet Jeremy felt there was more than amusement in her manner; there was hostility, and a certain independence, as though she knew that her position was unassailable, that she held all the aces.

"May I offer you anything?" he asked.

"No, thank you." The request seemed to amuse her.

"Why do you smile?"

"Because it is funny," she answered.

"Sorry," said Jeremy, "my sense of humor doesn't rise to such heights. I can't see it."

"No, you wouldn't. I didn't expect you would."

"Well, would you mind telling me why you wanted to speak to me? Why you have been watching me? Why you didn't come straight to Pulldan Castle and ask to see me?"

"Really, all those questions are answered before they are asked," she said. "Really, I have not very much to say to you. I don't think it is to you I ought to say it. But you seem to be a decent sort of man. I don't know why. I had not expected you would be quite like this. You look honest. You don't put on any airs. If I met you offhand anywhere I should say you were a decent sort. But there, you never know. One never can tell, eh? Faces are nothing to go by."

Jeremy looked at the extraordinary woman as she sat at the table, her gloved hands lying in her lap. She was absolutely

(Continued on Page 133)

"61"
FLOOR VARNISH

Painted by Norman Rockwell

Copyright 1925, P & L

For thirty-five years veteran painters have handed down to sons and grandsons, the facts concerning the remarkable durability and water resistance of "61" Floor Varnish on floors. This might well suggest to you that "61" makes an ideal finish for furniture and linoleum. Seven beautiful colors and Clear to choose from.

Color card and sample panel, with names of P&L dealers will be gladly sent you on request.

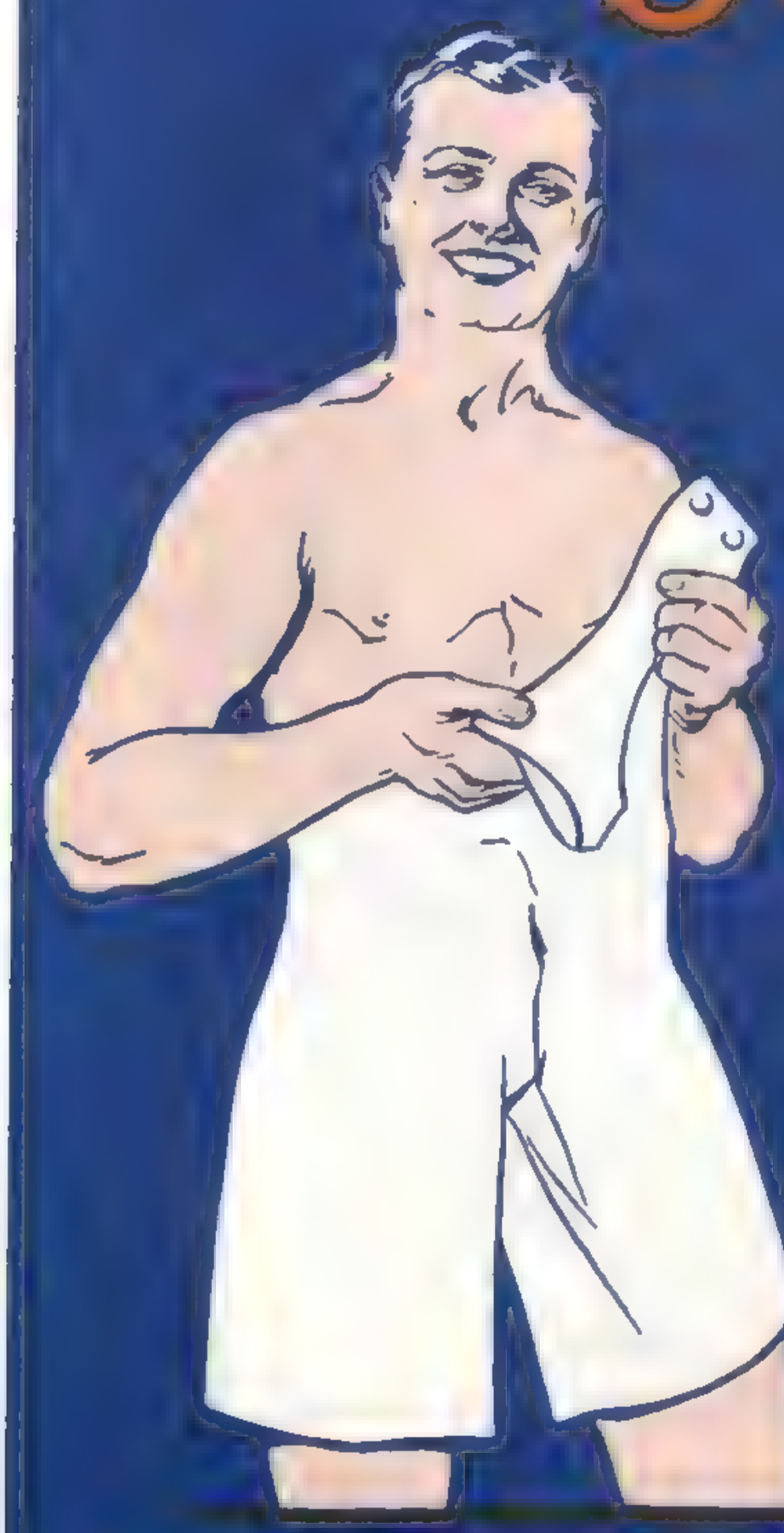
Save the surface and you save all

P&L Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by dealers everywhere.

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC. 83 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 25 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

"Step thru — button two"



Your arithmetic may be weak but you can solve this problem. "How many buttons should a union suit have?" When union suits were invented six buttons were sewed down the front not because the inventor's son was six years old but because six buttons was the smallest number that would close the front of the suit.

In striving to increase man's comfort we discovered that the number of buttons could be reduced simply by changing the entrance. So we opened the suit at the shoulder instead of laying it wide open down the middle. We let the man come in by the mezzanine instead of the grand stairway, so to speak.

Two buttons instead of six—and men are wondering why no one ever thought of it before!

How many buttons should a union suit have? Two, see! Prove it. Ask your dealer to show you the Sealpax Two-Button Union Suit—$1.50 and up. Also made in boys' sizes.

If your dealer can't supply you, send us $1.50 and we will send a trial suit, postpaid.

The Sealpax Company
Baltimore, Md.

Makers of "Lady Sealpax" and "Little Brother" and "Little Sister" Sealpax

Sealpax

9 times "yes"
1--Good-bye Laundry Troubles
—because the entrance is at the top instead of the front. No buttons in the way. Easy to wash and iron.
2--Farewell Button-Sewing
—because there are no buttons to lose from the front and the two on the shoulder won't come off. They're sewed to stay—with linen thread.
3--No Lapping
Does away with the four thicknesses of fabric down the front. Cooler!
4--No Gaping
Down the front a smooth, even, unbroken expanse of fabric. It can't gap.
5--Feels Better
No binding. The Sealpax Twin-Button hangs lightly from the shoulders.
6--Lasts Longer
—because there is no strain on seams, buttons or fabric, and because of the strong Sealpax construction.
7--Roomier
—because Sealpax Twin-Button is cut full, and also because the design of the suit prevents its clinging to the body.
8--Quicker On
Just two convenient buttons on the shoulder. No tedious buttoning and unbuttoning. "Step thru—2 buttons, two!"
9--Quicker Off!
Easy as taking off your hat! Comfortable dressing.
Twin-Button

STANLEY

FOUR-SQUARE HOUSEHOLD TOOLS

Here is a pair of pliers with tapered jaws that take hold and hang on.

This is only one of the many useful tools in the Stanley Four-Square line. Every one of them is especially designed for everyday use around your home.

Select Your Home Tools From These 32

Every Four-Square tool is uniform in quality and in finish. Look for the bright red Four-Square mark on the tools and their attractive individual packages.

The price tag tells the right price to pay. Ask your dealer to show you the line.

STANLEY, New Britain, Conn., U.S.A.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

(Continued from Page 128)

mistress of herself and of the situation. And yet—what did she want?

"You haven't been following me about all this time just to discuss my face, have you? I mean, it hardly seems worth it. Suppose we come to the point."

"All right; I'm quite willing."

And then she delivered the final knock-out blow, which laid poor Jeremy down and out. His castle of cards slithered pitifully to the ground and he saw that the game was beautifully and finally up.

"You see," she said quietly, and her eyes sparkled with amusement as she said it—"you see, I am Lady Amlett!"

If she had said she was the Queen of Sheba she could not have surprised him more. He glanced at her hopelessly, helplessly, thinking perhaps he might be able to persuade himself that she was mad or drunk or demented. But one glance at those curious half-closed eyes killed that faint hope dead before it was born.

"Of course," he heard himself saying, "when you put it that way I do see the funny side of it. Ha—yes—very good!"

"I'm glad you appreciate it," said his visitor. "I knew you had a sense of humor."

"Unfortunately, yes. It has always been my undoing."

"It may not be a misfortune," she said. "You may need it before long. I hope you see exactly how funny it is."

"Oh, yes, thanks. It's uproariously funny. It's the best joke yet. Ha-ha!"

"But it's not the sort of joke you can share with everybody, is it?"

"No—er—no, by Jove, it isn't!" Jeremy shivered. "All the same I wish you'd have let me into the joke sooner. Why didn't you?"

"I wanted to see just how far the joke would go," she answered, smiling; but there was no humor in her smile.

"It's funnier than you think," said Jeremy, thinking that perhaps she was mad and had made a fantastic mistake. "I mean, you see, I am Lord Amlett."

"Of course," she answered gravely. "That's just it. It's so very funny that you did not recognize me, isn't it?"

"Yes," he groaned, "beastly funny."

"For instance, where were we married, Arthur?"

"Heaven only knows! Southend or Blackpool—anywhere you like!"

"And where did we spend our honeymoon?"

"Ask me another."

"And why did you leave me? And where did I go to? And what was my name before you married me? Where did you first meet me, and how? And what was your first present to me and mine to you?"

Question followed question—an interminable string of them. To none of them had Jeremy any answer. This was a chapter out of the Hon. Arthur Arthurton's life of which no one save the present Lord Amlett, the real Lord Amlett, could know anything. This was a test for which he was totally unprepared, an examination for which no books were any good. Even if the woman was bringing off a colossal spoof against him, which seemed unlikely, he had no facts to go upon, no evidence to produce, no bluff to put against her. But once the shock was over, he determined to call her bluff. He had so far managed to avoid anything in the nature of an admission. It was her word against his, and after all he had been through he was not going to allow her to sink the ship without a fight.

"I'm glad you see the funny side of it too," he said. "Because I think it is still even funnier than you think. Which Lord Amlett did you marry?"

"I didn't marry Lord Amlett," she said. "I married Arthur Arthurton, who has since become Lord Amlett."

"Very interesting," said Jeremy. "But it's rather awkward that I am Lord Amlett and don't recognize you, isn't it?"

"Very awkward; but not for me."

"That depends on how you look at it. By the way, may I offer you a little refreshment? I see that it is after eleven. It is a long-established Amlett custom to take port and biscuits at eleven o'clock. Will you join me?"

"Thank you."

He rang, and Willett brought in the glasses and the wine on a tray. Jeremy watched Willett's face carefully as he poured the wine and handed it. One point gained—Willett didn't know the woman from Eve!

"I should think it will be very difficult for you," said Jeremy. "You see, nobody knows you. I could put you through a cross-examination which would put you clean out of court. I don't see how you expect to carry your point. If I, Lord Amlett, can prove that until you started prowling round Puildan Castle I had never seen you in my life before—and of course I can prove it—where do you come in?"

"I wonder whether you would like to prove that particular case before a jury," she smiled. "I must say I admire your pluck."

"I don't see why I should be called upon to prove any case before any jury," said Jeremy. "The position is just silly."

"Yes, it is," said the lady quietly. "And on the whole I think I had better simply call the police."

For the first time in their interview, Jeremy then believed he was dealing with the genuine article. She would never have dared suggest that if she had not been sure of her ground. What should he do? Try to call the bluff again? Temporize?

"Before you do that, have another glass of port," he suggested. She agreed, and the alacrity with which she agreed made him doubt again. He would call her bluff again. "You'll find the telephone in that corner," he suggested.

"Really," she answered, "you are a masterpiece. I have watched you for weeks, and I must say that you have upheld the character in an almost perfect way. You look the part, you speak the part, you dress the part. But"—here she paused to drink again from the glass which Jeremy had refilled—"but you are too charming to be the part. Arthur Arthurton, now Lord Amlett, is a very good fellow, I admit, but he hasn't your delightful air of—what shall I call it? -mischief, camaraderie, happy-go-lucky humor—I can't find the word."

"I take it this is a serious discussion, not a meeting of the Mutual Admiration Society," said Jeremy. "You are suggesting that I am far too charming ever to be the real Lord Amlett. Would you like to tell that story to a jury, with two or three solid, sensible British housewives on it?"

"That's one to you," she admitted. "But I shouldn't have to tell that story."

"Well, let's get down to brass tacks. What proof have you that you're Lady Amlett?"

That was the crucial question. He had dodged round the point, hoping that she would give him some indication of the case against him. But she was in no mind to give herself away. The duel of wits amused her, for one thing, and the port was very good.

"For that matter, what proof have you that you're Lord Amlett?"

"I can bring acres of evidence—yards of it. Anyone will tell you who I am."

"As for example?"

"There's my man here. He's known me long enough. There are my friends, my relations."

"Your only near relation is your sister," she answered quickly.

"Well, isn't that good enough?"

"I guarantee that when she knows what I know she will realize she has made a mistake. She has accepted you because it would never have occurred to her to doubt. But what I can tell her will open her eyes to a thousand little details which before have merely puzzled her."

"What a hope you've got!" said Jeremy. "If you take my advice you'll go away quietly and forget all about this. Whatever evidence you produce will be laughed out of court by the evidence of my own family and intimates."

It was the thoroughness of her enjoyment of the port wine that made him once more certain she was bluffing him. He felt that there was something wrong with her. Real Lady Amletts would not consume four or five glasses of port at eleven in the morning, however violent their emotional state. He tried to push home the advantage he had already gained. He could foresee a first-class scandal if he dealt with this situation in the wrong way.

"Worse than that," he went on, "you might even find yourself in an awkward predicament. I don't know what they do to people who go about saying that they are Lady Amlett when it is perfectly obvious that they cannot be. I should imagine they put them away somewhere quiet where they can't do any harm. I should hate to suggest that any such thing might happen to you after all the nice things you've said about me.

"Besides, except on this one point, I find you quite delightful. So few people are really refreshing."

She looked at him, but for the life of him he could not fathom her expression. It was impossible to tell what was going on behind those half-veiled eyes; the smooth pallor of her face betrayed nothing of her thoughts.

"Nor do I know exactly what they do to men who call themselves Lord Amlett when it is perfectly clear they are nothing of the sort," she countered. "I imagine they put them out of harm's way, too—Wormwood Scrubbs or somewhere like that. I should regret that, too, for you have been very nice to me."

"We seem to have reached a deadlock," said Jeremy. "We must either produce our cards or just go on and on, round and round in circles. I'm quite willing to produce my cards. Will you produce yours?"

"What cards would you like me to produce?" she said.

"There's only one possible ace in your hand," said Jeremy. "That's the marriage certificate. I'm a great believer in the established institution of the land, and if you produce that we may get on a little."

"Very good. That is the point—a very important point." He thought he detected a shade of nervousness in her manner. "If I produce that," she said, "what card will you produce?"

"You talked about sending for the police," said Jeremy. "That's my card, and to my way of thinking it's the ace of trumps. I'll produce Colonel Jackson of the Criminal Investigation Department."

She watched him without the flicker of an eyelid. She had happily stopped drinking port and seemed to be looking far ahead in order the more carefully to safeguard any future steps she might be forced to take.

Jeremy walked to the window and looked down into the street below. To his horror, he saw Olivia approaching. He must stop her. He didn't want her to know anything about this supposed Lady Amlett, genuine or otherwise. If Arthurton had kept quiet about it, which he had, it was doubtless for some very good reason. It was up to him, playing Arthurton's part, to carry on the game. He had no knowledge of the real state of affairs—could have none save what he could trick this woman into revealing to him. His loyalty to the absent Lord Amlett made him realize that at all costs he must keep this thing to himself. When Amlett came back he could put his own muddle right; he, Jeremy, did not want to interfere. His actions with the servants at Puildan had been determined by the same sense of loyalty. Like most men, he put loyalty very high in the scale of civilized virtues. He wasn't going to let Amlett down.

"Excuse me one moment," he said; and going out, he rang for Willett.

"Willett, my sister is at the door below. Will you please tell her that I am out, and that I left word I would be at the Savoy at one o'clock waiting for her?"

"Yes, my lord. It is one o'clock now, my lord."

(Continued on Page 135)

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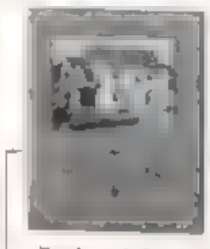

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RICHARDSON ROOFING

(Continued from Page 133

"I know it is: but she must not come in. You understand? Call a taxi for her and tell her to drive to the Savoy."

"Yes, my lord."

The bewildered Willett told the even more bewildered Olivia, summoned a taxi and packed her off almost before she could breathe.

"Now whatever is Jeremy doing at the Savoy, of all places?" thought Olivia. "I should have thought he would have had sense enough to avoid the West End. He's a queer boy. But perhaps —— Oh, I don't know. I suppose it's all right."

Jeremy returned to the room. His visitor was sitting just as he had left her. She seemed to have endless time and endless patience. She looked up as he entered.

He began to wonder how he was going to get rid of her. He couldn't very well put her out. He couldn't leave Olivia waiting for him at the Savoy indefinitely. She might come back. He had thought that if he could get rid of this woman quickly, he would take a taxi down to the Savoy and rescue Olivia before she had had time to be puzzled

"Well?" said his visitor, with irritating calm.

"It only remains to produce the evidence," said Jeremy. "I will meet you at New Scotland Yard at 3:30 this afternoon. You can then produce your ace in the presence of the police."

"I have met many men," she answered, "but never one quite like you. You are really the limit. I would not have believed it possible. Really, of course, you don't play up. This should have been a scene of mutual recrimination and abuse. But instead of that, you keep a perfectly good temper, and with the most fascinating humor construct the most colossal bluff the world has ever seen. I must admire it. We needs must love perfection when we see it."

"Charmed if I've amused you," said Jeremy.

"I suppose you'll ask me to stay to lunch, will you?" she suggested.

"I should be delighted for you to lunch here," he said. "Willett will look after you. Unfortunately, I am due—overdue—at an appointment now."

"I think you ought to stay," she said, with a smile that in any other woman might have been called coy. "I don't like meals alone. Besides"—again that smile—"I've told you I like you."

"Great heaven, what is happening now?" thought Jeremy.

"You see"—she closed her eyes until the long lashes swept her pale cheeks—"you see, if you are Lord Amlett and I have my marriage lines—well, don't you see?—there's nothing to prevent my staying here all the time, is there?"

As the full implications of the amazing suggestion swept over Jeremy, he gave up all hope. This was worse than exposure, this was worse than anything. Loyalty to the absent Lord Amlett was all very well, but what in the name of thunder was he to do now?

The woman in green who said she was Lady Amlett was still waiting for an answer. She crumbled a biscuit between her finger tips, moved a wineglass from one place to another on the tray, glanced at him from time to time with a charming coquettish air as though to give him courage. The silence lasted so long that she broke it herself.

"Who is to know?" she said at last. "Our marriage was secret. No one knows of it. What is to stop you acknowledging it in his name?"

"That's one fact gained, anyway," thought Jeremy. "The marriage was secret. If I play my cards well I'll get the whole story out of her."

"I know you are not the real Lord Amlett," she went on. "I knew Arthur Arthurton too well for that, although he did not tell me his real name when he married me. But I knew all along who he was. Some time or other he will have to acknowledge me. You may as well do it for him. I like you. You're quite the nicest man I have ever met. If you like to be nice to me, really nice to me, I'll keep silent. But"—she rose and crossed the room toward him, stood close to him and raised the heavy white lids of her eyes fully, so that he looked for the first time into her eyes—"you'll have to be very nice to me. I've been very lonely, very much neglected, and I'm tired of it. What is your real name?"

"Arthur," said Jeremy; "family name, Arthurton; known to the world as Lord Amlett. Family motto Soyez Sage, which means Be Good! And I manage to live up to it."

"Drop it!" she said angrily. "I tell you that I know you are not Lord Amlett. It's no use carrying on that pretense any longer. You need not be afraid of me. I won't give you away—not if you don't wish me to."

She took hold of the lapels of his coat, coming ever closer to him. He had a close-up view of her face. The nose was too thin, the chin too hard, the cheek bones a fraction too high; but in spite of these details she was beautiful. And it was clear, painfully clear, that she was deeply moved, very much attracted to him.

"Why don't you speak to me, Arthur?" she said in a softer voice; and then, veiling her eyes, she added in a low tone, "I've done what few women would have done in my place. I'm modern enough, too, to know what I'm doing. I've asked you to be nice to me. I know you're an impostor. Well, I'll help you carry it off. I'll stand by you and put you right on all the points you don't know about. I saw a lot of my husband. I know a great deal about him that no one else knows. I could shape your life so that if ever the real Lord Amlett were to come back he would be turned down as the impostor and you would live in luxury for the rest of your days. I could make you safe. But more than that, I could make you happy."

She lifted her face to be kissed.

"A little while ago," said Jeremy, in a dry, ironic voice, "you flattered me on my possession of a sense of humor. I'm sorry that yours seems to have deserted you. I am very much flattered by your offer. Believe me, I am quite unworthy of it. I am just an ordinary sort of man, with very little to recommend me. But my acceptance of your offer, supposing that by some wild freak it were possible—which it isn't—would not be fair to you. I cannot help your delusions; I have had no part in creating them. But you must not go on like this. It's impossible, incredible. It's more like a futurist nightmare than anything else. Please"—he gently removed her hands from his coat—"please understand that I mean what I say. I admit nothing. I've nothing to admit. Your too generous offer to share my life as Lady Amlett is out of the question."

She stood back from him, leaned against the table edge, slim, inscrutable and dangerous, smiling as ever, and still mistress of the situation.

"Declined with thanks!" she said mockingly. "Not one man in ten would have done what you have just done. I said you were no ordinary man. But then, neither am I an ordinary woman. I'm not used to pouring out my heart to chance acquaintances. You don't seem to realize that I can blow all your fine schemes sky high. I hold you in the hollow of my hand like a little handful of dust." She stretched out her hand. "Puff—and there is nothing there! Once more, I ask, is that your last word?"

"Puff away," said Jeremy. "Scatter the dust to the four corners of the earth. After all, it's only dust. I can't stop you. I've said my little piece. I'm not in the habit of changing my mind. I repeat, I am very conscious of the honor you do me, but I must decline."

"Sir Galahad"—she smiled—"wearing the white garment of a blameless life. Shall his little reputation be put in danger then? No, it shan't. Poor little reputation! Dear delightful little Sir Galahad! So pure! So blameless! And yet so reckless, so blind, so ignorant of what is coming to him!"

"If you don't mind," said Jeremy, "I'd rather this conversation came to a sudden end. I don't think either of us will get much satisfaction from it. I can be very obstinate, and my sense of the funny side of it is wearing rather thin. If you don't mind I will leave you. Willett will give you lunch."

"I don't want any lunch, thank you, Lord Amlett," she said with a smile. "I am going to remove my unwanted self from your august presence. But before I go, there is one thing I want to say. You have refused my offer. You may learn better sense. Your bluff about the police does not convince me. It is Thursday today. I give you until Saturday night. On Saturday night I will call here for my answer. If you turn me down again I go straight to the police. I may not want for witnesses either. There must be other women who have seen through you. By Saturday night you will have three courses open to you: You can produce the real Lord Amlett, you can accept my offer, or you can spend the week-end—the first of many—in a police cell. No, don't say another word! Just think about it. Au revoir."

She blew him a kiss across the room and a few seconds later he heard the front door of the flat bang behind her.

XI

IT WAS after two o'clock when Jeremy at last reached the Savoy Hotel. He found Olivia hungry and tired in the lounge.

"You're a nice one!"

"I'm awfully sorry," he said. "I was delayed."

"Nothing serious, I hope?"

"Oh, no, it's all right now," he answered cheerfully.

Olivia did not press the point. She was a little hurt at his cavalier treatment of her. No woman likes to sit and wait for an hour in a hotel lounge, and then to be told it is nothing serious.

They went in to lunch and chose a quiet corner where they were not likely to be seen by chance acquaintances. Olivia hated that too. She was naturally frank and open in all her dealings. She hated hole-and-corner methods. She realized, of course, that it was not Jeremy's fault; but the realization did not make her like the situation any the more. The strain of the imposture was telling upon her. Jeremy knew nothing of the long series of subterfuges, minor misstatements and hastily improvised explanations she had been forced to enter upon for his sake. If it had not been for her fine loyal support he could not have carried on for a week without a public exposure.

Jeremy himself was absent-minded and inattentive. It was quite clear that there was something on his mind, and that he had no intention of sharing that something with her.

Olivia asked and gave perfect confidence. "Trust me not at all, or all in all" was her guiding principle, and it admitted no shortcomings. She loved Jeremy. She was ready to trust him in everything absolutely. She had trusted him very completely and she had not been disappointed. But there were points in which his trust of her seemed wanting. He had avoided any conversation on the subject of Lady Dorothy, for instance. She had felt that she could have advised him there. It was too late now. It had come to an open breach there, and the damage was done. He could have avoided quarreling with Aleck Thane if he had only been more frank with her. And now there was something else upon his mind. What it was she could not imagine, and she would not add to his difficulties by asking.

They talked of indifferent things during lunch; their minds were not in tune; each was probing a different problem and there seemed no point of contact.

"I'm afraid I've got to leave you this afternoon," said Jeremy when lunch was over. "I've got some very urgent business to attend to."

(Continued on Page 137)

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(Continued from Page 135)

"What about tonight?" said Olivia. "Shall we dine together and go to a theater? I'm dying to see a play again."

"I'll send a note round to your hotel if I can manage it," said Jeremy. "I'm not a bit certain of my plans. In fact, I don't seem to be able to get a grip on things. I'm like a man trying to get on a merry-go-round which doesn't stop. Each time I put my hand out to catch hold I think of something else and my nerve goes. But never mind. I'll let you know."

"Till tonight, then," said Olivia.

"Till tonight," said Jeremy.

He summoned a taxi for her, and when she had gone walked down the Strand through the crowds, down Whitehall and into the gloomy cavernous arches which are New Scotland Yard. He went into the inquiry office, a bare place of stone fireplaces and many doors. A constable asked his business. Jeremy was conscious of an unpleasant sensation. He was in direct contact with the forces of law and order. The grim, forbidding aspect of the place depressed him. It seemed an idle threat in the calm, comfortable security of his rooms to call the police. Here it seemed quite another matter. This was the very center of the machinery of the law. Some day, perhaps, his record would be filed here; he had only to make a slip, and he would be involved in that slow-moving but certain machinery.

A lift descended, revealing a policeman in its lighted cage. He looked, thought Jeremy, like some pantomime deity descending from Olympian heights. He eyed Jeremy dispassionately. Indeed, all the policemen had the same disinterested, unemotional air, as though they had listened to so many human fairy tales and unlikely stories in the course of their lives that they no longer believed or disbelieved anything. They were not interested in Jeremy yet. Even when he produced his card as Lord Amlett they were not impressed. They took it as part of the day's work.

"They'd be more careful about confirmation than some of the people I've met," he thought. "They look as though they believed nothing, but could believe anything. I suppose if I offered this chap half a crown he'd bite it first. Of course he might bite me. Better not."

He stepped into the lift and was shot upstairs. An impression of long gloomy corridors and stone steps further depressed him. A policeman on duty in the corridor stepped forward and Jeremy was passed on, feeling more like a parcel than a human being. His card was taken into a room and he was left outside. After a while the policeman returned, a faint shade more cordial than before.

Would he step inside? He would. To his enormous relief, when he stepped into the room he saw a brightly burning fire and a secretary in civilian clothes sitting at a desk.

"Good afternoon," said Jeremy.

"Good afternoon, my lord," said the secretary. "Colonel Jackson will be free in one moment. He is very busy just now. That case—you've probably read of it in the papers—the Binge case."

"No," said Jeremy. "I—er—I rarely read crime news."

"Interesting case," said the secretary. "Impersonation and forgery, with a bigamy charge in the background."

"Yes, yes; very interesting, I'm sure," said Jeremy, moistening his lips. "Curious what people will do, isn't it?"

"You'd say so if you worked here for long," said the secretary. "Why, you'd be surprised! A funny thing happened this morning, for instance. A man was wanted for embezzlement. He didn't know we were after him, but we were. What do you think he did? He walked in here this morning as bold as you please, to lay information about a minor burglary! What do you think of that for sheer effrontery?"

"Jolly good," said Jeremy. "What did you do?"

"Pinched him, my lord," said the secretary, "as he was leaving the Yard. It's in all the evening papers, I believe. Wonderful how these papers get hold of things, isn't it?"

He smiled knowingly, but Jeremy had no heart to smile. After all, this man was merely one more of the dispassionate servants of the law. He could imagine the secretary at some future date telling some other visitor, "Yes, called himself Lord Amlett; and had the cheek to call here too." And the visitor would say, "What did you do?" The secretary would answer again, "Pinched him as he was leaving the Yard."

Fortunately Colonel Jackson's bell rang just then and Jeremy was shown into his room.

"For heaven's sake, colonel," said Jeremy, when the door had closed behind him, "do you keep whisky on the premises, or brandy, or anything with a kick in it? Phew! I'm about through. That secretary of yours is about as cheerful as a wet Sunday in the North Sea. He put the wind up for me. In fact, the whole of this place puts the wind up for me."

"That's because you've a guilty conscience," said Colonel Jackson with a wry smile. "I believe the blameless ones can pass Scotland Yard without a tremor. In fact, your behavior is so highly suspicious that I'm not sure I ought not to arrest you on suspicion."

"Don't be a goat. And that joke's not in the best of taste. Anyway, cheerio! I needed that."

"What's been happening?"

Jeremy told him of the arrival of the woman in green and of their extraordinary conversation. He did not tell him of her amazing offer. That was no business of Scotland Yard, or indeed of anyone but the woman herself.

"She gives me until Saturday night to find the real Lord Amlett," said Jeremy. "What am I to do?"

"Honestly, I don't know," said Colonel Jackson. "Your case was quite complicated enough without this. Once there's a woman in the case, it becomes hopeless. You never can tell what a woman is going to do. If she does land you in the courts there'll be a holy scandal, and the newspapers will run the story to death. You see, you can't produce the real Lord Amlett."

"I can't produce anything," said Jeremy.

"The woman might be useful. Do you know anything about her?"

"Nothing at all."

"Um—I think that no harm would be done if we made a few inquiries." He touched a bell. "Send Mr. Ballan in to me."

"What, old Ballan here?" said Jeremy.

"Yes; he's been trying to locate your friend, with no success so far. He traced him down to Southampton, and then lost him. He thought at first he'd gone to the Continent. But I brought him back to be ready for emergencies. Ah, Ballan, another little job for you."

"And for God's sake, Ballan, do your best," said Jeremy. "You'll find the lady somewhere in the neighborhood of my flat."

"What do you want to know about her?"

"I want her photograph, her address, her past history, her real name, and anything else about her you can find," said Colonel Jackson.

"Yes, sir," said Ballan, accepting a hopeless task as though it were quite in the day's work. The army had taught Ballan a good many things.

"You'll need money."

"Yes, sir."

"Report to me personally by letter immediately you discover anything and let me know where you go."

"Yes, sir."

"That's all then."

"Yes, sir."

"Wonderful chap, Ballan," said Jeremy. "His monosyllables almost give me confidence."

"I'm glad of that," said Colonel Jackson, "because they don't have the same effect on me."

"You mean that ——"

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WM. ROGERS

Another 'Bull' Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

Improving on History

I just finished hearing a Politician, one of the Washington Boys, talk on Abraham Lincoln, The only thing I could picture in common between him and Lincoln was that they had both been in Washington, When a Politician ain't talking about himself he is talking about Lincoln, Lincoln has had more Public men speak of his good qualities, and fewer copy any of them, than any man America ever produced, His famous address was only about two hundred words long, No Politician has ever been able to even copy his briefness, In fact, that is the last one of his qualities they would try to copy, Lincoln said more in those 200 words than has been said in the entire City of Washington in the last 10 years, And here is a quality that no historian or speaker has ever brought out before: At the completion of the Gettysburg Speech, he wisely refused one of Grant's Cigars, and borrowed a sack of 'Bull' Durham from an ex-Southern private, got on

his Mule and went back to Washington.

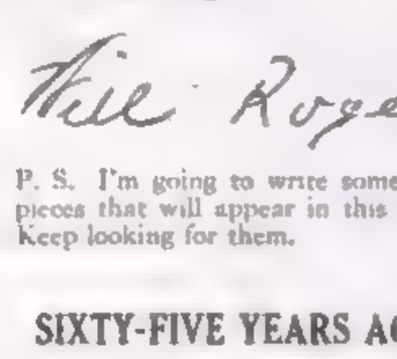
Will Rogers

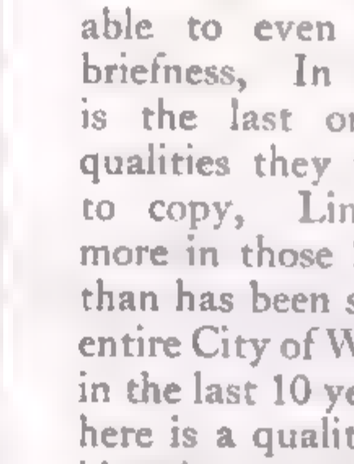
P. S. I'm going to write some more pieces that will appear in this paper. Keep looking for them.

SIXTY-FIVE YEARS AGO!

In 1860 a blend of tobacco was born—'Bull' Durham. On quality alone it has won recognition wherever tobacco is known. It still offers the public this—more flavor, more enjoyment and a lot more money left at the end of a week's smoking.

TWO BAGS for 15 cents





'BULL' DURHAM

Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co. INCORPORATED

5 Mistakes

Corrected for you in a shaving cream

Please accept a tube to try—feel the difference

GENTLEMEN:

When we started to make a shaving cream, we looked to see what most men complained about in theirs—then set out to correct the mistakes they pointed out.

These mistakes were: Too scanty lather. Slow action. Too quick drying. Hairs lying down. Skin irritation.

We overcame them one by one. And that changed the whole situation. Men by the millions flocked to Palmolive Shaving Cream. It gained top place almost immediately. Its success became a business sensation.

60 years study back it

We're soap experts as you know. Our Palmolive Soap is a leading toilet soap of the world.

We made and discarded 130 formulas before we offered Palmolive Shaving Cream.

Into it we embodied the supreme desires of 1000 men in a shaving cream. Then added strong bubbles, the superlative requisite of all.

We developed 5 new delights—supplanted 5 old mistakes with amazing advantages.

You may agree that it's the finest shaving cream men will ever know—or you may not. But in justice to us both, won't you mail the coupon and find out?

Learn why men adopt it

Palmolive Shaving Cream is a sensation. Few products ever won so many folks so quickly. You must have heard about it. Men everywhere are telling its delights.

We urge you to find them out. It excels in all the five ways men desire. Its new results will amaze you.

Ask for this Ten-Shave Test. Do this to please yourself and us. Please do it now. Cut out the coupon as a reminder.

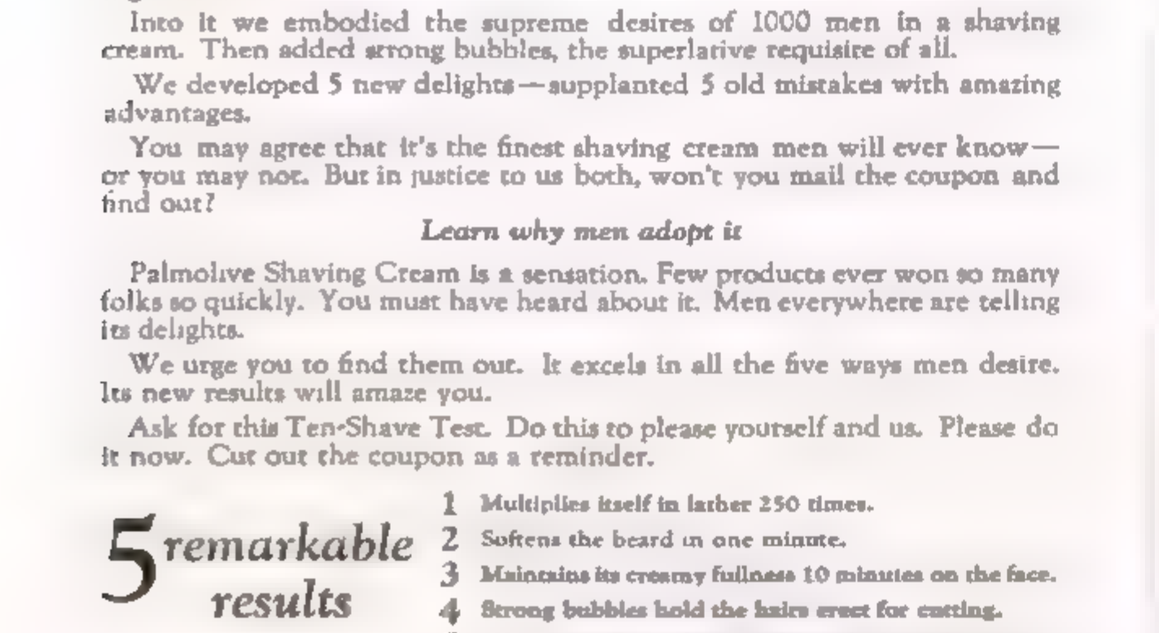
5 *remarkable results*

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects, due to palm and olive oil content.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of shaving cream. These are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), Chicago, Ill.

PALMOLIVE
SHAVING CREAM



10 SHAVES FREE
and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1008, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

2811

"I mean just this: He's got precisely the same chance of finding anything worth having that you have of winning next year's Derby—about one in a million."

"Thanks," said Jeremy. "You are really comforting."

"Don't worry, old chap. I'll do my best. And if the worst comes to the worst, for goodness' sake communicate direct with me. I'll do my best to put things right."

Jeremy passed out along the forbidding corridor, down in the cage of the lift and through the office, with mingled feelings of alarm and amusement. He passed out of the building and across the Embankment, when he stood for a moment contemplating the great ugly building. At any rate, he had got safely out. He hadn't been pinched as he left the Yard. That was something. He decided to walk home. He could think better when he was walking.

He had plenty to think about. It was quite clear that Colonel Jackson, from the light of his experience, took a serious view of the latest developments. In fact, he had seemed much more serious than Jeremy had expected. Did he know more than he admitted? Was there something on the carpet of which he himself knew nothing? He went carefully over the conversation again, but found no consolation in it.

He had heard no further word from Lady Dorothy. He wondered what her next move would be. He did not even know whether she was still in London. He doubted very much whether she would take any active steps. She was, he thought, hardly that sort. Curious that both the women who had known Arthurton in the old days should have adopted much the same attitude toward him. If he had been a rascal his way would have been easy. But the crash would have been bigger when it came. It was coming. There was no doubt of that. He could see it looming larger every day. Every step he took, every incident in his life, seemed to bring nearer the inevitable day when the whole fantastic scheme must melt away and leave him exposed as a fraud—unless the real lord turned up in time.

He could see the way in which his enemies would use the evidence against him. Since he had taken Arthur Arthurton's place, and the real Arthurton had unaccountably disappeared, two Lord Amletts had died, and he, the impostor, was now using the title. That would look very fishy. In the hands of clever counsel that would be absolutely damning. And Lady Dorothy, supposing she pushed matters to that extreme, would be certain to employ the very best and most expensive counsel that could be got. He would not have a chance.

And supposing that the real Lord Amlett did not turn up—never turned up. Supposing that he was dead. People did die, and already the Amlett family seemed to have got into the habit of dying suddenly at the most awkward of moments. Supposing he was never found and he, Jeremy, was put on his trial. It would be a more serious charge then than impersonation.

There was Aleck Thane too. He would join in the hunt with the greatest of pleasure. He would be affronted in so many different ways. He would be furious that an impostor had forbidden him to try his luck again with Olivia; he would be infuriated by the insult to his regiment; he would be angry that an adventurer should take the title of Lord Amlett.

Lastly there was Olivia. She would be dragged in. Her name would be dragged through the courts. She would have to give evidence. He could imagine eminent counsel for the prosecution proceeding about thus:

"You ask the jury to believe that you knew this man was not your brother?"

"Yes."

"If that is so why did you recognize him as your brother?"

"Because I believed in him. I knew he was speaking the truth."

"Had you ever seen this man before the occasion on which you saw him at your brother's flat?"

"No."

"Never?"

"Never."

"And yet you believed him?"

"Yes."

"Did he give you any proof of his extraordinary story?"

"Yes; he showed me a note from my brother"

"Have you the note now?"

"No."

"Do you know where it is?"

"No."

"I suggest that you cannot produce the note."

"That is correct."

The imaginary cross-examination beat itself out in his brain as he walked on. Everywhere around him people were hurrying home, stopping now and again where the froth of evening-newspaper placards, to Jeremy's disordered fancy, advertised The Amazing Lord Amlett, Revelations by Lord Amlett's Sister, or Cross-Examination in the Amlett Case.

He set his teeth. Loyalty was all very well in its way. Loyalty was easy when there was only oneself to consider. But when loyalty began to hurt other people, to threaten other lives, it was time to reconsider the position. He quickened his pace. He hurried round the corner into his own street, not noticing Ballan, who was already on duty, not noticing anyone or anything.

"Willett!" he cried when he found himself once more at home. "Take this down to the Times office with my compliments. Tell them to put it in the Personal Column tomorrow morning without fail."

"Yes, my lord," said Willett, and departed.

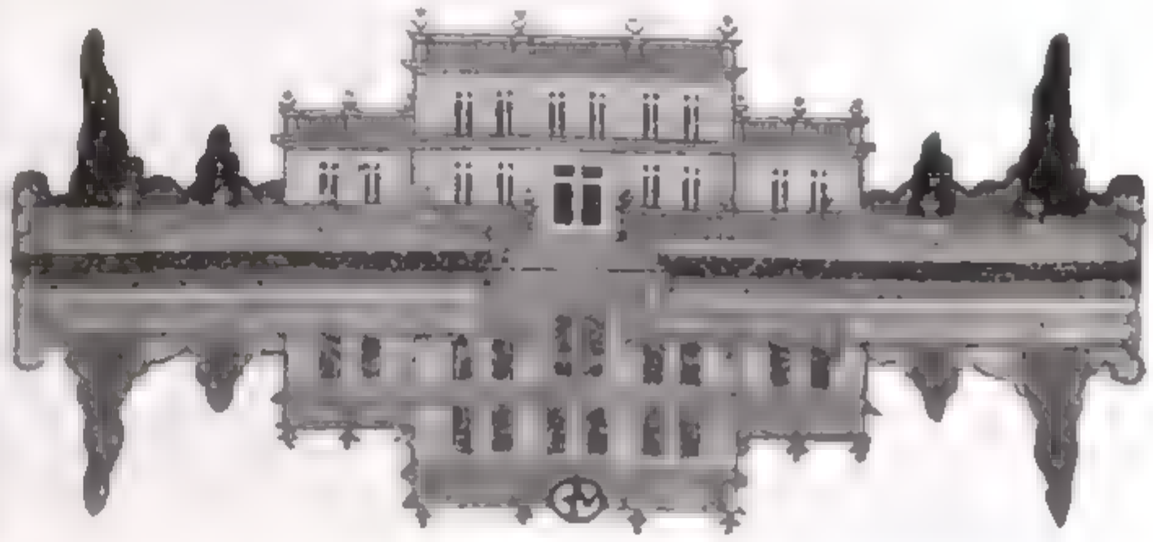
Jeremy collected all the money he had left, amounting to a little more than twenty pounds. He put changes of linen and his shaving kit into a bag, took a raincoat over his arm, chose a stick, and then changing his mind came back to write a note. It was brief. It ran:

"*My dear:* The last straw has broken the camel's vertebral arrangements. I am reaching out for fresh lands. I am sorry. I had no right ever to have come. I ask your forgiveness. Perhaps some day I may come back. Good-by.

"JEREMY LAYTREE."

He addressed it to Olivia, left it on his desk and went out, Lord Amlett no longer, but plain Jeremy Laytree again.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Kerosene for fuel— Gas for cooking

The invention of the patented Kerogas Burner has given housewives all the advantages of cooking with gas—but with kerosene as a fuel.

With the touch of a match, this wonderful burner vaporizes the oil, automatically mixes one part of it with 400 parts air, and gives a clean, steady, *odorless* flame, which is regulated to any degree of heat by the simple turn of a little control wheel.

With this *Genuine One-Piece Brass* Burner you get "a flame within a flame" right where you want it. Have a strong blaze or a gentle simmering heat or any degree between.

You cook as easily and as quickly as on a gas range, and the uniform heat gives "a perfect turn" to everything. Meat and vegetables cooked; bread, cake and biscuits baked through to exactly the right point.

When you buy an oil stove with the name KEROGAS on the burners, then you know that you are going to get the best results with the least fuel cost. Many of the best makes of stoves are equipped with Kerogas Burners. You find them at leading hardware and furniture stores everywhere.

Ask the dealer for a demonstration.

The KEROGAS Oven for Baking and Roasting

is a fitting companion for the Kerogas Burner. As reliable as any range oven ever made, and as durable. Gives sure, uniform results because its temperature can be regulated perfectly by burner beneath.

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Manufacturers of Burners, Ovens, Cooking and Heating Stoves and Ranges
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Kerogas DOES Surpass

The heart of the Oil Stove

KEROGAS

The Giant Kerogas Burner

Every "Giant Kerogas Oil Stove" equipped with "regular" Kerogas Burners also has one of the new Patented Giant Kerogas Burners. This "Giant" is capable of the most intense heat—when you need it quickly—but is easily regulated for ordinary use. You can get the new **Heavy Duty Giant Kerogas Oil Cook Stoves** equipped entirely with Giant burners. Models equipped only with "regular" Kerogas Burners are also available.

Look for the Name KEROGAS on the Burner

Dealer's Note—The best jobbers are prepared to supply oil stoves equipped with Kerogas Burners

comfort

DAYTON Thorobred Extra-Ply Cords pioneered the way to luxurious riding comfort—*with long mileage.* For five years, on hundreds of thousands of cars, they have given the combined advantages of all types of tires.

Today they fill a very definite need for long wearing, low air pressure tires designed and built for use on standard rims. You can put them on your car knowing that you will get comfort without sacrifice of economy.

Dayton Extra-Ply Balloon Tires for cars equipped with new 20-inch and 21-inch rims, are of unequalled excellence, giving amazing mileage with low cost.

THE DAYTON RUBBER MFG. CO., DAYTON, OHIO

Dayton

Thorobred Cords

The Pioneer Low Air Pressure Tires

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34

WHIZ (THE YODELING YOKEL, ASSISTED BY 6 YODELING YOKELESSES) sang with great success the Lydian lay entitled:

ONLY A POOR CHORUS GIRLIE

A chorus girl in regal raiment went for a repast
To Childs'—her limousine stood at the door.
She ordered up some viands rare—Lucullus would have gasped
To see her eat and eat, and order more.
A waitress with a laden tray passed by her;
A humble plate of hash reposed thereon.
The odor of that dish, right off the fire,
Stirred embers of a past, now dead and gone!
The chorine sobbed with anguish that was keen,
And staggered out to her swell limousine.

Refrain

She's only a poor chorus girlie!
Despite all the glitter and glow.
She is sick of the hurly and burly,
And longs once again to go
Back to Brooklyn, where she had been happy,
Though only a fact'ry girl styled.
At her ma's knee to be
Hearing that melody:
(Close harmony)
OH, FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD!

—Harry G. Smith.

Senatorial Poetry

IF I SHOULD be elected to the Senate,
(And my chances I admit are quite remote)
Though my speeches and orations
Might not change the course of nations,
Yet The Record would be snappier to quote.
All my verses would be couched in flawless meter,
For of all the bores with which this nation's cursed,
Yes, of all those stately men, it
Seems to me, who grace the Senate,
The versifying senator's the worst.

Why is it when a man's achieved distinction,
Why is it when at last he's reached the height,
Though successful, wise and clever
In his own field of endeavor
Yet he straightway feels the urge in him to write?
Though our senators are tedious and prosy
Still their speeches, I admit, might be much worse.
If they'd stick to prose I'm sure it
Would be easy to endure it,
But why do they insist on writing verse?

—Newman Levy.

Sleepy Wife: "Is That You, George? Here's the Key"

The new Quaker Cook Book is ready

Send for it. 96 new and universal recipes, covering everything from correct soup thickening to cookies and desserts—oats, wheat, rice, corn, barley, illustrated in color. Send 10c for a copy postpaid. The Quaker Oats Company, Room 1660, 80 East Jackson St., Chicago.

Quick Stimulation

—hot oats and milk

QUICK QUAKER—For quick energy and quick cooking. Ready in 3 to 5 minutes

HERE are quick oats with a flavor—rich, smooth and delicious—Quick Quaker, a new kind of Quaker Oats. They provide the "oats and milk" breakfasts which authorities now are urging for children and grown-ups—cooked, ready to serve in 3 to 5 minutes. That's as quick as plain toast!

For quick stimulation and all-day vigor, no food surpasses; for savory lusciousness, none compares.

All that rich Quaker flavor is retained. The grains are cut before flaking and rolled very thin. They cook faster. That's the only difference. Try them—you will be delighted.

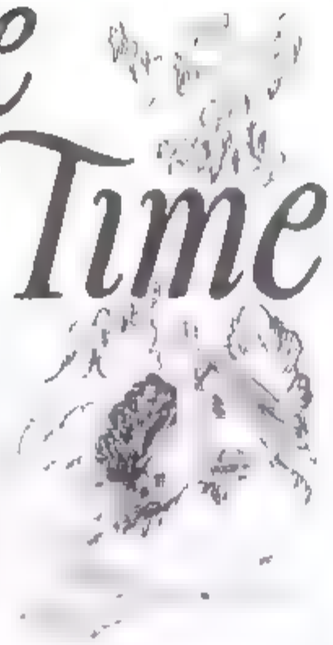
Your grocer now has two kinds of Quaker Oats—the kind you have always known and Quick Quaker.

Standard full size and weight packages—
Medium: 1¼ pounds;
Large: 3 pounds, 7 oz.

Quaker Oats
The kind you have always known

Quick Quaker
Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

June-time is Straube Time



WHEN hearts beat high and music fills the air; when new homes are being founded and romance is rekindled on every hearth—this, indeed, is Straube time

For the Straube brings a new joy to the home. No matter how little you know technically of music, you can now *personally play* the kind you love best. The exclusive Artronome player action is not only strikingly easy to operate, but so wonderfully responsive that you quickly play with the expressiveness of true artistry.

The Straube Conservatory Model Grand fulfills the rapidly growing demand for a grand piano of convenient size for home or auditorium. Exquisite in touch and tone, beautiful in design and finish, this instrument meets the exactions of the most discriminating—a mark of distinction in the most refined surroundings.

Straube produces a complete line of pianos—small upright models for use where space is limited, larger uprights, foot-impelled and expression players, grands and reproducing grands. Send coupon or write for catalog and name of nearest Straube dealer.

The Dominion Model Piano shown below, although only four feet high, possesses the beauty and power of tone, and the touch of the real musical instrument. Ideal for small homes, apartments, schools—wherever space is limited.

The Patented Pendulum Valve shown at the right is the sign of player *dependability*. Available only in Straube-made instruments, these valves (88 in every player) assure lasting, satisfactory service.

Your children's love of music, their taste for the better kind, is nurtured by the Straube. Used for roll playing, it enables anyone to play *expressively* the music of the masters. For hand playing, its touch and tone are a source of continual delight, encouraging the student.

Your present piano accepted as part payment on a new Straube. Straube instruments are nationally priced f. o. b. Hammond, Ind., as follows.

Players: The Dominion - - - $650
The Puritan - - - - - -
The Colonial - - - - - -
The Imperial - - - - - -
The Arcadian - - - - - -
Upright Pianos - - $395, $425, $525
Conservatory Grand - - - - -

Convenient terms easily arranged

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STRAUBE PIANO CO., Dept. J., Hammond, Ind.
Gentlemen: Please send your catalog and complete information on Upright Pianos ☐ Players ☐ Grands ☐ Check one which interests you.

Name

Street

City, State

Check here if you own a Piano ☐ or Player ☐

THE SILVER SWORD

Continued from Page 40.

"I'll have to get my clothes," she suggested.

"I can go down and get them in the morning," he said. His eyes rested on her hands, and he added, "The first thing to do is to have a doctor dress those cuts on your hands—you don't want any trouble with them—and have a look at your head."

"Oh, they're nothing," she told him. "It isn't worth bothering about that."

"You're not allowed to argue," he warned her good-humoredly. "You're in my hands now."

"But I must have my clothes," she repeated, and glanced down at the dress she wore. "This isn't really suitable for traveling, or even for going to a hotel—even a hotel where there aren't any men."

She smiled a little and he laughed with her.

"You'll have to," he told her. "I'll get your things for you tomorrow."

"I'll have to go back for them," she protested. "They are all unpacked, put away. I'll have to pack my trunk and collect things together. You could hardly do that."

"You don't give me credit," he assured her. "I'm a first-rate packer."

She was silent a moment, thinking; then leaned toward him with an inspiration.

"I don't believe Uncle Jasper will go back there tonight," she said. "He'll know the police will be watching down there, looking for him."

"Why?" he asked, faintly perplexed.

"We can go down there now," she told him. "I can pack up tonight and change into something else. If I went to the hotel this way, they'd never get over looking at me. I couldn't do it."

"You're not going back to that shop at all," he told her. "Positively! Ever! And you'd as well make up your mind to that." She smiled.

"I'm not afraid," she assured him. "Certainly not if you go with me. But I really don't think we'll find him there. And if he isn't there, it won't take me fifteen minutes. And it's so much the simplest way."

He shook his head.

"It's so simple it's foolish," he told her. "You can't talk me into that."

But she did talk him into it. There was something in her assumption of his own fearlessness which a little daunted the young man, made him ashamed to be afraid even on her account; and she was herself so entirely unafraid.

"So long as you go with me," she explained. "I wouldn't go alone; but with you there, nothing can happen. And he won't be there anyway."

When in the end he yielded, he exacted in return a concession from her.

"All right," he said at last. "But you'll have to stop and see a doctor on the way and get those cuts dressed."

And thus determined, they presently set out; set out to see a doctor, and then to go for the last time to the little shop the very air of which seemed always to Dana to breathe that malignant and fretful hatred of mankind which emanated from the mad old man.

When they stepped into the elevator and descended, the office boy left behind them grinned wisely at their departing backs.

"That's a fine sap!" he muttered half aloud, and he snapped with an unusual and almost scornful violence the large shears which were the tools of his trade.

It was a moment after Dolliver and Sophie disappeared that Slade, the night city editor, burst into the little anteroom and looked around for them.

"Where's Dolliver?" he demanded of the office boy.

"Just beat it with that skirt," the boy replied. Slade swore in a hearty and profound disgust, and the boy asked, "Why, what you want?"

"Shooting out in Hartline," the editor laconically explained, his thoughts already seeking other expedients. "Crooper, the big antique man. Some nut put a bullet in him, and I haven't got a leg man around that I can send out there. Thought I'd grab Dolliver and put him on it." He jerked open the door through which he had come. "If he comes back, tell him to see me," he directed, and disappeared with a great slam of the door.

The boy grinned to himself.

"That guy won't be back here tonight," he prophesied under his breath; and this time the event was to prove him right in thinking he had seen the last of Dana for a while.

VII

THE hour was one of triumph for old Jasper; triumph coming at the end of days of tribulation, harassing and sore. Since that day when, returning to the shop, he discovered Dana there and got his first hint of the transaction which had begun the recent history of the little sword, there had been no peace for the miserable man.

It is not easy to present his mental processes in any orderly and rational light; and this is no doubt because of the fact that they were in no sense of the word either orderly or rational. He was from the beginning of the incident driven by that eager wet-lipped greed which was his familiar spirit; and one of the effects of this force within him was to render him acutely sensitive to certain impressions. It was this sensitiveness, this receptivity, which made him suspect from a chance-caught word of Sophie's that the transaction had occurred. Another man might have heard the same remark without thought or understanding; but it roused in Jasper an avid curiosity, a tormented certainty that somehow and in somewise he had been made the loser.

He, of course, remembered perfectly the little sword itself; he had seen it when Sophie presented the odds and ends rescued from the closet for his inspection. But he was at that moment in a contrary mood, irritated with her, willing to make her feel herself of small account. He had expected her to fail in her efforts at making any sale at all of the things; the sword was in his eyes of no particular value; so he had given her a free hand, with the results cumulatively so appalling.

The fact that Dana had made a small profit on the sword irritated him as a mosquito irritates a man who wishes to sleep; he took advantage of the pretext to humiliate Sophie and abuse her; and when he perceived that by this treatment of the girl he drove Dana to a foolish generosity in her defense, he seized upon the opportunity. It was only when Dana failed at once to recover the sword that the old man's suspicions were directed so acutely to that article itself; only then that he began a systematic inspection of the various shops about the city, and a course of questioning which gave him at last the information that the price of the sword had risen to seventy-five dollars.

This converted a minor irritation into a major aggravation; it awoke in him at the same time a jealous fury over his loss, a passionate desire to recover some of the profit which might have been his, and an increasing anger at Sophie and at the young man, Dolliver.

Jasper's thoughts were inevitably illogical, absurd, unreasoned and grotesque. But they did not appear in this wise to the man himself. He whetted his own anger by imagining a thousand things—that Dana had recognized the sword as an object of value and taken advantage of Sophie; that the two had conspired together; that the tales were merely pretexts designed to involve title to what he considered his property so that he could not recover it. He thought Sophie was not his niece at all; that she had come to live with him with some such thieving purpose as this first in her mind. He convinced himself that Pendleton was in league with them. And he

(Continued on Page 145)

Where the millions work,
let working be at its best.
Remember the influence
of paint and varnish
"Save the surface and you save all" — Paint & Varnish
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

PAINT and varnish earn their way in office, mill and factory. Cheerfulness and good health increase production. Paint and varnish increase cheerfulness and good health. Look to your working quarters as you look to your roofs. Workers and products that must be kept clean need clean surroundings. Spoilage, eye-strain, accidents diminish where paint and varnish are on the payroll—sickness, friction, labor turnover also. "Save the surface and you save all" is a lively and profitable truth where the millions work.

SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN, 507 The Bourse, Philadelphia, Pa.

A co-operative movement by Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests whose products and services conserve, protect and beautify practically every kind of property

Ask your dealer or painter for a copy of Save the Surface Magazine

You should have *two* percolators

You don't take the wardrobe trunk when you start on an overnight journey.

So why use the family percolator when all you want is one steaming cup of fragrant coffee, just for yourself?

There is a Viko *individual* percolator which every household should own. It looks like a toy—*but it makes coffee!* Two cups. Put it over the simmerer and away it "perks," saving you time, fuel, and coffee.

There are a dozen other percolators in the Viko line—different sizes, different styles. And there are roasters and kettles, sauce pans and griddles, cake pans and pie plates—everything that a well-equipped modern kitchen needs.

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VIKO

The Popular Aluminum

(Continued from Page 142)

mumbled these thoughts over and over in his mind, endlessly canvassing them, convincing himself that he was alone against the world, seeing in every man a foe.

In his efforts to discover what had happened, he spent all his days in an incessant running to and fro; he satisfied himself that Pendleton had the sword. Then his alertly sensitive instinct made him certain that the sword had been removed: that Pendleton had sold it, or hidden it away. The old man knew Crooper and hated him; they were at the opposite ends of the business scale, the top of the ladder and the bottom, and Crooper had never thought it worth while to conceal his contempt for the little man. So old Jasper hated him, saw in the other's success something very like a personal injury, expected to find Crooper soon or late at the bottom of every mishap which came his way. So long as the sword remained at Pendleton's, Jasper was at least satisfied that it had not fallen into Crooper's hands; but when from the demeanor of the clerks and of Pendleton himself he became convinced that the thing was gone, his thoughts turned at once to Crooper.

This man was the ogre whose vision disturbed old Jasper's dreams; he felt almost a triumph now in the thought that Crooper was about to show his hand; decided Dana was Crooper's agent; that perhaps Sophie herself had been hired by the other for just such a purpose as this. And thus thinking, he went ranging to Crooper's store, saw the sword in the window, and was by sight of it flogged into such an unreasoning and reckless fury that he would have laid hands upon the thing on the spot if those about had not prevented him. His outcries and the summons of one of the clerks brought the nearest policeman. Jasper, with protruding eyes and twitching mouth, cried his accusation that the sword had been stolen from him; Crooper himself assured the officer that he had bought the bauble from Pendleton, and named the price, and Jasper found himself led to the street and warned to take himself away.

So Jasper scurried back to the shop, the only refuge he knew; to the narrow little room at the head of the stairs where he was accustomed to huddle in his chair and fret at the thoughts which tormented him. He had been there for some time before his anger turned from Crooper's head to Sophie's; and this rage was whipped to a blind and murderous point by the discovery that Sophie had barred her door against him. If he could have laid hands on her then, she might have called for Dana hopelessly enough; the mischance that delivered her out of his hands seemed to Jasper another contrivance of the forces leagued against him.

But with Sophie out of his reach and Dana not at hand, the old man's malignant hatred of Crooper flowered again. When he realized that he had lost Sophie, he turned toward the dealer's place of business, willing to feast his eyes upon the sword's tarnished dignity and grace. The policeman warned him away; but not before he had made sure that the sword was gone. Dana, discovering its removal, had imagined it must have been put in the safe for the night; but Jasper's passion gave him a clairvoyant instinct, and it was with this as a guide that he determined to follow Crooper to his home. As a prelude, he returned to the shop and from the drawer of his old desk took a cheap rusted revolver which he had kept there for years. With this in the pocket of his coat, he found a car going toward the locality where Crooper lived.

This man, Crooper, had an instinct for salesmanship. Some of his customers were dealers like himself, semiprivate agents often buying on direct commission from wealthy collectors. One such man, a Philadelphian, was in the city on the second day after the sword came into Crooper's possession, and Crooper decided to sell the sword to him. He was accustomed to say that there was never any hurry about selling an antique of real merit; that such things appreciated in value more rapidly than money at interest. Nevertheless the man took care to sell quickly when he could do so at the same time profitably; he knew that the agent in question, whose name was Lord, bought for one of the collectors who made silver a specialty. And to give this man the spur, Crooper put the sword on display as though prepared to arrange its instant sale.

The result was that Lord's interest was caught; he asked for a price; and Crooper tucked the sword under his arm and invited Lord to dinner at his home. They drove out in Crooper's car and the sword was not mentioned. In the house, Crooper laid it on the library table and made his guest welcome; Mrs. Crooper was a gracious hostess, and Lord found no opportunity to intrude business into the cocktail hour. The dinner was perfection, the service worthy of the dinner, and Crooper served a mellowing wine. Afterward there was coffee in the library, some ancient peach brandy in wide glasses which permitted its aroma to cloud into the nostrils of the drinker; a good cigar; and Mrs. Crooper disappeared to leave the two men to their affairs. The night was warm, and Crooper opened the French doors which gave entrance to the library from the veranda.

Old Jasper, cautiously reconnoitering the house, discovered where they were. From about the time Mrs. Crooper withdrew, he crouched just outside the open doors, listening with wet lips and gleaming eyes; and he fingered the rusty old revolver while he squatted there.

Crooper and Lord did their business in a leisurely fashion, relishing the courteous interchanges, unhurried and calm. They discussed the ancient silversmith to whom Pendleton and Crooper attributed the sword; and since this was the first Jasper had heard of that matter, he listened in a rigid attention. They consulted volumes from Crooper's shelves, seeking to discover some record of the thing's previous existence; they scrutinized the coat of arms which the sword bore, and with what authorities there were at hand they tried to identify this escutcheon, but without success.

Lord asked where the sword had been found; and Crooper, with a relish suggesting that he found pleasure not only in the rarity and beauty of the objects in which he dealt, but also in the romance which ever clung about them, recited so many of the circumstances as he knew. And they examined the sword itself, handling it reverently, holding it beneath the light for better view, replacing it tenderly when they laid it down again. And always Jasper crouched outside, close against the wall, invisible in the shadow there, listening with twisted lips and now and then peering balefully through the glass panes; till they came to the question of price, and Crooper said frankly:

"It's worth anything the customer will pay, of course. I don't know who your client is; but I've no doubt he'd give five thousand. I paid seven hundred and fifty and I'll be content with that much more as profit. In such a case as this, I'm more interested in seeing the article go into hands that will treasure it than in my own interest."

Lord nodded and replied agreeably enough:

"You're quite right. It's worth more. But there's a charm about the thing. It pleases me more than anything I've found for a year or more. A museum piece, and it will go there by and by. In the meantime, you're very generous, and we can agree."

He drew a little folding check book from his pocket, and a small pen, and sat down at the table.

"I'll give you the check now," he said quietly, and began to write.

Old Jasper came in at the moment Lord put pen to paper. It was not so much that Jasper chose this moment for his entrance as it was that the emotions which overwhelmed him were brought to the boiling point by the price which Crooper named.

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It isn't likely--it isn't even probable that you would ever stand out in the blazing sun for more than a hundred hours.

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Hour after hour, day after day, Middishade serge was exposed to the blazing light of the sun. Its color never wavered!

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Then, because sunlight varies so much in intensity, samples were sent to the United States Testing Co. Laboratories. There it was exposed on the Fade-Ometer--a machine which tests the color of fabrics by concentrating on them light as brilliant as the most glaring sunshine.

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and which Lord had agreed to pay. So Jasper came in; erupted into the room, moving with a kind of squattering leap, jerking back the screen, pushing aside the half-open leaves of the French doors so that they thumped against the bookcases on either hand. He made no outcry; but his very movement, so startling, so unheralded and so venomous, was as emphatic as a scream. He came in at a sidling dart that ended when he paused, poising, like a spider ready to leap; and the electric light caught a faint reflection from the rusty old pistol in his hand.

The figure the man made was definitely terrifying. Even if he had been unarmed he would still have inspired a very definite affright, for his eyes were distended and glaring, and his lips clipped back across his teeth, revealing these teeth like fangs. His hat was tilted in a fashion at the same time ludicrous and frightful; and his bent knees and his dangling arms and the thing in his right hand combined to produce a whole curiously and inhumanly alarming. Crooper had been facing the door at the moment of the old man's entrance; the table was between him and Jasper. Lord had his back to the door; and at sound of Jasper's violent movement the man looked behind him in dismay, then, at what he saw, flung to his feet and to one side. Crooper leaned his hands on the table, leaning toward old Jasper; and Lord watched them both from a little at one side; and Jasper, with a quick gesture of the pistol, bade him draw nearer Crooper.

"Over there!" he said sharply, whiningly. "Over there!" The sword lay on the table and he snatched it in his left hand, let his eyes rest for a moment upon the thing. "Ha!" he cried. "So!"

Crooper spoke in a crisp and authoritative voice.

"Put that down, old man!"

"It's mine!" Jasper retorted; and his voice rose a little, hysterically. "It's mine, I say!" He flung back his head and laughed in an appalling way. "Oh, you're smart!" he told Crooper, pointing with the muzzle of the gun. "Oh, you're smart! Made a fool of me a good many times. Not this time, Crooper! Not this time!"

"You're crazy, Fuce," said Crooper. "You're crazy, old man. Put that down again!"

"Crazy, am I? Not so crazy as you, though, Crooper. Not so crazy as you, to try this on me."

There was an indescribable menace in Jasper's tones, and Lord said quietly to his friend, "Let him go. It's easily recovered."

Crooper shook his head.

"I don't propose to submit to this," he told the other, and turned to Jasper again; and he stepped around the table, fronting the old man. They were scarce two paces apart when he extended his hand. "Give it to me!" he commanded.

Jasper backed toward the open doors, clutching the sword against his coat, shaking his head.

"Keep away from me!" he cried passionately. "Don't lay your hands on me!"

Crooper was either a brave man or a foolish one. He made a quick stride toward Jasper, bent on interceptung the other or preventing his escape; and the pistol barked, and Crooper doubled over on the floor at Jasper's very feet. Jasper, his back in the open door, escape inviting him, nevertheless hesitated for a moment, perhaps a little startled by what he had done, shocked back to some suggestion of sanity. Lord leaped to his friend's side, bent over Crooper.

"Where is it? Where is it, old man?" he cried, and looked up at Jasper and swore at him. "The police will attend to you," he said sharply.

Crooper managed to sit up, and he grinned through set teeth. His hands gripped his thigh.

"Here," he replied. "Bone, I guess."

And Mrs. Crooper appeared in the farther door, and asked in vague alarm, "Did I hear a shot?" Then saw her husband and ran to his side.

When Lord looked for Jasper again, the old man was gone; he had scuttled away through the shrubbery about the house, hugging to his bosom the recovered sword, desperate with understanding of what he had done, yet telling himself over and over that it would teach Crooper, that Crooper had deserved it. Nevertheless he was very dangerously afraid of what was going to happen to him; this terror made him as deadly as a rattler. And to escape from this terror, to find the only shelter he knew, he turned his way toward the city, toward that mean and sordid street where his existence centered, toward the shop that was at once his retreat and his sanctuary.

No one, he assured himself, dared follow him there; or at their peril, let them come.

When he boarded a street car he hid the sword under his coat; no one interfered with him on the way to town; he alighted from the car at the most convenient place, and afoot, seeking the shadows along the buildings, choosing alleyways when they offered, he made his way swiftly toward the squalid little store.

VIII

SOPHIE and Dana, once determined upon what they meant to do, gave way to a certain intoxication of happiness because their troubles were all resolved, because they were together, because the world was well with them. They went at first afoot, too much occupied with each other to consider practical matters; and they walked through the city streets, half deserted at this hour of the evening, moving almost at random, till Dana realized the aimlessness of this and hailed a passing taxicab and gave the address of a doctor whom he knew. In the taxicab they relaxed, and Sophie sighed a little, comfortably; and Dana, trembling a good deal, put his arm across her shoulders so that her head rested against it; and when he bent to kiss her, he saw her dark eyes glowing; her cheek was cool, but her lips were warm. But when they alighted at the doctor's office, crossing the pavement and mounting the steps, their manner was full of an austere propriety.

A little later they emerged; and Dana had bidden the taxi wait, and now he directed it toward the locality where the store was hidden away. He had yielded to Sophie completely in this matter; no longer opposed her desire to pack her belongings and remove them.

But he said now, "You'll have to let me go ahead—make sure your uncle isn't there, before you go in."

"I'll go with you," she declared.

"We'll leave the cab at the corner," he urged. "And you stay in it till I come back and get you."

But again she had her way, for they left the cab together. Dana explained to the driver that he would be wanted by and by.

"Wait here," he directed, "and I'll whistle when we're ready for you. There'll be a trunk." He turned to Sophie. "Not too big to take in beside the driver, is it?"

"Just a steamer trunk," she confessed.

"You wait then," he told the man again, and the driver nodded reassuringly.

They approached the antique shop on the opposite side of the street, watching it alertly for sign of Jasper's presence. The street was for all practical purposes deserted; in one or two windows lights still burned, but there were few passers-by. They could see no light in the narrow little shop, neither above stairs nor below. The door stood open as it had been left.

Sophie said, "You see, he isn't there. We'll go right in."

But Dana this time insisted that she wait until he could make sure; so Sophie stayed across the street while he entered the store, walked halfway the length of the lower floor, called Jasper's name, and then ventured upstairs. He called again and again, got no response, felt satisfied at last that the place was empty, and returned to tell the girl. When he came downstairs, she was at the door.

"He's not here," he said.

(Continued on Page 148)

* RUGGED STRENGTH

Plus

Superior Flexibility

The sturdy, rugged strength of Mason Balloons, combined with extraordinary flexing quality, gives these tires their *twin advantages of greater comfort and longer life.* And the reason for Mason's extra strength and flexibility is Mason cord fabric.

The superiority of Mason cord fabric is due to the kind of cotton that goes into it. This cotton is a carefully selected long staple variety, having not only great tensile strength, but having also a fibre so tough, so sinewy and so pliable that it lastingly endures the constant flexing which gives Balloon comfort.

Mason buys this raw cotton and in its own mills spins it into Mason cord fabric. This gives Mason a control over raw material and manufacture which assures an unvarying uniformity of cord quality in every Mason tire.

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LOCKS

Continued from Page 146

"I know," she agreed, and started up the stairs. "I won't be long."

"Want me to help you?"

"Stay down here," she suggested, "in case he does come. I'll call you when the trunk is ready."

So he stayed below, while she went up to her room. He could hear her moving to and fro; heard the loud scratch of a match and the puff of lighting gas. It occurred to him to close and lock the street door, and he did so, drawing back into the shadows within the store, waiting with his senses more and more alert. As had been the case before, he was conscious of something malignant in the atmosphere of this place; the stale odor of mold and dust and rotting wood pervaded it all; and Jasper seemed to have lent it some of his own characteristics, so that Dana felt the old man's presence here. The floor creaked beneath his feet, and there were small stirrings and scrapings in the gloom behind him as though someone moved there; and the young man strained his eyes in that direction, but could see nothing. Mice, he supposed; or the small sounds with which a creaky old house is so apt to be filled at night. And Sophie's feet going to and fro above his head.

He became more and more impatient to be gone; more than once he was minded to call to her to hurry, but stifled the impulse, ashamed of his own nervousness, ashamed to betray his increasing alarm. At last he could wait no longer, and he set his foot on the lower rung of the stair and spoke her name softly; and when she answered, he asked, "Almost ready?"

"You can come and lock my trunk," she told him, "unless you want the taxi man to do that."

"I'll bring it down," Jasper assured her, already mounting the stairs.

He found her in her room; found that she had changed into garments more suitable for adventuring abroad; that she wore a small hat which seemed to him to change her charmingly. He had never seen her wearing a hat before, and he took time to tell her how it became her and to hold her a moment in his arms.

The trunk lay on the floor by the bed, beneath the gas jet. She indicated it with a laugh of apology.

"So full," she explained. "I don't expect you can shut it at all."

"I'll manage," he assured her. He was full of relief because they would so soon be gone; and he put his weight upon the lid and snapped the hasps at the ends, and turned the key in the lock and, handed the key to her. "Now," he said, as he laid his hand upon the trunk to lift it upon end.

It was at this moment that a sound came to them which froze them motionless and listening—the sound of a key in the lock; the sound of a tinkling bell and a squeaking hinge and a shuffling little step. And before Dana could move, the girl had turned out the gas above their heads.

He found her in the darkness and held her close and breathed a word into her ear: "Is it him?" She nodded against his cheek; and they stood still, listening while the old man came up the stairs. He was panting; they could hear him breathing hard and muttering under his breath. Dana could not understand what he said, but Sophie caught a word and clutched the young man's arm so that he bent his ear to her lips.

"He mustn't see us," she whispered. "He'd kill us."

Dana protested, "I'm going to speak to him. I can handle him."

"No, no, he'll shoot you!"

"Has he got a gun?" Dana asked soundlessly

"He's shot somebody. Can't you hear what he's saying?"

They were silent again, listening, Dana trying to unravel the old man's mutterings, to understand what it was he said. A match scratched in the front room, Jasper's musty den, and the gas flared there; and Dana drew the girl down on the floor beside the bed.

"He'll look in here," he whispered. "You stay here. I'll tackle him."

But she clung to him passionately.

"No! No!"

Through the open door light streamed into the room where they were; and Jasper himself abruptly appeared in that doorway, peering in. Flat on the floor, they could look under the bed and see his feet; and Dana thought the old man would come in, and gathered himself for a spring; but after a moment Jasper seemed satisfied Sophie was not here, and he drew the door shut. It did not latch; the latch seemed to be broken; but the door stood almost shut, light shining through the crack and through the hole in the battered panels. Jasper sat down at his desk. They could hear the creak of the chair; and he muttered and mumbled, his voice now and then rising, shot through with a strange and insane note indescribably terrifying. Once he laughed, a low, triumphant chuckle, and Dana felt the hair on his scalp prickle at the sound.

He whispered to Sophie, "We've got to get away. He's home to stay."

"We can't pass him," she answered.

"The kitchen?" he asked.

"The windows there are barred," she reminded him

"We can bar the door, anyway," Dana told her. "We'll get into the kitchen. You go first, and I'll watch for him."

"You'll come," she exacted. "You won't let him get at you."

"I'll come right after you," he promised. "I'm not going to leave you," he assured her.

So she went slowly and with infinite care across the floor, on her hands and knees, trying to avoid causing the floor to creak. She disappeared into the darkness of the kitchen without a sound; and Dana followed her, and they shut that door behind them, and Dana propped a chair under the knob, moving with the utmost care and noiselessly.

But even with the door thus closed between them and the old man, they still spoke in the lowest whispers.

"There's no way out of here," she told him. "We're as badly off."

"Maybe I can loosen a bar," he suggested, and started toward the windows, through which, from the dark alleyway behind, only a faint light came.

"You can't open the windows," she protested. "They stick; they make a frightful noise. He'd be sure to hear."

He hesitated, came back to join her by the door again, to consider other possibilities. But as he did so his foot touched something in the floor; he felt a difference in its quality that distinguished it from the bare boards and bent and ran his hands to and fro; and he whispered with low-voiced satisfaction, "Here!"

She bent beside him.

"What?"

"Isn't this a register in the floor?"

"Yes."

"In the ceiling of the store?"

"Yes, yes," she assured him. "There's a big stove right under it, that heats the whole place in winter. There's another register in my room."

"This is big enough for us to get down through it," he whispered.

"You can't get it up, can you?"

"I'm going to," he assured her, and he was already tugging at the iron grille. It yielded a little at one side, and his fingers found the head of a screw which held it, and his knife started the screw till he was able to get hold of it with his hands. Other screws were equally tractable. In five minutes he was able to lift out the grille and lay it on one side. Beneath he could dimly see the dark interior of the store, the bulk of the great stove, the disorder of furniture at one side.

"Now," he told her, "down you go. And as soon as you get down, go on to the front door and out. I'll be right after you."

"He'd hear the bell," she protested. "I'll wait for you."

He pressed her hand.

Continued on Page 151

This worker scorned Safety Goggles—

"SAFETY Goggles, huh? Don't need 'em, Boss. Been working with bare eyes for ten years, and I ain't blind yet!"

"Orders, Dave," replied the foreman. "Safety Goggles for every man in your department! These were made for you. Wear 'em!"

Dave took the goggles, scowled; then, with a gesture of defiance, threw them aside.

A few days later, Plant Superintendent Palmer sent for this foreman. "Say, Charlie, Dave Brewster's had an accident, I hear—going to lose his sight. You gave him safety goggles, didn't you? Why wasn't he wearing 'em?"

"Well, I told him to wear them. But Dave's obstinate. Wish now I'd discharged him. Poor Dave, he'd better have lost his job than his sight."

During 1924, in the State of Pennsylvania alone, 658 eyes were lost by factory workers. Under the Workmen's Compensation these eyes cost over $1,000,000. But dollars-and-cents will never repay a workman for the loss of an eye.

In Pennsylvania, in the same year, the loss of eyes exceeded by 103 the combined loss of hands, feet, legs and arms. Moreover, eye losses show an increase of 18½% over the preceding year.

Any employer will provide any employee with Wellsworth Safety Goggles without charge. And every employee should be sure to wear his goggles *over his eyes*, not pushed up on his forehead. If you have defective vision you can have your correction set in Wellsworth Safety Goggles.

Note to Employers: To protect yourselves and your men against eye accidents, you must know every eye-hazard that exists in your plants. As pioneers and acknowledged leaders in Industrial Eye Protection, we will furnish you, without charge, with a special survey. Write us today about this one means of sure protection against your eye-hazards. Ask for a reprint of this advertisement, for posting on your factory bulletin board, and for the famous "Happy Larry" series of bulletins showing consequences to workers who fail to protect their eyes. Address Wellsworth Safety Division, American Optical Co., Southbridge, Mass.

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For forty years, in the plants of Johnson & Johnson, men and management have worked on a basis of loyalty to the users of their goods. They have borne in mind that *this* particular bandage, ligature or package of absorbent cotton, might be just the one called upon in emergency that meant human safety—human welfare—perhaps life itself. Beyond the laboratory—beyond skill—beyond machinery—has been conscience.

Where there is conscience, products are made all the time as if they were intended solely for the emergencies requiring absolute reliability. Where there is conscience, there is confidence.

Johnson & Johnson

NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

Your Druggist is More than a Merchant

(Continued from Page 148

"Wait for me at the door then. Now put your feet through this hole."

"I can't reach the floor "

"I'll lower you," he explained. "You can stand on the stove, and then climb down from there."

"You'll come right after me?"

"Yes, yes."

So she obeyed him; and he helped her as he could, and kept fast hold upon her arms till by the easing of her weight he knew her feet had found the top of the stove. Then he waited while she cautiously got down to the floor. She made some little noise, but he felt sure Jasper could not have heard; and as soon as his way was clear, he dropped his feet through the opening and lowered himself, and with his swinging feet found the top of the stove and got footing and let go his hold.

The stove had supported her safely enough, but his weight was too much for it. So now when he let go with his hands, one of the legs of the stove slipped out of place, the whole structure toppled; and Dana was thrown sidewise, falling against the edge of an old desk, the stove itself overturning with a hideous clatter. Something struck his head; there was a sharp pain in his side; Sophie's cry of alarm rang in his ears; and the thunder and clamor of the falling stove seemed to him to fill the night with an unbearable alarm.

He caught at her hand, cried aloud, "Quickly!"

And thus, hand in hand, they ran toward the front of the store, picking their way through the intervening obstacles. A pair of andirons betrayed them, they rolled headlong; and when Dana lifted his head he saw old Jasper silhouetted against the door, the lights in the street behind him—saw with extraordinary clearness the pistol in the old man's hands; and he heard Jasper's challenging cry:

"Who's that back there?"

Sophie answered, "Just me, Uncle Jasper."

She sought to make her voice matter of fact and calm. But an orange flame lanced the darkness and something splintered the wood over their heads.

Dana swept Sophie to one side while they went scurrying on hands and knees to shelter. He thrust her behind a great chest of drawers.

"Stay there," he commanded, and stood erect to face the old man.

Jasper was at the gas jet nearest the door; he struck a match and Dana had a momentary glimpse of his infuriated countenance, contorted and terrible. Then the match went out, and Jasper abandoned his intention of lighting the gas and started toward them.

Dana cried a warning.

"Stay where you are!" he commanded. A shot answered him, and a profane and frenzied cry, and then Jasper laughed in a high, demoniac key.

"You can't hit us," Dana warned him. "And if you come in reach I'll break your head."

"Fool old Jasper, would you?" the madman challenged. "Ha! You would? Well, Jasper's going to fool you. You'll never rob an old man again. A bullet for Crooper and another for each of you young fools." He took a sidling step toward them. "You can't hide from me now; can't get away from Jasper now." And his laugh rang sickeningly through the dusky place like a cave.

Dana groped in the dark for a missile; his hand fell on a small old clock, and he hurled this with both hands at the advancing figure. It struck something intervening and crashed into many fragments, but the effect was nevertheless to teach Jasper caution. The old man dropped to the floor, chuckling and mumbling and muttering, and Dana heard something scrape as the other pushed a table to one side; and he understood that Jasper was creeping toward them under the shelter of the old furniture. The old man's tongue was not for a moment idle; he raved incessantly, and flung upon them a flood of blistering invective and abuse. Dana spoke quickly to Sophie.

"Get back," he bade her. "Way back in the store—behind something. I'll meet him here."

"I'm going to stay with you," she protested; and he spoke in quick and harsh command, permitting in this moment no argument at all.

"Do as I say!" he told her. "I'll handle him alone! Go on!"

He heard her move to obey him then; heard her depart along the floor. Himself crouching beneath a table, he had found a weapon that fitted his hand—the heavy poker from a set of fire irons. He was trembling, almost nauseated with horror at this prospective encounter; there was something inhuman about old Jasper which made the prospect of conflict with him as appalling as contact with a leper. Nevertheless Dana met the necessity; he chose his ground, waited for the other's approach. Jasper's advance seemed to have ceased; he was become quiet, and stillness now descended upon the shop, more terrifying than the old man's cries had been.

This silence irked Dana; he called to Sophie, "Are you safe, dear?"

"I'm behind the stove," she answered him. And old Jasper laughed, not ten feet from where Dana waited; laughed so long and venomously that Dana felt himself trembling where he lay.

Then silence again, a silence full of little creaking sounds, in the floor and in the walls; and outside an Elevated train swept roaring by; and Dana listened with all his ears, attentive for any warning of old Jasper's advance. He gripped the poker in his hand, trying to nerve himself to bring it down upon the madman's head; but as the minutes passed, he knew this would be impossible, and he laid it away behind him, confronting the necessity of meeting Jasper with only his hands. And something grated on the floor, a piece of heavy furniture pushed a little to one side. Jasper was making his stalk through the jumble of old stuff as a beast takes advantage of every bit of undergrowth. Dana might have precipitated matters, but he was willing to wait where he was. Directly before him there was a little open space. Here Jasper must appear; here he could hope to leap and pinion the maniac's hands before the other could pull trigger. Only the waiting was desperately hard.

And thus matters still stood when the knock came at the door—a heavy rap, repeated; voices muttering hoarsely.

This knock upon the door seemed momentarily to intensify the silence within, as though even breathing had been suspended. But Dana got to his feet, his body still sheltered, his head rising high enough so that he could see the door, and at what he saw his heart leaped with relief; for even by their silhouettes he could be sure the men who stood there were officers of the law.

The knock was repeated; Dana could hear their voices. Then one of them tried the door.

It was locked; but the glass in the pane was broken, and one of the policemen now put his arm through and sprung the latch and the door swung open, the little bell above it tinkling for a moment its warning signal. Dana called out a warning on his own account.

"Get out of the light!" he cried.

The two officers reacted as though automatically; they disappeared into the shadows; and in the moment's stillness Dana explained.

"He's here," he called to them. "Between us. He's got a gun. Look out for him!"

Sophie's voice came from the rear of the store.

"What is it, Dana?"

"The police," he told her. "Everything's all right now."

One of the officers asked, "The old man, you mean? Fuce?"

"He's right in front of me, hidden in this old furniture somewhere," Dana explained.

Jasper made no sound, and this very silence alarmed Dana. "Get a light on him if you can!" he cried.

"Come out of that, Fuce," one of the policemen commanded. "We've got you covered "

Jasper laughed, a high burst of ugly mirth that dwindled away to nothing.

"He's crazy," Dana called to them. "Look out for him!"

This word, this characterization, may have been the spur needed to prod Jasper into action. Or the old man may have calculated just such a move as he now made, throwing all other considerations aside so long as he could come at the young man who must have seemed to him root of all his troubles. At any rate, upon Dana's last word, Jasper came scrambling at him, over the intervening obstacles, with an agility incredible enough; a ferocity in his very speed which momentarily paralyzed Dana and held him still. Before he could move, Jasper was almost upon him; and the pistol exploded and Dana felt a burning pain in his shoulder and side; and he met the other then, grappling with him, striving to pin that pistol hand. His foot caught in something; Jasper's weight and violence overbore him.

As he went down, he heard the rush of heavy feet, the policemen coming to take a decisive hand. Then his head struck heavily upon the floor and his senses blackened in confusion and he felt Jasper's wrist slipping, slipping from his grasp; concentrated all his faculties in the effort to maintain his grip of it, yet felt it going still.

It seemed to him the policemen would never come, and he wearily twined his left arm about the old man's neck and they rolled and twisted on the floor; but the wrist escaped from Dana, and the pistol blazed again, its flare in his very face, blindingly, and something struck a great blow on his skull.

IX

DANA'S mother liked Sophie as much as Dana expected her to. They had a long fortnight together there; pleasant mornings while he sat in a great chair and she read to him and his mother moved solicitously to and fro; drowsy afternoons while he slept upon the couch and Sophie and Mrs. Dolliver talked together over their sewing near at hand.

And when his wounds were somewhat healed and he was able to be about, they liked to walk down to the river and talk together through the long hours, planning all they meant to do.

Dana's home was in the heart of a pleasant and a fruitful countryside; and Sophie could not understand why he had ever been willing to prefer the city to a spot so beautiful.

"But you came to the city too," he reminded her.

"Because I had no other place to go," she told him gently.

"I think," he suggested, "that I must have gone because I looked to find you there."

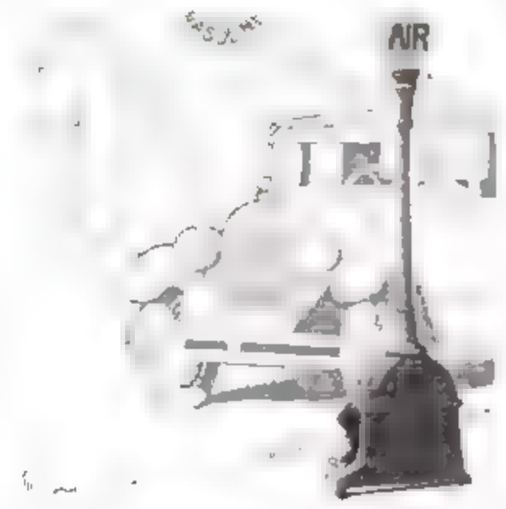
She went, one day, a little further than this; wondered whether they need go back again.

"I wasn't happy there," she confessed, "until you came. And even with you—I'd be happier here."

He had had, he confessed, a desire for some adventurous encounter with the world; but now more peaceful ways allured him. And there was, after all, no reason why they should not choose their pleasant courses here.

About the time when this was quite decided, they had word of Uncle Jasper. In the quarters to which he had been conveyed, he was at first most bitterly at a loss; girded at his surroundings; fought against every care; seemed to hate the sight of any fellow man. But a great change had been worked in him, and he was, they told Sophie, quite happy and contented since they had given him to treasure a little toy sword.

(THE END)



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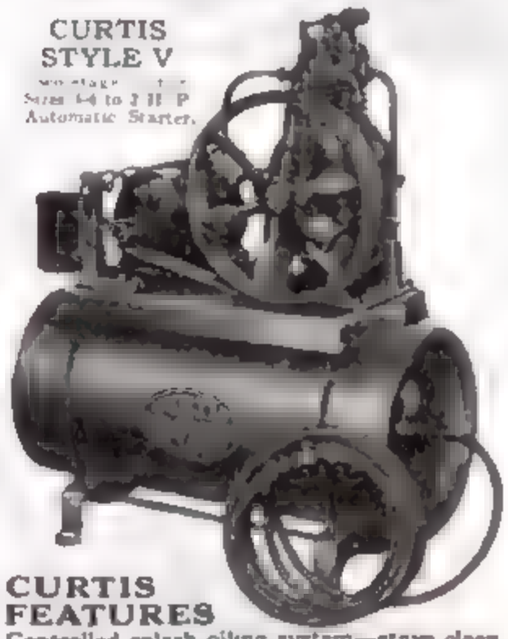

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LORDS OF THE WORLD'S WEALTH

Continued from Page 15

and make their rooms in demand. This applies in every country of Europe except Switzerland.

Time and again, year in and year out, I have taken the precaution to reserve rooms with bath months ahead, have put up a deposit, received confirmation of the reservations—in some cases paying in full through an agency weeks in advance in order to clinch the matter—only to be informed upon arrival that those rooms were not available, but they could let me have comfortable attic accommodation for my money, right under a nice cool roof, with a quaint sloping ceiling and a bowl and pitcher. In vain I have showed them their own letters acknowledging receipt of the money, inclosing plan of their hotel and specifying the room numbers. They would squirm and make excuses, and finally drift away with a shrug, leaving me the alternative of taking what they were pleased to give, or seeking elsewhere late at night in a city crowded with tourists for some place to lay my head. Hotel keepers of this class have absolutely no conscience as regards a contract, and no tourist need count on anything he reserves unless the season happens to be slack and they have rooms to spare. He will have to battle to exact what he has paid for.

For this and other reasons, the experienced traveler endeavors to visit places out of season so as to escape the mob. But the mob is precisely what the run-of-the-mill tourist craves. He wants to be there when things are in full blast and the crowds are milling about, and he will put up with any discomforts and pay any price to do it.

In certain countries the American will find better food than at home, but he will freeze half to death. If he wants to telephone, he has to take a cab. The evenings he must spend in the gloom of semidarkness, for on the Continent they seem to have the same attitude toward electric juice as toward war obligations—they simply won't give up.

Everything Ne Marche Pas

You return to your hostelry after a hard day, worn out and inclined to be peevish; but now you can rest and take it easy, and your spirits rise. Only for a moment. The elevator, *il ne marche pas*. This is French for "The darned thing has quit." So up you climb—three or four flights. Now for a good hot bath. You turn on the taps in the tub—a gurgle and a sigh, that's all. Forthwith you furiously summon the valet and demand what the Sam Hill. He explains with conciliatory smile and shrug that the water *ne marche pas* for the moment either. *Tout à l'heure, m'sieu, tout à l'heure.*

Oh, all right, you'll read a while. But the sun is setting and the light grows dim, so you snap the electric switch. Yes, you've guessed it—the electric light *ne marche pas* either. After a while, the maid brings you a lone candle and you settle down close to it to catch up with the latest scandals in London high life. Of course, there's a new one and it's warm reading; nevertheless, you shiver. You feel the radiator—colder than a friend who has borrowed money. Now the hotel charges extra for heating—chauffage, they call it, and it doesn't mean the same as our heat, but costs more—so you descend in a swirl of wrath to inquire of the manager. That frock-coated functionary is suave but chilly. Their heating system—he regrets, m'sieu—their heating system, *il ne marche pas.*

Nothing can ever convince me that these frequent, various breakdowns are entirely accidental. They happen too regularly. As the whole hotel is affected until the repairs are made, the sum total of the saving in power and fuel is not inconsiderable; and if there be any method short of strangling by which the average Continental hotel keeper can gouge a guest, he won't hesitate to adopt it.

Consider the system of charging for matches. Imagine a guest going into the smoking room of an American hotel and being obliged to hunt up the hall porter to buy matches if he wanted a light. Why, he'd jump that outfit, from manager down to bellhop! Yet we may come to it some day—the cover charge and the bread-and-butter charge were the entering wedges.

Women seem to resent more the custom of charging for writing paper, but to me this business of matches represents the pettiest, meanest, rattiest economy in the whole Continental scheme of graft. The man who first thought of it must have belonged to the lowest form of animal life, and I'll bet he doesn't need matches where he is

SANITATION. Latin and Eastern ideas of sanitation differ somewhat from ours. They don't have any.

Adventures of a Latin Loaf

Take only the one instance of bread. Special precautions insure that ours reaches the table spotlessly clean, free from a speck of dust. The loaves have individual wrappers, or emerge from the shelves of a delivery truck that one could eat a meal off of, it is so clean. But in Latin countries and the East—well, list to the adventures of a loaf. Not a wild or exceptional loaf, for an isolated case is valueless for citation, but just an ordinary, everyday, middle-class loaf.

We were stopping at a small hotel on the Continent and were returning from a walk one day when out of a bakeshop emerged a boy, carrying four loaves of bread. Two were of the round doughnut pattern so popular abroad, and these he wore over his arm. The two others he carried in his hands. Wrapped up in paper? Don't be silly!

Well, he went along whistling, taking a kick at some object in the road now and again. He was the usual Continental boy, just as clean as any of them. A couple of blocks from where he started, he flushed some friends who proposed a game of marbles, so he stopped, chucked the bread on the ground and went to it. They played with a big circle drawn in the dirt.

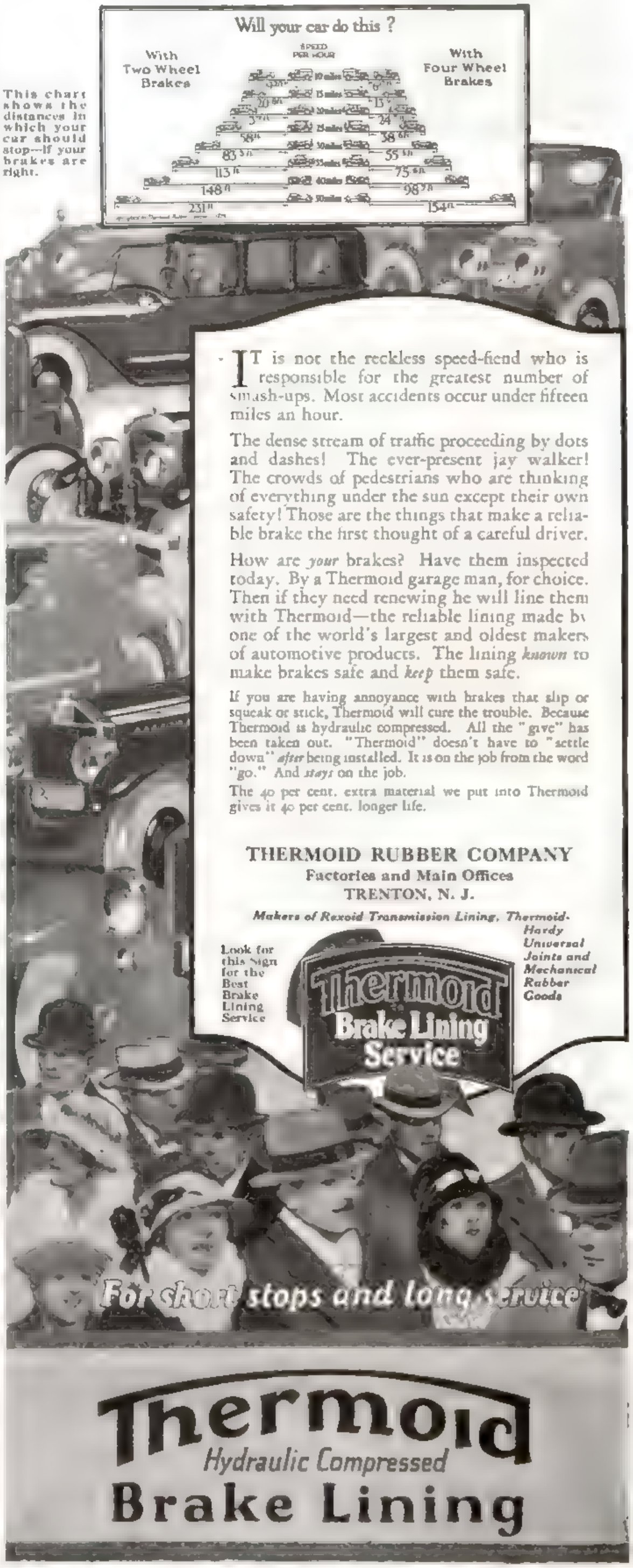
In less than two minutes they fell to wrangling. The delivery urchin hunched every shot; but even when screaming attention was drawn to the foul, he refused to disgorge what he had won by it, and likewise declined to change his style of play. Anybody could see that here was fine material for some Foreign Office.

The argument grew louder and hotter. It sounded like two Paris taxi drivers passing in crowded traffic. Then one of the players abruptly grew silent; he stared hard at the delivery boy a minute, and we saw him turn pale. It was plain that something big was coming off. It did too. With white, tragic face, this youth suddenly stepped forward and hit the delivery kid a little slap on the face. This was horrible. Instantly all was hubbub. Somebody turned loose a kick, and the delivery boy became hard pressed. In this emergency he naturally turned to his readiest weapon—he grabbed one of the loaves and took a swipe at an opponent that sent him flying ten feet. It was a strain, but the bread was strongly welded and held together. Then he picked up another loaf, and swinging it like a scythe, cleared a path for himself and fled. They appeared glad to let him go.

He went his way, clutching the bread to his smock; but until he was out of sight of the others, he kept turning to yell taunts and insults, and twice he laid his load down in the dust of the road in order to hurl stones. He was a game kid, all right.

We saw quite a few children making their way homeward with nude loaves of

"When a feller *needs* a brake!"



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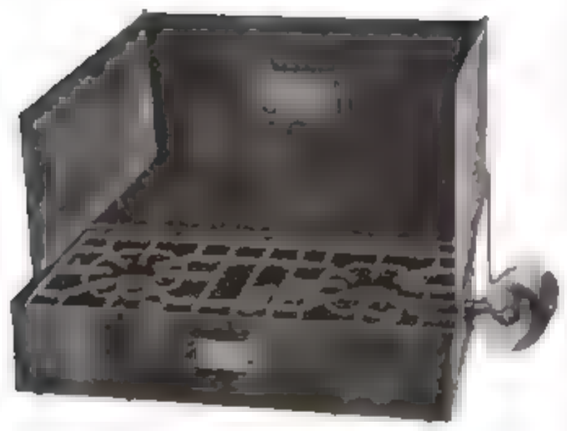

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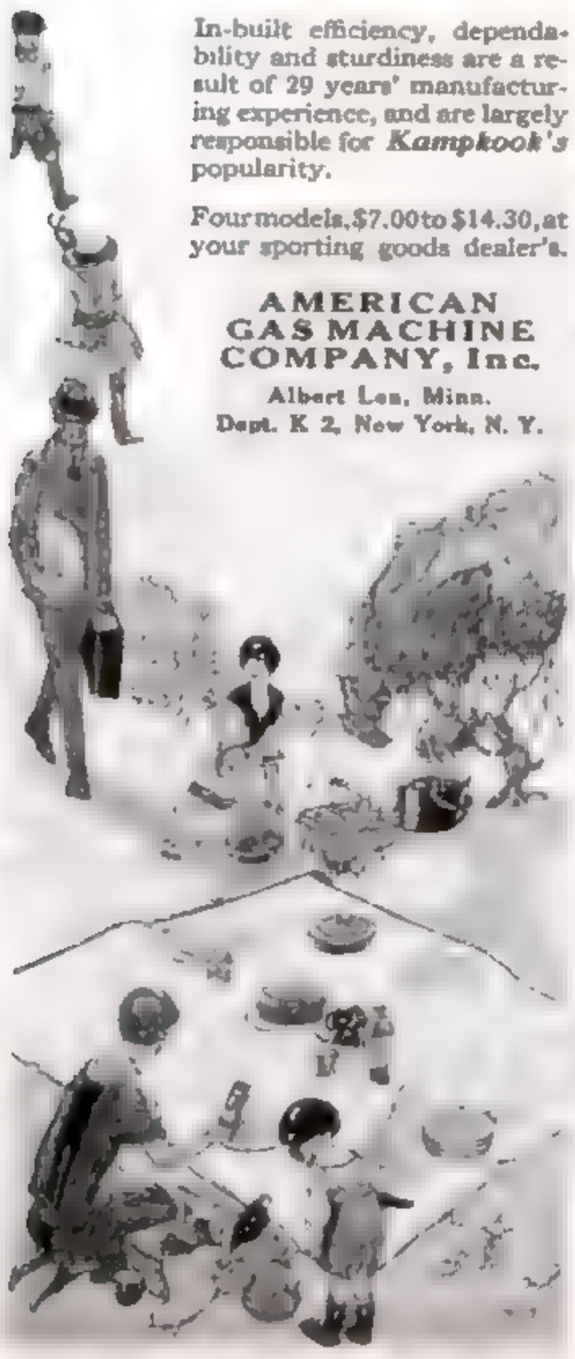

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bread in their arms. Meeting acquaintances, they would set the bread down on the sidewalk while they played. A youth came along with a fresh baking atop his head on a wooden tray. Some workmen were sweeping out a yard and dust flew in all directions. It did not seem to bother him, for he paused to hold parley with them.

Meanwhile our delivery boy had chanced upon another going in the same direction. This latter had a donkey whose panniers were filled with vegetables. They joined forces. The donkey being stubborn, each of them took a loaf and whacked the beast forward.

"Great Scott!" I exclaimed with horror. "I wonder who'll have to eat that stuff."

We didn't find out until next day, when I happened to pass the kitchen yard of our hostelry and beheld an urchin peeling potatoes. His face seemed vaguely familiar. I looked again—it was the delivery boy.

TIPS. Half the mental misery of mankind derives from irresolution, the other half from repentance. Consequently the man who has to tip his way every day is 100 per cent miserable. He's always worrying over what he shall give. He asks his wife what he ought to tip this guy and she says five cents, and he flies into a rage, and she inquires what he asked her for then. Deciding the amounts spoils the day for him, because he is going to feel rotten no matter on which side he errs. If he gives too little, there is either a reproachful coldness and whispering that make him feel cheap, or a frank outcry that advertises his niggardliness to all the world.

After a while he gets to a point where he can't even take a ride without pondering miserably on how much he'll give the driver; he can't go into a mosque without a lot of wretched haggling with himself over what the guide ought to get for his trouble. One minute he is firmly resolved to stick to the minimum from now on. Then he visualizes the reactions and the sort of service he will receive, and he says, "Shucks, I'm here to enjoy myself. To hell with the expense!" And having thus determined to let her rip and scatter largess, he proceeds to blame himself for a fool, and his wife helps him.

This agony of spirit can be avoided if a fellow will fix a scale of tipping and cling to it. Let him make it whatever his fancy or his needs dictate, provided he is steadfast, for, once resolved on a course, all his unhappiness vanishes.

For Service Rendered

Women don't appear to be bothered nearly so much over this question. Sometimes I think it's because they're stronger, or have finer feelings, or something. That must be it.

I remember seeing a Maine lady walk a guide seven hours a day for a week in Tunis, pumping him with questions until his tongue hung out. He carried parcels for her, ran errands, waited on her hand and foot—did about everything except hook her up. The time came for departure. There stood the guide, grinning expectantly. Would he be able to pay for his house with the tip?

"You've been very polite and obliging," she said graciously, opening her purse. And then she handed him twenty-seven cents and walked off with the radiant expression that springs from a generous deed.

The guide never said a word. He did open his mouth and seemed to be trying to express his gratitude, but before he could make the grade, friends tenderly led him away.

Tipping is the most discouraging phase of travel. It is so demeaning. One grows to despise his fellow man. He comes to the conclusion that 90 per cent of human nature in the older countries is made up of conscienceless greed. The average tourist would cheerfully lump all tips into one payment, and then add something for the manager to top off, just to be rid of the irritation and resentment and petty hagglings. But were he to do this, he would be obliged to tip just as before, in addition.

One of the quaintest conceits by which travelers are gypped is the 10 per cent charge for service added to hotel bills in many countries. It isn't a new system—it had been tried before, with the natural result of this extra 10 per cent becoming gradually merged into the regular rates for rooms but it was dropped for a while and then revived shortly after the war.

I first ran into it in Milan in 1920. That was the year when the Reds seized a number of factories in Italy and proclaimed a new era of independence for the masses, and fair dealing for all mankind except the hated middle classes who owned property. At lunch, the waiter handed back the tip I left on the table for him.

"What's the idea?" I inquired.

"Well, sir, we don't think a man ought to take tips."

"Fine! Why?"

"Because it's bad for his self-respect. To bow and scrape for a few pennies—bah! No real man ought to do it. He should be paid only for what he does, and not accept charity."

Here was the spirit of our forefathers, here was the proud independence that makes conquerors of men. I congratulated him.

A Continental Shine

"Yes," he continued, "the old system was rotten. It cheated us, sir. The head waiter and the concierge, they used to grab nearly everything, so now they just add 10 per cent to the bill for service and the management distributes it. By that method everybody gets a fair share."

"I see," I said. Just so long as it was a fixed charge and not dependent on the good nature and generosity of the customer, who might be a stingy cuss, the tipping system did not hurt their dignity. Well, there was something in it, I reflected—many a towering figure at home would take a tip if it was disguised and big enough. So we parted on comradely terms.

The next year I returned to the Continent. By that time the 10 per cent extra on the bill was in almost general use, "being added to all accounts for tips and service, thus freeing visitors from the disagreeable system of individual tipping."

An excellent idea! But so was the League of Nations. A lot of propositions acceptable in theory become merely new weapons for gouging. Just try not tipping in those 10 per cent extra places, that's all! You'll mighty soon get that kind of service. And so my fellow countrymen are paying 10 per cent to the management for gratuities, and another 10 or 15 per cent in individual disbursements in order to secure those little attentions contemplated in the first charges for rooms and meals.

SHINES. Last year at Le Touquet I ran into an old friend in a lamentable condition. I mean, he was. He was wandering about with a wild, distrait look, and from time to time would stop to gaze in puzzled fashion at the ground, muttering feebly the while. Something was on his mind. What could it be?

A glance at his shoes suggested the cause of his aberration—he had had a Continental shine. His tans were streaked with black and lavender, glossed o'er with a sort of silvery sheen.

LANGUAGES. The language difficulties dwindle each year. Paris is now the most beautiful of all American cities, and no matter how far afield one wanders, he will find people who speak English. Consequently, so far as a traveler's needs are concerned, a command of languages is relatively unimportant. Doubtless a scholar equipped with several languages gleans a lot that is missed by the hurrying bourgeois with only one, and he can show off too; yet I have had occasion to observe that the finest linguists are invariably working for a roughneck who can hardly speak his own tongue correctly.

As for myself, I seldom have to draw very hard on my store of languages. "Hey, *garçon*" and "*un autre*" and a few apt phrases of that nature prove ample for my simple needs. Not that I can't talk French if I want to—not by a long shot—but I belong among those who can read it readily, you understand, but find a slight difficulty on the pick-up of the spoken word. At that I know enough not to try to get rooms at a *hôtel des postes.*

BARBERS AND COIFFEURS. There's no use arguing with them. I went into a barber shop the other day to get a haircut. The barber was a Frenchman or Italian or Spaniard or something.

"Just a trim," I said, convinced from his face he would be good at trimming.

There were six customers sitting about, reading Le Rire of 1886, and all of them wore round haircuts. So I knew what he would do to me. Perhaps it's narrow and provincial of me, but despite Chicago's dictum, I'm prejudiced against round haircuts; so when he started for the clippers, I said to this bird, "No, not that. *Pas du tout, du tout, du tout!* Nothing but the scissors."

"But, m'sieu, for the leetle 'airs, hein? She is impossible for a haircut without. Yes? For the leetle 'airs, if you please."

But he couldn't get around me by pleading for the little hairs. Why were they any more deserving of sympathy than the long ones?

"No," I said firmly, "not a hair. You use the scissors, see? Scissors only, *comprenez?* And not too much off."

Everybody was staring at us by this time, and the barber shrugged and threw out his hands, as who would say, "What can you expect from these barbarians?" Then he wadded my neck with strips of cotton and set to work, but anybody could see he was sore. I could tell it from his breathing and the way he jerked at every snip. After slicing off a hunk here and there, and tearing out a few obstinate tufts that defied the scissors, he extracted a razor from a drawer and went to cutting with this and a comb, lopping off the ends as though he were trimming a hedge.

"Never mind that either," I protested.

"But the wave, m'sieu—she make the wave."

"No," I replied reluctantly, "it wouldn't be right. I'd be a menace."

The Persistent Barber

His eyes bulged and he began to talk to himself, always an ominous sign. However, he put the razor back and returned to the job with the scissors. It was very quiet in the shop and perhaps I dozed. But suddenly I sat up with a jerk. The silence had become too intense. There was something sinister in it. Never tell me that danger doesn't send premonitions—it sends them in waves. There was the barber sneaking up on me with the clippers. His face was ghastly, but determined.

"For the leetle 'airs," he murmured despairingly.

At that I rose out of the chair and took the weapon from him.

"Now go ahead. Finish it up and then give me a shampoo."

For a minute it was touch-and-go. He retreated to the back of the shop and held a conference with himself that everybody could hear; then he consulted with the woman cashier. At last he returned and took up the scissors and in two shakes it was all over.

What the foreigner understands by a shampoo closely approximates an Arab bath. Water being so scarce where the Arabs hang out, he dabbles the ends of his fingers under a cup and calls it Saturday night. Well, a Continental shampoo is like that. The barber dribbles a few drops of a cold liquid soap onto one's head and then cautiously proceeds to wash it out. For this purpose he may use as much as a glass of water, but he doesn't waste any. There is always some left in the glass.

By the time he had finished the shampoo, my resistance was broken down. All I wanted was to get away from there, out into God's sunlight with the donkeys and

Continued on Page 157

YOU ARE FIRE'S JAILER

Your watchfulness will keep Fire confined. Carelessness may enable him to break out and destroy your property.

To protect yourself, you should insure. But to protect yourself fully, to protect your neighbors as you would have them protect you, to protect your employees and your customers, you need more than insurance. You should secure the sort of insurance that carries with it an organized effort to prevent fire. The Hartford Fire Insurance Company offers a three-fold service: First—Dependable insurance in a company that for more than a century has promptly paid every honest loss. Second—Nation-wide, intelligent service through carefully selected agents of the sort you would expect to represent such a company. And third—Fire prevention service by a corps of technically and specially trained engineers whose business it is to prevent fire and whose services are free.

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You'll find a wonderful girl in a real American pose ~ at the soda fountain —When thirsty remember her.

RE-FRESH YOURSELF! FIVE CENTS IS THE PRICE

(Continued from Page 154)

beggars. And so I hurriedly pronounced it beaucoup de chic and to my liking, paid up and drifted. The haircut and shampoo cost me forty cents. They were worth it.

As I went along the hotel corridor, buttoning my coat, a stealthy footfall sounded behind me, but I paid no attention. Then something cold and clammy touched the nape of my neck, sending shivers down my spine. I whirled. There stood the barber, the clippers poised in his hand.

"For the leetle 'aire," he entreated.

That people persist in traveling in the face of these hardships indicates a powerful lure, or a network of them. What is it? There must be some compensation.

It isn't scenery, for they have nothing either in scenery or climate that we cannot match in America. This isn't so widely known as it ought to be, because the Old World has been touting its show places for generations. They've got a big head start on us. And when it comes to local pride, they can put it all over California's champion boosters. Each city thinks its charms unique. Even Bizerta, which isn't such a much—even in Bizerta the natives believe that any visitor who eats the head of a goldfish caught in that neighborhood will never leave the place. I don't say he will; but as a 100 per cent American, I submit that is equally true of Los Angeles too.

No, we must look beyond climate and scenery for the lure; beyond ruins and monuments of the past too. Most of it probably lies in the novelty of strange peoples and customs. It is indisputable that our fellow citizens lack the colorful characteristics of the inhabitants of Sicily, for instance, or the turbaned swarms of Cairo and Tunis. On the other hand, they smell a lot better.

Of course, everybody knows why daddy travels—because mamma and the girls make him. With the uncomplaining heroism of the American husband—and one of these days a poet is going to get up on his hind legs to sing him in deathless verse—daddy gets his business in shape for absence, parks the golf bag in the closet under the stairs, gives up his locker at the club so as to save two dollars' rent, says good-by to the good old bridge and domino games, and trails along, tied to apron strings. He may drag his feet a little, now and again he may stop to whine, but he sticks it out.

The Louder, the Cheaper

Then there is an element who cross to do their serious drinking. Yet I am persuaded this class cannot be so numerous as rumors would have us believe, because no person can stay pickled for months, and unless he did, the drawbacks to comfort would more than offset a jag's treacherous joys. Of course carpers may cite examples of Americans who can stay soused for months, but we are talking of run-of-the-mill people now, and not the greatly gifted.

The women travel from a never-satisfied curiosity. They're gluttons for punishment, and therefore natural-born travelers; but a man, being a reasoning creature, knows when he's had enough.

To some, the magnet is the importance they enjoy while traveling. They can't get it at home. One of the strangest things in this world is how important the average American becomes in foreign countries—the farther from home he is, the more important. It warms the cockles of the heart to behold a fellow countryman putting on dog for the benefit of the natives. He struts, he booms, he hectors, he jokes; he is windy and full of bombast. To clinch the impression of importance, some largess is necessary, but it's worth the money to him. What else do men want riches for?

Some are so important that they can pledge their country to anything a good lunch may prompt. And if they can't get what they want in the way of accommodation, right now, regardless of circumstances or the rights of other travelers, they're going to notify the consular authorities and maybe bring on war; the very least, a gunboat will be dispatched, or the government of this cheap two-by-four country will hear from the State Department at Washington—yes, sir!

It is an odd thing that foreigners are much more impressed by a big front and loud talk than are our people at home. One would think that their centuries of civilization might have taught them. We know that the louder, the cheaper, whether as regards humans or automobiles; but it isn't that way on the Continent. There, a good automobile is one which can roar like a parade of motorcycles, and no self-respecting chauffeur would dream of going soberly through a village. He opens the cut-out and thunders through at fifty miles an hour, making the walls reel, and sending pedestrians and chickens and dogs scampering wildly for safety. European motorists have the same savage scorn for the man on foot as the mounted gentry of old entertained for the peasants who sweated to maintain them.

When American Meets American

It's the same with humans; the important personage is the one who comes bulging in with the world-is-mine air. Him they bow down to; they dust his shoes. What wonder then that so many Americans of dubious standing in their own country bulk large abroad and cut a swath that dumfounds their erstwhile associates in the old home town?

Money explains it, for it counts far more in Europe than it does in America. It is the only key to fashionable portals an American requires in some countries abroad. We will work harder to make money than any people in the world; but, once made, hold it rather lightly. Over there they worship it.

A man with ten million dollars could mingle with any society he might choose abroad. We have lots of them in the United States who couldn't get nearer to the inner circles than a charity prize fight in Madison Square Garden. If this were not so, New York's social sets would be overwhelmed and remade every year, because there is so much money in the country, and multis with ambitious wives are constantly trying to crash the gate. Anything in the hands of great numbers of people loses distinction, and so something more than money is required for social prominence in America.

This subject naturally calls to mind the frequent complaints one hears from tourists that Americans are inclined to be uppish with fellow countrymen abroad. That may well be, for, next only to the islanders, we are the most snobbish on the globe. We fawn on big names and the latest big noise; we don't want to bother with those who haven't shoved their heads above the tall grass. At the same time I could never quite grasp the force of the argument that a traveling American owes a patriotic duty to warm up to every fellow voyager from his own country. Why? Supposing he doesn't happen to like his looks? What if he suspects a touch? It seems to me he is entitled to the same right to select his acquaintances when abroad as he demands at home.

New Yorkers are generally the butt of this criticism. A certain supercilious air many of them carry into casual contacts persuades the bluff, honest-hearted people who are yearning for a sympathetic bosom to which they may confide all their business and domestic affairs, that New Yorkers are trying to patronize them. They naturally resent it, and go around muttering fervent expressions of a desire to bust somebody on the jaw. For my part, New Yorkers seem to vary as much as people from any other part of the world, and the rule holds good that a person sure of his position is never consciously uppish with anybody.

Not long ago my trail happened to cross that of a foot-loose tourist from Kansas, who complained that he suffered from low blood pressure. He was doing his best to bring it up to normal, and everybody was trying to help him. One evening at the cocktail hour it occurred to me that the moment was opportune for some cure, so I hunted around, but could not find the Kansan until I arrived at the door of the bar. And then I perceived that he didn't need any help; so I paused. He was standing sideways to the mahogany, with one foot on the rail, and the world was his. At the other end, two New Yorkers of my acquaintance were just finishing a drink.

"Say," said my friend, "you look like Americans. I'm American too."

The announcement did not appear to startle them. One of them merely admitted that there were a good many about.

"Have a drink?" continued the gent from Kansas.

"We've just had one, thanks." It was said civilly, but they went on with their conversation. My friend glared a minute, muttered something under his breath and came out into the lounge.

"What d'you know about that?" he bellowed.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Those two guys in there tried to high-tone me. Yes, they did too. Shucks, New Yorkers make me sick! Where do they get that stuff? Huh? The poor ignorant no-accounts—why, I wouldn't be seen at a dog fight with either of those birds!"

"Then why ——"

"Oh, I just thought I'd be friendly, and ask ——"

"But they're all right. They're pretty good scouts."

"The hell they are! Too stuck up to take a drink with another American, hey? Why shouldn't Americans be friendly when they run into one another in a strange country? Thank the Lord, it isn't like that out where I come from. One man's just as good as the next out there, and if anybody tried to act different he'd get a wallop on the jaw. That's the kind of people we grow out in Gawd's country, and don't you forget it."

Tales of Three-Week Trippers

I agreed, and we shook hands warmly on it, for that is precisely the breed we grow in grand old Texas too. One man's just as good as another there—if he isn't a Republican. Democracy is no idle catchword with us, but the key to all our actions. Of course, a man from Honey Grove will naturally high-tone a guy from Wills Point; but we scorn the cold aloofness toward one's fellow man practiced on the Atlantic Seaboard. It gets under a free-born citizen's skin and stirs our fiery Southern hearts to resentment. So we went back to the bar, from which the New Yorkers had departed for some reason or other—they must have had to catch a boat, I think—and we settled this business of democratic friendliness toward one's neighbors, and a lot of other burning social problems too. Yes, sir, we did.

Came the soft languor of another summer's eve, as they say in Hollywood, and once more I went in search of my friend from Kansas. To save useless hunting, I went straight to the spot this time. He occupied his accustomed post, but his usual ease was painfully lacking. In fact he looked as though wishful to be gone from that place. Another American tourist had him by the lapel of his coat and was edging close up in convivial good-fellowship.

"I saw your name when you wrote it on the paper for the concierge just now, Mr. Duffy," he was saying. "That's my home town too. Well, well, well! Ain't the world small though? To think of running into anybody from dear old —— Say, d'you know Joe Spivy? You don't? What's your business? Maybe you knowMawruss Hirsch then? Sure, you must know Mawruss—manager for Stiegel Brothers. Say, this is great—I gotta tell Minnie—to think of running across an old friend like this way over here. Ain't the world small though? Let's have a drink. Say, barkeep, two more of them ——"

But the gentleman from Kansas said very firmly that he did not care for a drink. He had just finished one, thanks. And as

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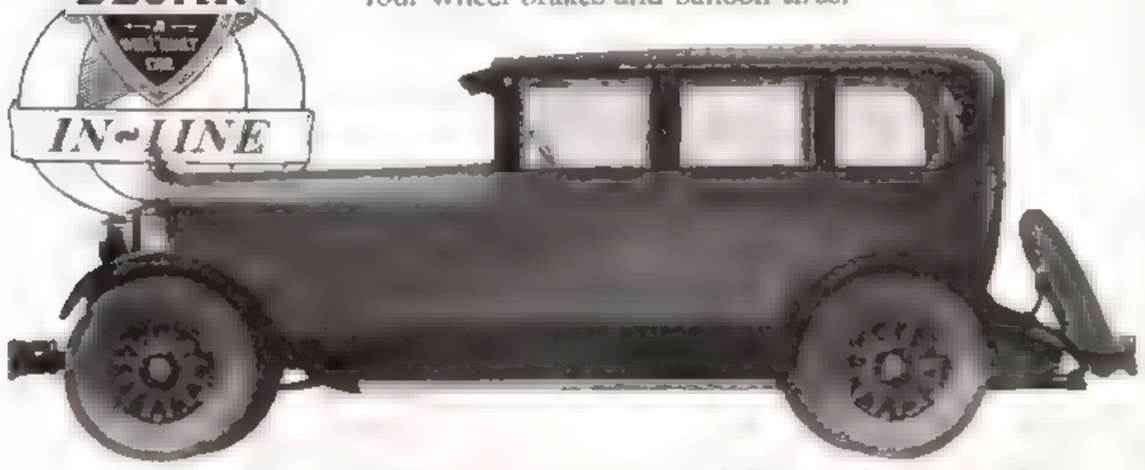
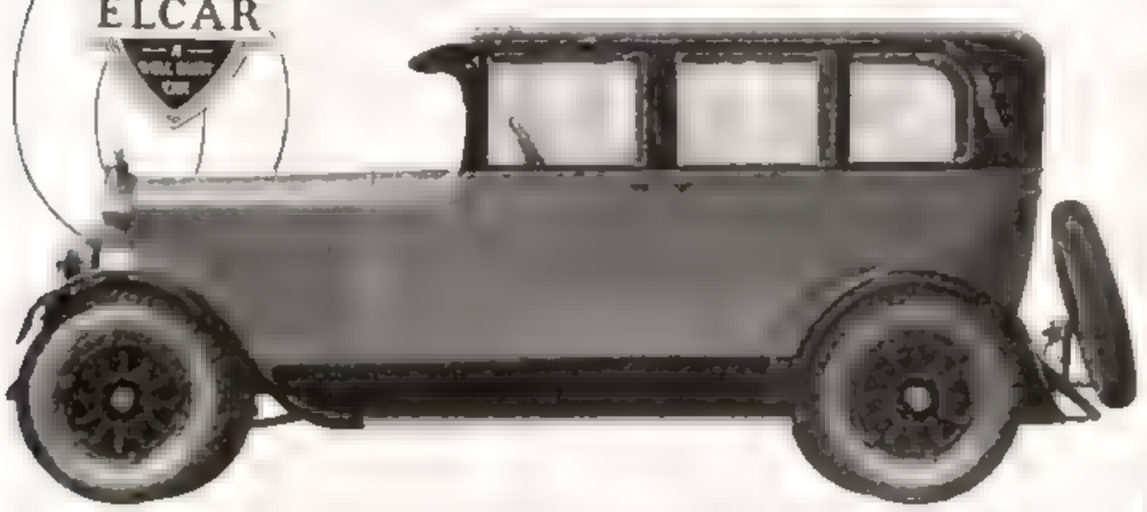


ELCAR — A WELL BUILT CAR

The recently-announced ELCAR-Lycoming Six 5-passenger, 4-door Sedan is priced at $1595 f. o. b. Elkhart, Indiana. It costs little more than the touring car on the same chassis, and is relatively a greater value for the man who desires closed car comfort.



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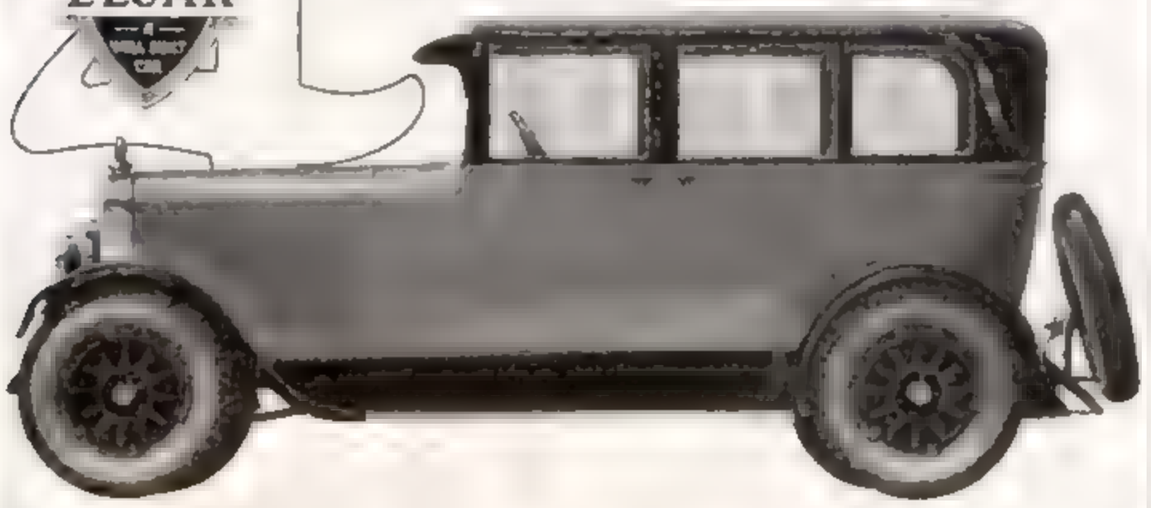

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he said it, he regarded his fellow townsman with a cold eye. Nothing abashed, the latter continued to massage his shoulder and query him, being deeply concerned as to whether he knew Nate Thomas, or Ballard Crow, or Sam Butler. At last my friend escaped and joined me in the writing room. He was snorting wrathfully.

"What d'you know about that?" he inquired.

"What's up now?"

"Why, a bird tried to get clubby with me in the bar just because we come from the same town. Can you beat it? I sure enough gave him a frost though. What does he expect, I wonder? Wants me to fall on his neck and kiss him? Gee, some people've got a nerve!"

Thoughtful travelers must often have been struck by the extraordinary importance others attach to their sight-seeing exploits. Arrived home, you have the usual joyous reunions. At the first opportunity you haul out the album of snapshots and picture post cards—and right away, somebody cuts in with a recital of adventures that make your own sound like the minutes of the Tuesday Reading Club.

It has always been a profound mystery to me why others have so much more colorful adventures than I do, and in the same places too. I never go into a gathering of any kind that I don't have to listen to some hair-raising experiences a three-week tripper ran into during a pop call at some foreign port. And all the stay-at-homes gape and exclaim.

Manifestly something is wrong with me. Possibly the imaginative faculty is absent—a man can be a conscientious liar and still not be a good one. However, my observation has been that most travelers err in assuming that a thing is of general interest because it happened to themselves. Even the picture post cards one sends home may not excite the recipients to fever glow, and the adventures which loom so big to the American abroad may actually be very tame happenings to everybody else.

One cloudless day I started up a mountain in Switzerland. The air was like wine, the snow-tipped peak against the sky seemed to beckon. Why not climb up? There were gorgeous views to be gained, and the morning was young.

Competing With Mrs. Methuselah

On and on I went. The trail grew steeper and stonier. It wound around and doubled back, skirted dizzy heights and shot straight up between cliffs. Tough going—there have been times in my life recently when I wished I was thinner—but I stuck to it.

After about three hours I reached a patch of snow not very far below the peak—a quarter of a mile, say. Here I sat down to rest. No use going any farther just to be able to brag that I had touched the tip. That little distance didn't count; besides I could say it anyhow. And there was a wide, flat, overhanging crag on which one could sit and gaze for twenty miles over lakes and hills and smiling valleys.

Far, far below were slow-moving dots against the deep green of the pastures. The musical tinkle of cowbells was wafted up to me. Some goats grazed near by; they raised their heads to stare, as though to ask what dauntless human being was this who invaded their fastness haunts.

I basked in the sunshine and perspired happily. Then a realization of what I had accomplished suddenly smote me. I glanced back over the trail; its perilous windings made my head reel. Here was an achievement worth while! This was something to write home about! Better still, here was meat for an article—one of those snappy little pieces of eight thousand words or more that so appeals to a writer because it is about himself. A bit of touching up here and there would make a humdinger of a story. I'd known many a man to get big money for less.

Well, I was sitting there, mopping my brow and thinking with awe and thanksgiving of all the dangers I had passed, and how to tell about them—I had doped out a smashing lead, when a noise at my back made me turn my head. And there, coming up the same trail, was a woman peasant carrying a house and lot on her back. She used a stick, but it seemed more for show than anything else, because she was unbreathed and walked with a long easy stride. And she was ninety-three years old!

I got up, a new thought having come to me—possibly I could catch the funicular down. And then around a bend appeared the woman's grandmother, carrying about a cord of faggots on her head.

Once we were motoring from Jerusalem to Jericho, and stopped at a halfway point where they have a corral for the camels and donkeys coming laden to the Holy City. It was here the Good Samaritan did his deed.

A flock of sheep was grazing on one of the hillsides, tended by several shepherds. They were clad in goatskins, and with their long hair and beards and bare legs, looked like Bible times. As we loitered about, one of these bearded, skin-clad herders came striding down the hill to the road.

"Hey, big boy," he cried, "what's the good word?"

A Disillusioned Emigrant

There was no mistaking that accent—a fellow countryman from little old New Yoik.

"Sure, I lived in New Yoik seven years. And say, I wish I was back there now. Got a cigarette?"

His story was one of disappointed hopes. He had emigrated to the United States in the belief that fortune awaited anybody who landed on those shores. Wasn't it a common saying in the East that one had only to look down a well in America to find a pot of gold?

"That's what all these people over here think," he remarked. "They don't know how hard you've got to work for it there."

"Or they might not be so anxious?"

"They wouldn't work that hard—that's all. But they think if once they got there, they'd get along somehow. Americans are so rich."

There it was again—and I knew about what their expectations were. If they even suspected they would be required to do pioneer work out in the fields, or eight hours in a factory, nothing could drag them to America. But they visualize a country already made and developed, with vast accumulations of wealth, where a shrewd man might prosper with hardly any effort by using his wits. And their ambition is to get there and hive up in the cities and engage in semiparasitic forms of trade.

"I didn't get along like I thought I would," continued the shepherd, "and so I came back here. But take a look at me—can you beat it? Gee, I wish I was wearing pants!"

Lords of the world's wealth? A few more years of tourist prodigality, a few billions of sour investments abroad, and Europe will have our share. Besides, take a glance at the properties of canny British investors in every quarter of the globe, and the potential resources of their mighty empire; give scrutiny to the untapped hoardings of the thrifty French and the fertility of their lands; make a trip over the vast rich territories of North Africa which the French have made a fine start at developing—and probably the assiduously fostered delusion of American domination of the world's riches will vanish. For real wealth cannot be measured in terms of ready money, but in the fundamentals that support life—the products of the soil and the depths of the earth and of the waters that are round about the earth.

Lords of the world's wealth?—the world's best spenders, rather. We have dissipated our natural resources with prodigal hand and we are flinging away the toil of years and millions of men in extravagant expenditures beyond our borders. Every orgy of spending has its limits, and afterward comes remorse.

Is Comfort just a matter of Luck?

Genuine Thermos Bottle—the world's standard of vacuum bottle value. Prices $1.50 up.

LAST winter an interesting thing happened. It showed how many people have fallen into the habit of thinking that comfort is merely a matter of *luck*.

At a public skating rink, with the thermometer hovering just above zero, a party of four people were observed enjoying steaming hot coffee from a "Thermos" Bottle.

Another skater paused to look at them.

"Aren't they lucky to have that hot coffee?" she exclaimed to her companion.

It wasn't a matter of luck. Someone in the party was thoughtful enough to take advantage of the means which "Thermos" provides to advance our daily comfort.

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The new Thermos Jumbo Jug (insulated) for solid foods and liquids. Price $5.00. Denver and west of the Rocky Mountains, $5.50. In Canada, $7.50

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Cleveland, Ohio

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Osborn *Blue Handle* Household Brushes are sold by leading merchants everywhere—never sold by canvassers. Write for booklet illustrating and describing these better wearing household brushes.

Osborn Brushes

SCRATCH BRUSH NO. 1779

THE ONE BEST BET

(Continued from Page 18)

But as I was sayin', the old methods was pretty crude, and as these here writers would say, has been wiped clean off of the slate by the sponge of capricious civilization.

The game is played differently all the way around now. It's got to be the fashion to advertise in the papers—the sporting papers, I mean. You charge so much for the service, all the way from a dollar to a hundred. Different touts have different charges, but folks have got to pay their money before they get a tip. It's just as well in advertisements if you point to the fact that you've called a lot of winners. It looks like a funny game for anybody to fall for, but they do. Printer's ink is a great thing in business or on the race track; they'll all tell you that. Advertise and be happy. Out East they've got the old system of bookmakin'. In the West and South they have the paris mutuels.

I've got a reg'lar office now somewhere in the whisperin' forties, and my clients are found most any place. But then, it's surprisin' the number of places you can find around any town where a man can get a bet down. It may be a candy store, bootblack stand or barber shop, and if Bill Smith tells John Jones that I picked him a good one last week—why, I've prob'ly got another client. They are a lot of folks who perambulate around making handbooks, which means that they are a kind of strollin' bookmakers and their office is wherever they hang up their hat. The country is honeycombed with 'em.

It's surprisin', too, the number of people that wants to get aboard the speed special and get rich quick by the race-track route. And in this respect racin' has gone onward an' upward. Charlie Hughes and his bunch figured they was goin' to put the game out of business—and they did, too—but only for a few minutes. Today it's back stronger'n ever.

Folks have a perlite superstition that you can conduct a race meetin' without bettin'. They tried it last winter out in Frisco. I know—I was there. And the only time I was ever lagged in my life was because I bet a ten-spot with an old pal of mine in front of a race-track dick. The promoters done their best—I'll hand 'em that—but boy, what a frost! Yep, a frost and a funeral.

Barnum's Only Slip

Yes, I got my own office now, with a coupla stenogs and an outside man. Barnum said it all. His only slip was the one about a sucker bein' born every minute. He should've been more liberal and said that one bobs up every time the clock ticks. If you was in my business you'd know.

I advertise, f'instance, that I'll give a ten-day tip service for ten dollars. They's about a dozen of these sportin' papers, all told, I suppose, published in the largest cities in the country. My service price must be sent to me in advance by telegraph. Or if you happen to be in town you can call at my office.

You think they's no money in that? Humph! Well, I can spend my winters where it's warm and travel on the dollar side of things.

Sometimes of course I do get straight tips from the race track. I pertend that I have correspondents everywhere. Well, so I have. I have the newspapers! Nearly every paper in New York and elsewhere gives a list of likely winners. A man'd be a lunk to spend his jack outside of that. All you got to do is to read the opinions which is published in nearly every newspaper and you can come as near to pickin' winners as the majority. I'm talkin' for myself of course. You'd be surprised the number of subscribers I've worked up. "Subscribers" means the folks that comes across with their money in answer to my ads.

Human nature is the same all the time. In the old days I remember how I touted some of the biggest business men in the country. I figured all I had to do was to get a guy's ear, and old human nature'd do the rest; just whisper him some special info. and the money'd fall out of his pocket into your hat. If he thought you knowed anything worth while, you was always good for a bet or two.

But nowadays personally conducted toutin' tours only flourishes at jungle meetin's and broom-straw derbys. The days are gone when they used to be an old darky with a pocket full of all colors of chalk. And the birds he touted he marked with different colors so he could keep track of 'em and pick the winners from the losers. Now they's other ways to get between a man and his money.

Some of the professional touts of course do keep a correspondent at the race tracks, and once in a while they happen on a bit of information that's worth havin'; but many of 'em read the papers for theirs, and pick, or try to pick, winners with no other assistance than the opinions that's published when a list of the entries for the next day's racin' is announced. Then the names they've picked as winners is wired to their list of subscribers—the guys that wired their money and an address.

A New Deal All Around

Nearly all of the sportin' papers now keep a correspondent at the race tracks, and you've got to say that they's a good many bright boys amongst 'em. They work hard and get their information first-hand. The news of the horses promulgated by them is fairly correct. Some of 'em have got quite a reputation for pickin' winners and have quite a followin' so long as they stand up.

Gwan! They ain't no such thing as a sucker list, with so many names, that you buy for so much. Just advertise, and you got the whole country to draw from. What do you want?

Well, I'll say that if my tips never went wrong I'd soon have a corner on all the money in the country.

Some of 'em say they picks fifteen winners out of fifteen races. I'll tell you the truth, and say that if I averages 30 per cent of winners, I'm doin' good. And I kinda think I'm as good as any.

A turf adviser has only got to be lucky for a week and his pay envelope's a sure thing for quite a while. Get it spread around that the Java Kid has picked five winners out of seven races and they follow like a flock of sheep. The more you charge 'em the easier they fall.

It's the day of big purses and skyrocket prices to get past the gate. They don't think anything of offerin' fifty thousand for a once-around-the-ring event. When they stage some of them special races like between Zev and Papyrus, and Epinard and the outfit he went against, they put the prices on the elevator. Nobody but millionaires and bootleggers can witness these manifestations.

But as I was sayin', everything has changed now and there is a new deal all around. For instance, if you advertise in the dailies, you have got to file a record of your selections before noon of the day on which the race takes place. The editors of the sporting press demand that absolutely, and if you want to stay in business you have also got to publish how the horses you pick finished. By the way, it may surprise you to know that some of these men have been in business for years. The old fly-by-night fellows that simply had an office and moved once a week are gone. There are a few of them, of course, but they can't do business any more and they must be known before the sporting papers take their ads.

Then, too, you have to make sure that your clients will get a run for their money. By that I mean that the owners and trainers have some interest more than the mere purse of the race for an incentive. How is

BUSTER BROWN SHOES

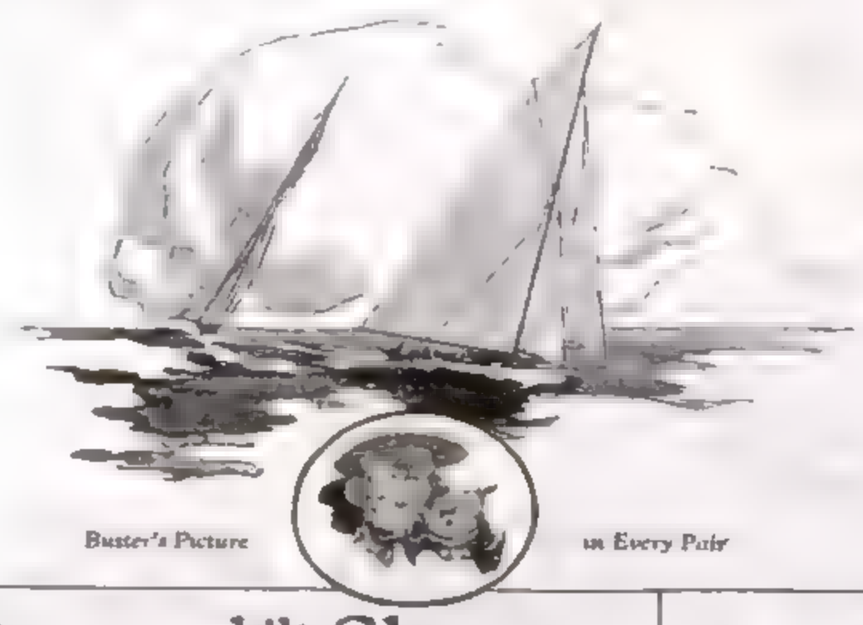
Style No. F-270½

The Poetry of Motion and the Grace of Perfect Style

In Buster Brown Shoes pleasing style is combined with creature comfort. To the natural grace of shapely feet is added the charm of artistic design and fashionable leathers.

The Brown Shaping Lasts give these shoes dominant health qualities. By their aid tender muscles and flexible joints are protected, strengthened and developed in agility year after year.

Two million parents have demonstrated these truths in actual practice. Ask them—and then have your boy or girl fitted with Buster Brown Shoes. Good stores everywhere sell them at $3 to $5.



Buster's Picture on Every Pair

Brown bilt Shoes

For Women—and for Men

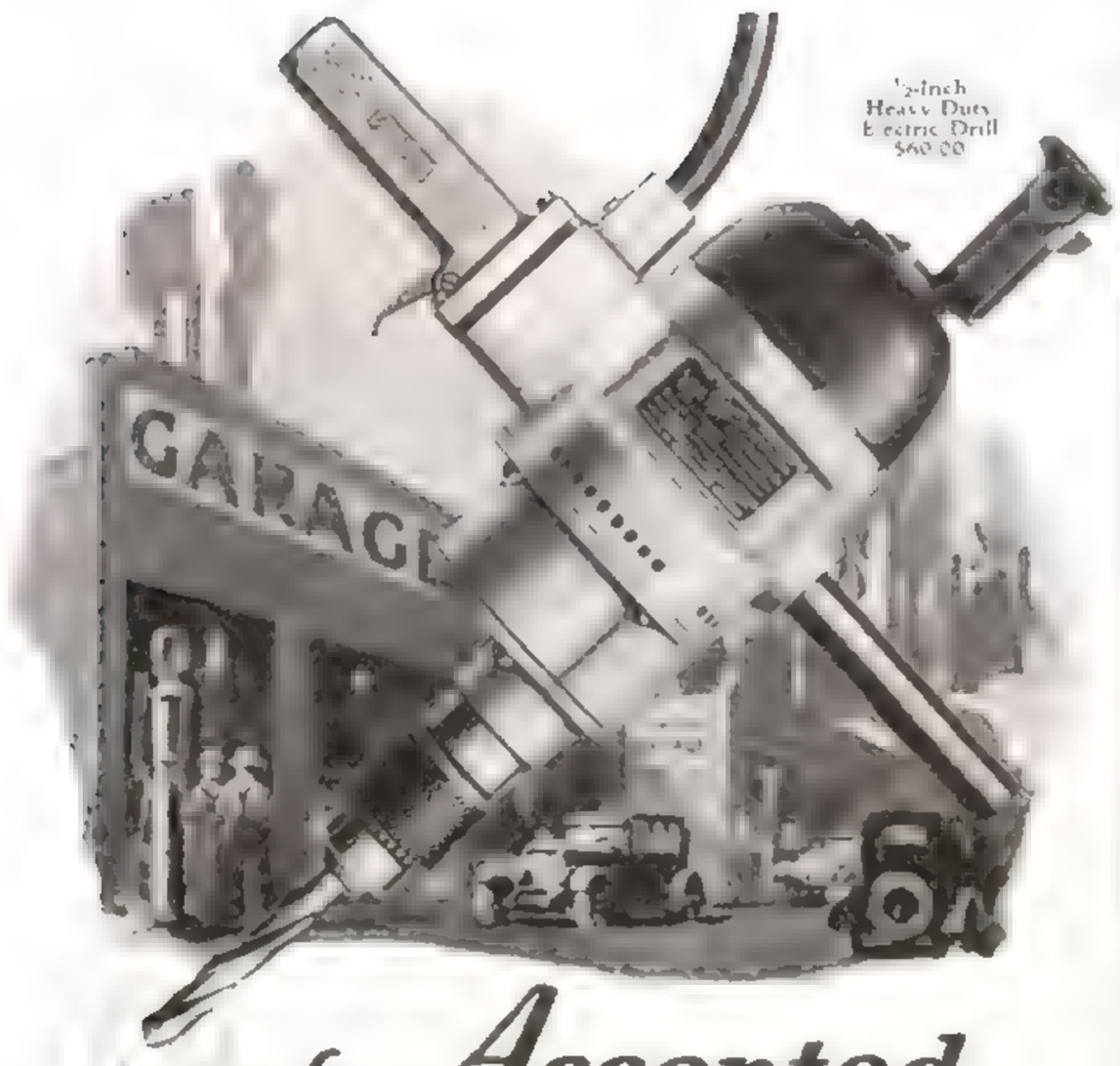
The fascinating styles in Brown bilt Shoes for Women invite your inspection—the sterling values merit your patronage—both are unequaled at $5 to $8.

Brown bilt Shoes for Men are specially styled for men of fifteen to fifty; solid comfort and lasting service at $5 to $8.

Style No. AA-62

Manufactured exclusively by

Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, U.S.A.



Accepted and Recommended By the Automotive Industry

These well-known companies are just a few of the prominent motor car, truck, body and accessory manufacturers who, for many years, have accepted "Van Dorn" Portable Electric Drills as practically standard equipment in their production work.

Many of them go still further to insure the best service to users of their products:—They recommend to their service stations that "Van Dorn" Drills be used in servicing motor cars and trucks of their manufacture—a wonderful tribute to "Van Dorn" quality.

More Power Per Pound and More Power Per Dollar

of first cost is what service stations *Need* and *Get* from "Van Dorn" Drills to properly perform the increasingly hard work, such as, truck repairs, driving of stiff cylinder bores, etc.

They *need* dray horses and not ponies. They *Get* in "Van Dorn" Drills greater strength, power and endurance than was heretofore considered necessary in garage tools.

Send for handsome new 48 page catalog No. 142 showing full line of electric drills and grinders.

The Van Dorn Electric Tool Co.
Makers of Portable Electric Drilling, Reaming and Grinding Machines
Cleveland, Ohio

SALES AND SERVICE BRANCHES
Atlanta, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, Kansas City, Los Angeles, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Richmond, St. Louis, St. Paul, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto.

Ford · Dodge · Buick · Delco · Autocar · Chandler · Packard · Cadillac · Hudson · Essex · Chevrolet · Hupmobile · Reo

"Van Dorn" ELECTRIC DRILLS

© 1925 The V. D. E. T. Co.

These universal electric drills are all heavy duty tools in their particular size. They are high-powered and sturdy, perfectly balanced; ball bearing throughout, automatic quick make and quick break switch; hardened alloy steel gears;—and all the other qualities you have a right to expect in electric drills.

this done? Well, you find someone that has a likely stable and you go to them and say, "Now look here, Jim, you've got some pretty good two-year-olds and whenever you're ready to start one, let me know. I'll take care of you." "How will you take care of me?" says Jim. "Well, when you give the word, why I'll bet 250 or 500 for you." It might be more or it might be less, but you have at least the assurance that the owner or trainer isn't laying up his horse, but is going to "flatten" and the dispenser of tips has got to keep up a good record in order to hold his following. In this respect, some of 'em have a great number of clients who follow their news and selections. One of them, at the time I write of, is able to charge twenty-five cents for a small sheet giving information on the races and publishing tips. For last-minute specials, as he calls them, he charges fifty cents. He pays for and gets the best information obtainable, and every item of interest on horses and their riders is published. It is said that this institution keeps several correspondents on the various tracks upon which they give information, and it must be said that the news gathered by them and the possibilities of the horses are about as accurate as can be got.

Some of the larger sporting papers, too, give very comprehensive accounts of the races and coming events. The reputation of the men working on them, of course, is always at stake and any time a paper's list of winning horses grows the circulation increases accordingly. Publishers of racing papers are very anxious to protect their patrons in every manner possible and they often go to a lot of trouble and expense to give their readers every information in the world that will be a help or guidance.

I was down to the track the other day, and one of the old-time bookmakers showed me his slate.

"Purty short prices," I squawks; "purty limited scale you're doin' business on now."

How the Paris Mutuels Work

"Well," says he, "we have to. If you was to dig down in the archives at home you'd find a barrel of pickled fingers. It's easy enough to get the money bet and round up your book, but you got to be infernal lucky if everybody makes good. You'd be surprised at the fellers now that take the gate for theirs—the whole race track is full of dead and wounded—fellers that bet on the finger and don't always make good. The public has to pay for this. Somebody has got to keep the game goin' and if it wasn't for the dear common people who hold an old-fashioned idea that they ought to pay their debts—gamblin' or otherwise—we'd all be out of business."

But the race tracks that runs on the paris mutuels have a double-barreled copper-bottom cinch. The tracks which are permitted to use 'em by the laws of the land generally gets about a 6 per cent rake-off on all the money that goes through the mill, and if you don't think it'll ante you to death—why, you're just talkin' to yourself. Try it once and see how quick it puts you out of the runnin'. Back on the New York tracks and others, they have, as I said, a perlite superstition that they ain't no more bettin'. But any man can bet his head off, only it's handled a good deal more conservative than in the old days.

What's the paris mutuels? Well, you might call it a bettin' machine. If you listen now, I'll give you the dope. It ain't nothing much to understand, oncet you see how it works.

First off, the race track is really the official stake holder for all the money bet on each and every horse, and as I said before, they get a rake-off which amounts to about 6 per cent.

All the money comin' into the machines is pooled, and each horse entered in a race can be played three ways—played to win, which, of course, is first at the finish of the race; he can be played for place, which is second to the winner; and he can be played to show, which is third to the winner.

That makes three pools—the winnin' pool, the place pool and the show pool.

On top of each bettin' machine there's little indication boards that registers the number of tickets sold on each horse—so many to win, so many for place, and so many to show.

Now, of course you don't have to be a wise guy about horse racin' to know that in each race they can't be but one first, one second and one third horse. So all the money taken at the pool box has got to be divided pro rata—accordin' to the number of tickets sold on these three horses.

Now you can see why you don't get odds like the old bookmakers used to write. The race has got to be run before you know what you draw

For each horse in the race there's ticket numbers—one number for the tickets on bets to win, another number for the place tickets, and still another for the show tickets. Then when the race is over they announce on the board that Number So-and-So pays—whatever amount figures out from the pool.

Why Favorites Pay Small

Supposin', f'instance, I was to bet fifty dollars on a horse that we'll call Jim R to win. And supposin' Jim R's winning tickets was numbered 2500. Well, if Jim R does win, I don't know what I'm drawin' until they puts it on the board: "No. 2500 pays $9.60." Then I know I get $9.60 for every two dollars I bet. No, you can't bet less'n two dollars, but they ain't got any objections to your goin' as high as you dare.

The more tickets that's sold on a horse—why, of course, the more times the pool money has got to be divided, and the less odds you draw on your bet. That's why the favorites pay such small prices.

But supposin' some other horse won that not many folks had bet on—that is, not many tickets had been sold on him. That pays the big money, because the number of tickets sold on the winner is divided into all the money in the winnm' pool, which included the cash brought in by the favorite's tickets too.

If I bet on a horse for place, and he finishes first, I get my place money just the same. Likewise if I bet on him to show, and he finishes place or winner, I get my show money. But it don't work backwards! If I bet for place, and he finishes to show, I don't get nothin', see!

Oh, no indeedy, the gate receipts don't go into the pool boxes! And everybody pays to get in. No more free badges except to owners, trainers and officials. It's hard to estimate just how much the race tracks do make. They have to report to the state, which gets a percentage of the totals, but the tracks are just rollin' in money. They was never anything like it before, and it puts all the get-rich-quick schemes in the world in the piker class.

But you've got to hand it to them cagy Canucks. I hear they've closed up some of the merry-go-rounds over there for lack of patronage.

But speakin' in a general way and how the game has changed, the only real change I can think of is that you don't see the trainer's wife sportin' big yellow diamonds any more. Somebody has put these janes hep to what's happenin'. They've passed the word that huge chunks of jaundiced ice ain't good form any more, and that they

Continued on Page 165

A Marvelous Discovery!

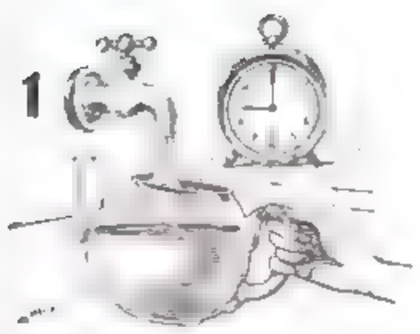
Delicious Iced Tea — Without Boiling Water

Made Possible By the Use of

TAO TEA BALLS

No boiling or heating water. No waste of ice. No waste of tea. Simplest method ever devised.

1



Fill teapot with cold water (not ice-water) after breakfast

2

Drop in a Tao Tea Ball—one ball for each four cups of water

3

Put on lid and let teapot stand CAUTION: don't place in ice-box

Drop one or two Tao Tea Balls into a teapot of cold water (not ice-water) after breakfast, and for luncheon you have the most fragrant and delicately-flavored tea you ever tasted. (One ball to four cups.)

Add a chip of ice to frost it, a dash of lemon, and it's ready to serve. Sweeten with powdered sugar.

Think what this means. Making Tao Iced Tea is as easy as drawing water from the faucet. No water to boil. No heat melting away your ice extravagantly and diluting the tea. No messy tea-leaves to clean up.

Tao Tea is the only tea which will make iced tea this way. The slow action of cold water brings forth all the essential aroma and perfect flavor of this delicious Flowery Orange Pekoe Blend.

The Tao Tea way requires three to four hours to bring forth its full fragrance, but no matter how long you leave it, Tao Tea never grows bitter. You can be sure at any time of having perfectly flavored, amber-colored tea, ready to serve.

The most delicious iced tea known. None of the flat taste of boiled water—only the sparkling clearness and vitality of fresh water mingled with the delicate flavor of this supreme Tao Tea.

Try iced tea the Tao way today.

Tao Tea is packed in handy gauze balls. One ball makes 4 or more cups of wonderful tea—more economical than ordinary good tea. Tao Tea is the supreme blend of tiny bud-leaves from the tips of the best plants in Ceylon, India and Java. No coarse, fibrous, metallic-tasting leaves from further down the plant are used. Tea experts call it Flowery Orange Pekoe.

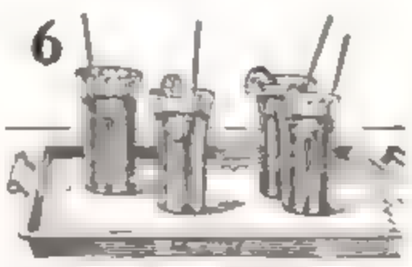
4

By lunch time (3 to 4 hours) the tea will be deliciously flavored, fragrant and ready to serve

5

Pour into glasses, add a dash of lemon, powdered sugar to taste and a chip of ice to frost it—

6



—you will have the most delicious iced tea you ever tasted—and no messy tea-leaves to clean up

Ask Your Dealer Today For

TAO TEA BALLS

Flowery ORANGE PEKOE Blend

A BOON FOR MOTORISTS

When starting on a day's outing, put one Tao Tea Ball into pint Thermos bottle (two for quart bottles). Add dash of lemon. Fill bottle with water as cold as you wish to drink it. In three hours you will have the most delicious, refreshing and healthful drink you ever tasted. Sweeten with powdered sugar.

TAO TEA CO., Inc.
103 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Name _____

Address _____
PLEASE PRINT YOUR NAME PLAINLY

Here's a 2-cent stamp to cover mailing. Send me two Tao Tea Balls—delicious Flowery Orange Pekoe blend—in the modern, economical Tao Tea Ball packing. My grocer is

Name _____

Address _____

Free Trial Offer

20-Ball Tin
Handsomely lacquered in black and gold. Enough for the average family for almost three weeks

10-Ball Tin
Handsomely lacquered in black and gold. Enough for the average family for ten days

Caddy, 50-Ball Tin
Handsomely lacquered in black and gold. Enough for the average family for almost two months.

A Beautiful Woman deserves a Beautiful Home—

A lovely woman, like a precious gem, looks best when in the proper setting. A cheerful, attractive, well-painted home is to a beautiful woman what a Tiffany setting is to the finest diamond.

KEEP your home bright, cheerful and inspiring with Devoe Paint and Varnish Products—the oldest line in America, most complete and of highest quality.

Look for the sign of the Devoe Authorized Agent in your community! He will give you advice on paint and painting worthy of Devoe's 171 years' experience.

Devoe & Raynolds Co., Inc., 101 Fulton Street, New York
Branches in Leading Cities

DEVOE

Paints, Varnishes, Stains, Enamels, Brushes
Artists' Materials & Insecticides

Paint NOW—
Pay in Ten Months!

Consult the Devoe Authorized Agent in your community about the Devoe Home Improvement Plan which will enable you to paint your house—inside and out—and pay for it in ten monthly installments. Or, write us.

Continued from Page 162

don't prove nothin' except that the chinless guy that bought the rocks in the first place ain't got good sense, so they soft-pedal on the vulgar display. Otherwise the principle is just the same. It's the execution that's diff'rent.

Well, now you're askin' do I ever gamble myself? Back to the barrier, Loren! Back to the barrier for a fresh start.

Sometimes I drift down to the race track and watch 'em go by. Whenever I do that I think I can beat 'em, if I don't do it too often. If they ain't dealin' from the bottom I can pick winners enough to keep me out of the poorhouse. But as for burnin' the midnight oil with a form sheet in one hand and a turf guide in the other, not for me! The game as we modern artists play it now is too easy and can be played sittin' in an armchair with your feet on a cushion. I don't have to play it myself, mind you. I leave that for the subscribers. I mean, my clients.

I remember in the old days Walter Gray was dealin' the faro bank for Mike McDonald out in Chicago. Walter was the nicest kind of a fellow—genuine gentleman, and well dressed. Old Mike used to give him fifty bucks a day, which was real coin in them times. But as quick as he got paid off, which was every evenin', he would cross the street to Harry Varnell's and start in buckin' the tiger. Well, I'm just the same as most of 'em. When some of 'em tell you they never gamble—no, never!—they're liars. Everybody gambles more or less, but you meet *hombres* that jolly theirselves along and are certain sure they don't.

Do I believe in hunches? You bet I do—if a fellow knows when he's got one. I always plays my hunches. I mind one time down to Buffalo. They was racin' then over to Fort Erie before they sidetracked the books. Well, I'd hardly got in the bettin' ring when I hears somebody callin' to me. It was an old friend of mine and he was up on the block.

"Here's the long-shot king!" he hollers. "Here he is safe home again. Where you been, kid; and what you been doin'?"

"Oh," I says, "I been up and down and all around. What brand o' goods are you peddlin' now?"

Betting Two Ways on Papyrus

"They're all on the bargain counter," says my friend. "Your kind—pick 'em out. Here's Venita Strome, f'instance, quoted at a hundred for one! Want her?"

"Well," says I, "bein' as it's you, Charlie, give me twenty dollars' worth of Venita."

I don't know what came into me, but it was as strong a hunch as ever I had in my life. I'd never even saw the Venita goat, and didn't know who owned her. It was just a hunch, pure and simple.

Well, Venita won by a Sabbath Day's journey, like we say, and I was the prize curiosity for that afternoon.

Likewise I had a hunch last summer not to bet on Epinard. First off, I made up my mind that he was about as good a horse as we'd ever seen; and he was, too; no question about that. But they was too many of them wise boys touted him to beat any horse in the world, and they're always wrong. They can pick more losers in prize fights or match races than any people in the world, and I had a big hunch that they'd run right to form again. Well, they did.

But say, oh boy, the biggest cinch we ever had was the time that Papyrus tried to outrun Zev! I split my subscribers in two armies. To one command, down in New Orleans, I sent telegrams advisin' Papyrus would win easy. To the other, over in Canada, I kept the wires hot tellin' 'em how Zev'd put a rope around the Englishman's neck and choke him to death. Whichever lost, I was a big winner. I regard that as a special dispensation of Providence, because at that time I happened to be gettin' purty close to the cushion.

I never took a fall out of somethin' which wasn't my own game but once, when a citizen wished a circus on me. I always liked circuses and I hearkened to his spiel that if you had a cage full of monkeys and a tent full of people, away you'd go, and make a million dollars. So I took $10,000 worth of stock. Well, it's a long story, but I'll cut it short. Our attraction, as my partner dubbed it, went flooie out in Red Oak, Iowa, and the elephant herd fell to my share. My partner put me wise that trained elephants as good as ours was worth three thousand bucks apiece in any man's country, so I kidded myself into thinkin' that if he had wished me in, he was bowin' me out in good shape, because they was six of them huge pachyderms. But my great grief, by and by I got the winter's feed bill. Say, it was as long as the moral law. And that was in the good old days too.

I took a coupla accelerators and started out Broadway to distribute my patronage. In the first drum I stormed, a long skinny guy was leanin' up against the end of the bar. The theayter was in, and he was all by his lonely. He was draped over an empty glass and looked like he needed cheerin' up.

"What ho!" says I, because by this time I was myself again. "What's the matter? Looks like you'd lost somethin' and was lonesome."

The guy looked up and made a few motions in the air which didn't mean nothin', but I waited.

The Only Ones Who Always Win

"Slip it to me," says I; "get it off your chest. The cherries'll be ripe in the spring."

"Say, do you know," he groaned—"do you know, I been out with a carnival all summer. I worked hard, but here I am now."

"Yep," I agrees, "here you are now."

"Well," he continues, "I had ole Emma with me, the best trained bull in these United States, if I do say so, and I can't get no work for her. Over at the Hip, Burnside sets the dog on me every time I pass the door. I can't get no work for her, and she's about et her head off."

You know I'm a soft whale most of the time, no matter how they hang up the numbers, but this guy got my nanny for fair.

"You're a piker," I yells. "I'm harborin' six of them feed destroyers myself, and you was the only guy I could find in all New York to tell my troubles to."

You ast me to slip you th' one best bet. Here it is, and it's the best tip I ever handed out, too; free, gratis, and with no strings to it.

If you stay with 'em long enough they'll trim you like a drunken sailor. They've all tried it, and they've all pulled up in the same place. The real guys that gets the money in the speed special are the gents which sit behind the iron gratings and deal for the subscribers. It may be they're passin' out tickets or cashin' on winnin's, but win or lose, they get the money at the end of the day's performance.

Then don't forget the race tracks themselves. As I said, everybody pays now. In the old days, compliment'ry badges was free as air and could be had for the askin'. But nobody shillibers in now except owners or trainers. I read the other day where a feller claims he crashed the barrier at the Zev-Papyrus race and had to ease his way through three gates. Why, if the Angel Gabri'l fluttered down on wings and tried to light in the free field, they'd about arrest him for burglary.

Did you ever stop to figure that when a man goes up against that iron-man game, as they call the paris mutuels, they sometimes let him play around with his money for about fifteen semesters and then they ring the all-over bell and he's got to go out and dig up a fresh bank roll? I tell you that old percentage game'll beat anybody. It's great sport and it's got all other schemes for gettin' between a man and his money beat forty ways from the jack and all the way from the ace to the rack.

That's the one best bet of the day.

There's Something Better than a Shave with a New Blade—

HE USED to think that there was nothing better than a shave with a new blade. Now he knows that he was wrong.

He has learned that a new blade will give him a much smoother shave if he first strops it on a Twinplex.

Not only has he discovered a new shaving comfort, but also a saving in time, for now he strops and shaves with a keen edge in less time than he shaved before.

He strops his new blades on Twinplex and produces an edge that is a dream for shaving. He uses the same blade over and over again, just giving it a few turns on Twinplex before each shave.

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DEALERS EVERYWHERE

ALARMISTS AND PACIFISTS

(Continued from Page 33)

the War of 1812. But the alarmist finds in this conflict much to support his theories. It must be admitted, our school histories to the contrary notwithstanding, that the first part of this war presented an almost unbroken succession of humiliating defeats upon land. The most disgraceful episode in our military annals was when only 5000 British soldiers marched leisurely from the ocean to Washington and burned the Capitol, unopposed except by some militia, which ran away at the first fire, and a few sailors who stood their ground too long. The Hartford Convention is almost forgotten now, but no record of present-day pacifists could more than equal the acts of that assembly, composed as it was of prominent Federalists who were so bitterly opposed to this war and so ready to submit to anything from Great Britain rather than fight, that it was even proposed that New England should secede from the Union in order to obtain peace.

Disarmament That Worked

It is often said that the War of 1812 settled nothing, for the treaty that ended it did little more than leave the respective parties where they were before the war began. But the compact of 1817, which supplemented that which closed the war, originated and put into effect a principle which, unfortunately, does not seem to have been used again until more than 100 years after, when the Disarmament Conference was called. Under the provisions of the latter treaty, and by mutual agreement, on a boundary line of 3000 miles between this country and Canada not a soldier stands on guard, not a fort has been built, not a cannon is mounted, nor does even a small warship float on the broad surface of the Great Lakes. It was the first time that the folly of competitive armament was recognized. There is nothing like it elsewhere in the world and this condition has been maintained so long that on both sides of the line we have come to treat it as a matter of course instead of one of the great achievements of farsighted statesmen. Originally the agreement which keeps this line clear of all military and naval preparations was probably to the advantage of England. At the present time it is to our advantage, if to the advantage of either country. Evidently they have no alarmists in Canada—nor in England, for that matter—for we never hear of any proposition to change this arrangement. As the situation stands, England has given a hostage to the United States which ought, in some degree, to quiet the fears of even the most excited alarmist.

But we are not concerned with prior arrangements except as they affect present conditions. Abundant examples can be cited in our own history of the effect of want of preparation. The question is, Are we in danger today? Considering the Navy as our most important line of defense, this question can best be answered by briefly tracing its development and ascertaining its present condition as compared with those of England and Japan. No other nation has a navy that is comparable to that of the United States.

This country has always been in the advance in naval architecture. The victories of our frigates in the War of 1812 were due not alone to the skill and valor of our sailors, but to the fact that the vessels themselves were superior to those of the British with which they were matched. Our sailing vessels were long the queens of the ocean and left in their wake the slower ships of other nations. We were among the first to use steam in our vessels of war and the first to build a warship with a screw propeller. At the same time, from the War of 1812 down to the Civil War, our Navy was so much inferior to that of England as to be utterly outclassed, but we always had a superiority in some vessels. Shortly before the Civil War we built six steam frigates which at that time had no equal in any other fleet.

The Civil War obliged us to create a new Navy, and again we forged to the front in naval construction. The invention of the turret ship, of which the Monitor was the first example, revolutionized naval construction. The turrets of the larger Monitors were protected by armor that was impregnable to any gun then mounted in any navy, and also carried guns of a larger caliber than were on any ship of other nations. Great Britain and France built armored vessels, but though superior in speed to the Monitor they were inferior in armor and armament, and for the time being the United States became an important naval power.

But the Monitors represented only the beginnings of a type of naval construction. They were very slow, with poor seagoing qualities, although they succeeded in crossing both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and they could not fight in a heavy seaway. The gun turrets of the Monitor still remain, but in nearly every other respect the design has been abandoned.

After the Civil War our Navy was maintained only for a short time and then was neglected. For some years we spent only about $15,000,000 to $20,000,000 on the Navy, and practically nothing on new construction. Finally every vessel in it was obsolete, and the beginnings of a new Navy were made by building a few small cruisers and gunboats in President Cleveland's first administration. From then on, an increasing amount was expended upon it until in Roosevelt's time it came to be ranked as one of the great navies of the world. At the time the World War broke out, though still far inferior to that of England, it was little, if at all, below that of Germany, which was generally ranked second.

In naval architecture we were continually in the advance. We built the first battleships with all big guns in the main battery. This type was subsequently known as dreadnoughts, from the name of the first English vessel of this class. We also later built the first battleship with an electric drive and the first with three big guns in the turret. There are no more powerful battleships in any navy than our three battleships that were last constructed.

Our Advance in Sea Power

In the meantime a great change had been taking place in sea power since our Navy originally came into existence. Great Britain, which at one time made the boast that its navy was a match for that of all the other nations of the world when combined, had later adopted the principle that it would keep its navy equal to that of any other two powers. The rise of the American Navy to the place which has been described caused England to declare that it did not regard our naval construction as aimed against it, and that thereafter it would seek only to be the first naval power of the world and keep its navy equal to that of any two nations excluding that of the United States.

From the close of the Civil War, whether the United States was or was not powerful on the ocean, England understood clearly that it had nothing to gain and everything to lose through a conflict with the United States. That war once finished, we demanded damages from England for the depredations committed on our commerce by the pirate ship Alabama, which operated under the Confederate flag, but was constructed in and sailed from a British port. The matter was settled by arbitration and England was obliged to pay almost $16,000,000. In President Cleveland's time, when we had an Army of only about 27,000 men, with no reserves, and what might be said to be no Navy in comparison with that of England, the President sent to Congress a very warlike message concerning a dispute which England had with Venezuela over its boundary. England agreed to submit the matter to arbitration, and ultimately it was decided that the claim which our nation was making was unfounded.

The strength of our new Navy enabled President Roosevelt to present successfully what amounted to an ultimatum to Germany over a matter which involved some claims against Venezuela. Germany was not, of course, in the same position that England had been, and it is doubtful whether the demand would have been heeded if it had not been backed by a powerful navy. We had reached a position where our power of offense as well as defense had to be respected.

With the breaking out of the World War, as a matter of course our naval plans were changed. We spent enormous sums on our Navy, and at the end of the war it was greater than ever before. But the war had no sooner been closed than the great naval powers, including the United States, began plans for the increase of their navies. Our own Government adopted a definite program under which eight monster vessels, carrying far heavier armor and armament than was then afloat, with engines of 166,000 horse power, were to be constructed. England had constructed no capital ships since the war except the Hood, a battle cruiser of 41,200 tons which was completed after the war. It had planned to construct four more, each larger than the Hood and more powerful in every way. Japan also was actively engaged in construction and preparations to match the American and English programs.

Alarmists to the Fore

If the great vessels which had been planned for the American Navy had been built they would have required for their successful operation in time of war a corresponding number of auxiliary vessels of all sorts. The construction and operating expense would have been staggering even for so wealthy a nation as ours. Fortunately the counsel of wiser and cooler heads prevailed and President Harding called the Disarmament Conference, with little prospect, as it was then thought, that it would reach any agreement. Here again we were fortunate in the selection of our delegates, especially in the chairman, Secretary Hughes, for the initiative rested with the United States and unless our representatives were able to impress upon the other delegates that our nation sought nothing but what was fair and just the whole proposition was hopeless.

At the outset Secretary Hughes, as the expression goes, laid our cards face up on the table. A perfectly fair and just proposition was made. The American delegates had seen from the start that it was useless to propose any agreement that was not based on the relative situation of the great naval powers as they then stood. Naval experts were generally agreed that as the capital ship was the basis of the navy it might be taken as the basis of the agreement. By the term "capital ship" is meant battleships and battle cruisers. These ships were differently constructed as to details, but the greater the size the greater the opportunity for armor, armament and engine power. Therefore tonnage of capital ships was made the foundation of our proposal, which was that the United States and the British Empire should each have, in capital ships, 500,000 tons, and Japan 300,000 tons. The plan as finally modified and accepted became 525,000 tons each for the United States and the British Empire and 315,000 tons for Japan, thus establishing a ratio of 5–5–3 for the respective powers. This was agreed to by England and Japan, and when the terms of the arrangement

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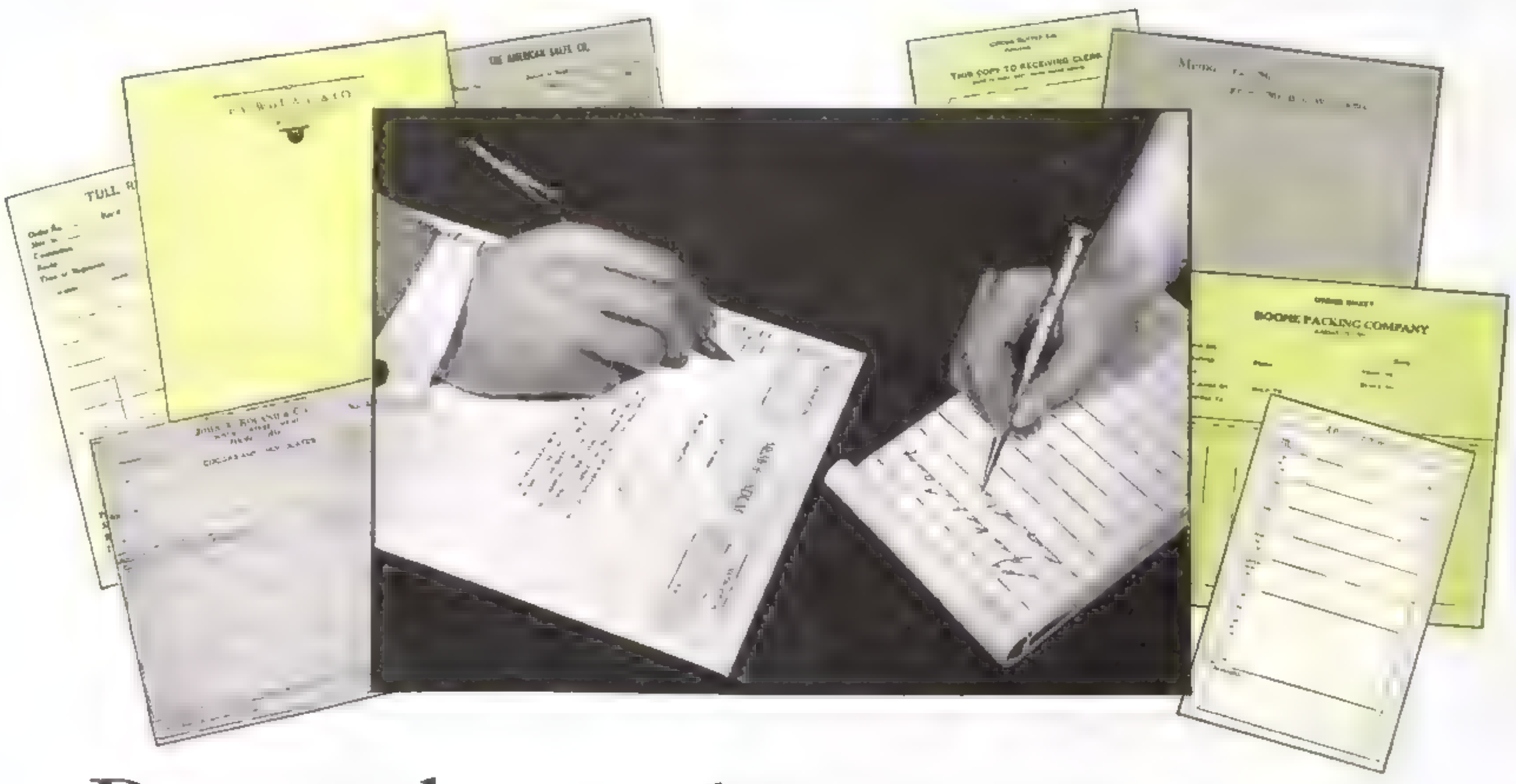

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(Continued from Page 166)

were published it was received with general approval. Since then not only in this country but elsewhere the alarmist has been much in evidence.

In our case it has been asserted that under the terms of the treaty then concluded we were not, in fact, allowed a navy that corresponded to the proportions agreed upon, that our negotiators were tricked, hoodwinked, and even buncoed; that their naval advisers were not merely asleep, but were chloroformed; that both England and Japan, especially the latter, got everything they wanted, while we got nothing; that the treaty marked the eclipse of the American sea power; in short, that the Disarmament Conference, instead of being one of the outstanding achievements in the world's history, was, so far as we were concerned, a miserable failure in which our representatives were completely outwitted.

A consideration of the real facts will show how groundless these statements are.

The Ship Scrapping Program

The assertion of the inferiority of the American fleet is based largely on a comparison of the capital ships which the three great naval powers were permitted to retain. The real fact is that our nation made no concessions at any time which were not fully matched by those received in return, and this is especially true with reference to England. The original proposition as to tonnage was not carried through for the reason that it would involve, on the part of Japan, the scrapping of the Mutsu, a new battleship, practically completed, built to a large extent through private offerings of the Japanese people, which surrounded it with a sentimental attachment. Moreover, it asked of the Japanese more than was asked of any other nation—namely, that a new and practically completed vessel should be scrapped. The Japanese offer was fair enough in return. We were to be permitted to complete the construction of two ships of the West Virginia class. These two ships are a little smaller than the Mutsu—about 1000 tons—but carry the same armament in heavy guns, with a heavier armor. The Mutsu is, however, somewhat faster. On the whole, the two ships we were permitted to construct are each nearly equal to the Mutsu, and yet it is claimed that we made a great sacrifice by permitting its construction. Great Britain was to be permitted to build two new ships not exceeding 35,000 tons each—which was the limit in size permitted by the treaty—and when they were constructed, four battleships at the foot of its line were to be scrapped. The United States was to scrap twenty-eight ships under the treaty, but a number of these ought to have been scrapped long before, as they were absolutely useless in the battle line and England had already scrapped better ships. Great Britain was to scrap twenty ships and Japan ten, among which were four in the course of construction; but it is only fair to say that of partially constructed vessels the United States scrapped most in value, and England least, for although it agreed to abandon the construction of the four great Hoods which had been planned, it lost only the sums expended in construction plans and assembling materials, as the keels of none of these vessels had been laid. On the other hand, whatever loss we sustained has been made up several times over in the savings not only in construction cost but in upkeep and operating expenses of the gigantic fleet that had been planned.

England has consistently put her obsolete ships out of commission. After the Armistice and before the Disarmament Conference she scrapped 619 vessels, among which were 28 battleships, 4 battle cruisers, 275 destroyers, 54 light cruisers and 5 battleships put on sale. Consequently when the Disarmament Treaty went into force she did not have so many ships to be scrapped as the United States, for we still held on to many old and useless battleships and auxiliary vessels which were useless under present conditions. Such is the waste of war even in times of peace.

But what of the battle fleet that was permitted to the United States and concerning which claims of inferiority to that of Great Britain are so often made? It is impossible in this article to go into technical details, but the answer is, in short, that ship for ship, in both armor and armament, ours are much superior to the English ships. Some of the English ships are superior in speed, some are not. With the exception of the Hood and the other battle cruisers any superiority in speed is slight, but the superiority of our ships in armor and armament is very considerable. The battle cruiser differs mainly from the battleship of the same size in being faster and in having much lighter armor. It has its advantages, but experts have questioned its value in the battle line and doubt whether more will ever be built. England has four, including the powerful Hood, but the three others are very much smaller ships. Japan has four battle cruisers. In the Battle of Jutland three English battle cruisers were blown up and sunk by reason of German shells piercing their armor in vital spots. One of these battle cruisers which was then destroyed was of substantially the same size and fighting capacity as those now retained in the English and Japanese navies, and the guns of our fleet are much more powerful than those used by the Germans in that battle.

The speed of the English ships enables them to arrive quicker at a given point than ours, and it is also an advantage in maneuvering, but this is acquired at a great loss both in power of attack and power of defense. We have seven ships of what is known as the post-Jutland class—that is, in their construction the lessons of that great naval battle were embodied. In particular the anti-torpedo protection is very complete on the Colorado, the Maryland and the West Virginia, which have triple hulls with minute internal subdivisions and also longitudinal and transverse unpierced bulkheads. England has only one post-Jutland ship, the Hood, which, while launched in August, 1918, was begun in September, 1916. The four ships which come next in point of age were laid down before the World War, and completed in the early part of it. Some of them have since been equipped with bulges for protection against torpedoes, thereby reducing their speed.

Gun Comparisons

In this connection it should be noted that since the war the United States has completed six battleships, while Japan has constructed only two. We have eight battleships that were begun since 1914, and Japan has but four. In number of big guns our battle fleet is overwhelmingly superior to that of Japan, as it carries 192 to 96 for Japan. It is true that 44 of the guns on our ships are 12 inch, while the Japanese guns are 14 inch and 16 inch, but of 16-inch guns we have 24 in number as against 16 for Japan; and of 14-inch guns we have 124 to 80 on the Japanese ships. Nor are the 12-inch guns out-of-date. It was with them that the Germans sank three English battle cruisers at the Battle of Jutland.

But we are told that the guns on the British battle fleet far outrange those of ours. As to eight battleships of ours the range of the guns is from 500 to 2800 yards less than that of comparable British ships. Next to these we have five with about the same range as the British ships, but we have five that far outrange anything the British have on battleships or battle cruisers. If there is anything in this question of ranges the British fleet, in conflict with ours, ought to be defeated before it got within the range of its own guns. But is there anything of importance developed by this comparison of ranges? The shortest range of the big guns of any American battleship is nearly twelve miles. It is said that in target practice many hits have been made far beyond

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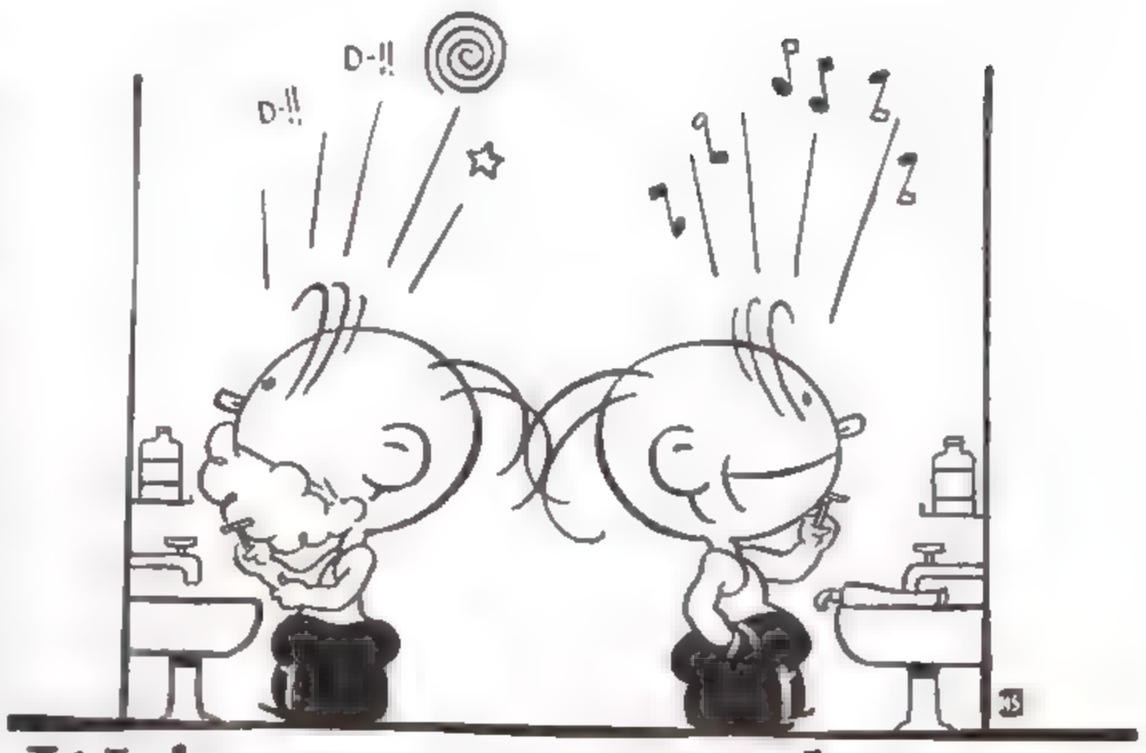

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DEFY WATER AND WEAR

(Continued from Page 169)

vision of the ships, which were firing when aid was given through airplanes spotting the target. Probably; but target practice on clear days and under favorable conditions and battle experience are two different things. In actual battle nothing has ever been hit above the range of 15,000 yards, which is 6000 yards below the shortest range of any of our battleships.

It must be admitted that we are far behind both Japan and Great Britain in the matter of light cruisers with high speed, and this is not merely in relative proportion but in actual number. We have recently built ten of these vessels, supposed to embody the last word in construction for this type of vessel and generally considered to be the finest and fastest of their class afloat. At the last session of Congress a bill was passed authorizing the construction of eight more. When these are finished, though we may still be behind in number, we shall be able at least to claim a superiority in efficiency, for it is not likely that any other power will have so many of as recent construction. To offset this inferiority in cruisers we have more destroyers than England and Japan taken together. How far this counterbalances the inferiority in cruisers is a question for the experts. Naval experts say that cruisers are the eyes of the fleet. Aeroplane experts say that aeroplanes are vastly superior for this purpose. Probably both are right, under different weather conditions. The destroyer demonstrated in the late war that it was an effective weapon against the submarine, but the destroyer cannot fight a cruiser, which is also much more effective as a commerce destroyer. In any event we can, under the treaty, build as many cruisers as we wish, but it should not be forgotten that at the conference Japan was quite ready to limit the number of cruisers that each power should possess, and an agreement on that point was prevented by France, which was unwilling to accept any limitations proposed.

Though we have more submarines than either England or Japan, we are inferior to England in large fleet submarines. Here, again, it is a question for the experts as to which has the advantage. Lord Lee, one of the representatives of England at the conference, and at that time the First Lord of the Admiralty, expressed an opinion that the submarine, except as a commerce destroyer, was not of much importance, and said that in a military way it accomplished little in the late war. England, however, is building additional large submarines, and does not seem to be worried. We have no destroyer leaders, of which England has several, but in aircraft carriers, when those authorized are completed, we shall be superior to either England or Japan. France refused at the conference to consent to any limitation of submarines proposed as well as of cruisers, insisting that they were one of its main defenses in the absence of modern battleships.

Naval Bases in the Pacific

This action was not well received by the British, who looked upon it as especially directed against their commercial fleets. The position of France with reference to a land attack was indeed difficult, and it was not strange that it refused to consent to any limitation of land forces through fear of Germany. But if Germany is a potential enemy, conflict with England joined by Germany would be obviously fatal to France, no matter how well it was supplied with submarines and cruisers. Its refusal is not only extremely costly to the other nations but by stimulating a competition in armament in these lines it inevitably gives rise to suspicion on the part of each power as to the intentions of the other.

Complaint has been made that Japan exacted, as the price of her assent to the limitation of capital ships, an agreement that America should not change the *status quo* as to fortifications and naval bases in its insular possessions in the Pacific except the Hawaiian Islands. It is true that Japan made this a condition of its agreement, but let us be fair to Japan. It naturally could not regard the establishment of a naval base within striking distance of its own boundaries as anything but a menace, and certainly this would greatly change the naval situation. The American delegation accepted the proposition on condition that Japan and the British Empire should do likewise. The final arrangement excepted from the agreement the Japanese Archipelago and the Aleutian Islands on the part of Japan; Australia and New Zealand on the part of England; and Hawaii and the insular possessions adjacent to the coast of the United States on our part.

Obsolete Fighting Weapons

In reality we gave up nothing. It may be the desire of the army and naval officials that the United States should sometime establish an additional naval base in the Pacific, but such a base, with adequate fortifications, could not be properly constructed without the expenditure of more than a hundred million dollars, and its maintenance would cost millions every year. Those who are familiar with the sentiment in Congress and among the American people know that such a proposition never would be adopted. It would be idle to construct this base unless it was properly fortified and protected by a large land and naval force, otherwise it would merely be a place for the deposit of stores to be captured by the enemy. In this connection it should be observed that up to the time of the conference we had not completely fortified the Philippines, although there was nothing to prevent our so doing.

The agreement with reference to naval bases in the Pacific put an end to a situation which was more likely than anything else to create a conflict between this country and Japan. The American delegation also brought about the dissolution of the treaty of alliance between England and Japan, which had always been a matter of great concern to this Government.

Our Navy Department has made itself subject to criticism by bringing reports to Congress which subsequently proved to be unfounded. In the early part of the Sixty-eighth Congress it presented to the naval committee a report that England was raising the elevation of the guns on their older battleships, and a bill providing for the elevation of the guns on our ships was promptly presented to the House. In discussing the bill in the House a member protested that there was nothing in the British estimates making provision for such action, but his protest was not heeded as against the testimony of the "experts." The bill was passed, only later to be dropped when the Navy Department had to admit that the statement had no foundation. This was not the first instance when wrong information had been given. On two previous occasions the same thing had happened, the same protest made on the floor of the House by a member who watched such matters; and in each case a year later it was conceded that the statements were absolutely incorrect. At the time of the Disarmament Conference the American representatives had constantly by their side special experts from the Navy and acted upon their guidance in all technical matters. It is peculiarly unfortunate that we should hear so much to the contrary from what appear to the public to be official sources.

Of course there are other minor points where the navy of England or the navy of Japan may be superior to ours, and, in turn, points where our Navy is superior to that of either of these nations. There are some things which our Navy is lacking and there always will be, no matter how much is spent upon it. There always will be something which can be improved or bettered. The science of naval construction and equipment advances so rapidly that it is impossible to keep up with it, and under the Disarmament Treaty we can still engage in competitive building of cruisers, submarines and aircraft, if it is necessary and advisable to do so. The question of its advisability will be considered further on. Nearly everything becomes obsolescent in ten to fifteen years, although battleships may be kept in line longer. Fortunately our nation is not loaded down with old vessels and old materials.

The great superiority of our post-Jutland ships is shown by our treaty agreement that when England completes the two battleships of this type that she is permitted to build, four other vessels must be scrapped. It is not strange that English opinion is that in the present state of her battle fleet America has a decided advantage. Yet the British Admiralty seems to be in no hurry about constructing these new battleships, and it has even been reported that their construction was suspended in consideration of the possibility of another disarmament conference.

There is also the question of aircraft, which is, to say the least, highly important, and which many experts consider the most important of all. The subject has been so much discussed by them in the public prints of late and is so highly technical that in the conflict between the naval experts and the experts on aeronautics the layman must find it difficult to find any groundwork of facts. Out of all of it, however, he can reach this ultimate conclusion, that if ever a hostile air fleet is able to get by our naval and air forces so as to reach our coast cities, even the alarmists can hardly exaggerate the consequences.

There are several nations that are not able to have a strong navy, although they have an exposed coast line and are largely engaged as ocean carriers. Holland has extensive colonial possessions far removed, and a large merchant fleet, but has no navy to be seriously considered. Norway has no colonies, but otherwise is similarly situated. Denmark, too, has no navy worth mentioning. Only the extreme pacifist would propose that we should follow their example, yet it must be admitted that in the past fifty years these nations have not suffered through lack of a navy. This has been largely due to the fact that they are so situated as not to be brought into conflict on the ocean with other nations.

When the Last Dollar Wins

No other nation has so much need of a navy as Great Britain. Its dominions are scattered all over the globe. Its merchant ships swarm on every sea, the prey of any hostile cruiser that England may be unable to blockade. It must maintain powerful fleets in the Atlantic and in the Pacific, a strong force in the Mediterranean, and lesser squadrons in other seas. A single cruiser of the enemy at large on any of these waters would cause incalculable damage. The kingdom itself is provisioned but for seven weeks. A short blockade would paralyze every activity and industry and make it a suppliant instead of a great power. Everywhere surrounded by dangers and everywhere open to attack, it would seem to be the natural home of the alarmist, but in that country his voice is seldom heard. John Bull absolutely refuses to get excited. A prominent Englishman who might fairly be taken to represent the public sentiment of the nation recently said that "war with the United States is unthinkable," to which the overwhelming majority of the people of this country will answer "amen."

But what of Japan, with its 75,000,000 population—a brave, patriotic, thrifty, hard-working people? They do not look at some matters as we do, and, unfortunately, friction has arisen with more or less irritation on both sides, which it is to be hoped will subside. Japan is a comparatively poor nation. Its wealth is about one-fifteenth of ours. Its natural resources are insignificant compared with those of the United States. In soil, in minerals, in nearly all respects there is no comparison. Lloyd George is reported to have said in one of the darkest hours of the late war that the last dollar would win. Unquestionably in case of conflict we should

(Continued on Page 173)

Try 10 cigars free!

Send no money—just mail the coupon

NO matter where you live, no matter what you smoke now, no matter whether you have ever ordered cigars by mail—now is your chance to try a box of full-flavored, cool, even-burning cigars *absolutely free*—the kind of cigars that thousands of other smokers say they've "hunted years for."

My El Nelsor, the cigar illustrated, is a 4¼ inch cigar. The fine grade, long Havana filler, blended with choicest Porto Rico gives richness and full flavor. The genuine Sumatra leaf wrapper assures even burning and long white ash. The cigar is just heavy enough to satisfy, yet light enough to prevent after-effects—no matter how many you smoke. Strictly hand-made by skilled adults in clean, airy surroundings.

You save money by buying direct

I sell cigars by the box, direct and fresh, at a price that represents only one cost of handling and one profit. Customers tell me that I save them upwards of 7c on each cigar.

My selling policy is simple. I make the best cigars I know how, put a box in a customer's hands, ask him to try them. If he likes them, he pays for them. If he doesn't like them, he returns the remainder of the box at my expense. The trial costs him nothing.

Why I lose money on the first box

Suppose, for instance, you and 399 other men order a box of cigars from this advertisement. Dividing 400 into $1,750.00 (the cost of this advertisement) gives $4.37. In other words it costs me $4.37 to induce you to try a box of 50 cigars. You see, I *must* offer an extraordinary cigar. It *must* be better than you expect. The flavor, aroma, cool, even-burning qualities *must* delight you. Otherwise you would not order again.

Read my offer—

If you'll sign and mail the coupon now, I'll personally see that you get a box of 50 freshly made, full flavored El Nelsors, size and shape as in the illustration, postage prepaid. If after you smoke ten the box doesn't seem worth $3.75, return the forty unsmoked cigars within ten days—no explanation will be necessary, no questions will be asked. In ordering please use your business letterhead or the coupon, filling in the line marked "Reference." Or if you don't wish to bother giving a reference, just drop me a postcard and you can pay the postman $3.75 when the cigars are delivered. I'll pay the postage. Order now.

NELSON B. SHIVERS, Pres.

Actual Size and Shape

Herbert D. Shivers, Inc.
25 Bank Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me a box of 50 El Nelsor cigars. If after smoking 10 I decide the box is worth $3.75 I agree to send you that amount. If I decide it isn't worth that amount I agree to return the 40 unsmoked cigars within ten days with no obligation.

☐ Mild ☐ Medium ☐ Strong

Name

Address

Reference

Address

Acquire the Boyce-ite habit

Boyce-ite
THE SUPER-FUEL Improvement
SAFE!
Boyce-ite, either in its concentrated form, or when mixed with gasoline, creates no poisonous fumes
It contains no dangerous ingredients

Its Beneficial Effect Is *Guaranteed!*

WHAT is back of the pull, the pick-up, and the velvety smoothness that bring such joy to the driver's heart?

A clean motor

When such vital engine parts as spark plug points, valve seats, valve stems, and piston rings become coated with carbon this smooth performance ends. Gas bills go up. Acceleration drops. Gear shifting increases. Traffic becomes a horror, hills a nightmare.

That is why plugs are cleaned, valves ground, carbon scraped and rings replaced at frequent intervals to bring your motor back to life.

But—such is the shortcoming of plain gasoline — with the first explosion carbon starts accumulating and soon again the motor begins to lag and labor.

A simple, easy way to keep your motor clean

In 1924, after two years of testing and experimenting, I introduced to the motoring world a new method for keeping motors *permanently* at the peak of efficiency, by adding to gasoline a new ingredient called Boyce-ite.

Hundreds of thousands of car owners, using Boyce-ite regularly and consistently found a new motoring economy and enjoyment through its means.

Guarantee

REGARDLESS of the mechanical condition or design of your motor, or the amount or grade of oil used, if after adopting Boyce-ite treated gasoline as your standard motor fuel, you ever again find it necessary to remove carbon, have that carbon burned out and send us the bill! A check will be sent you immediately.

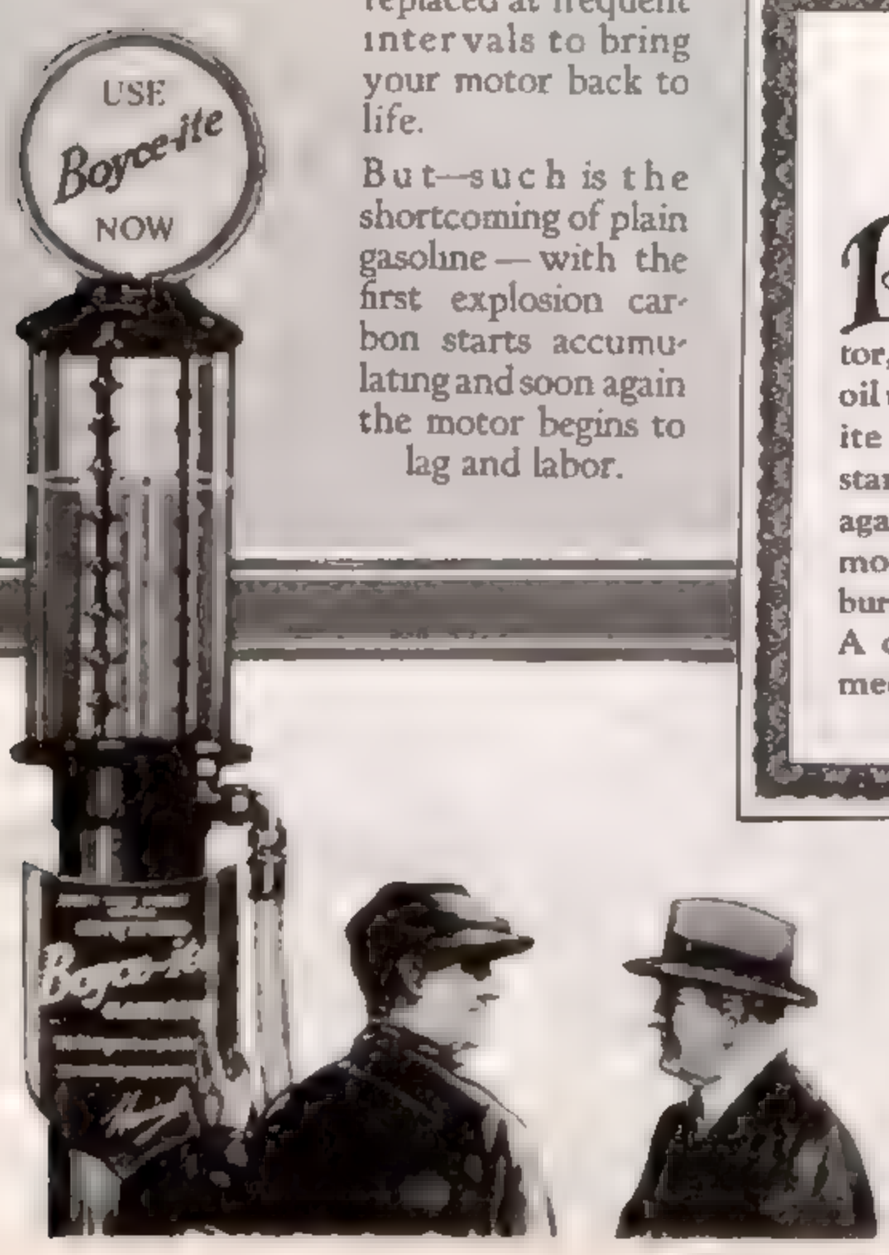
But Boyce-ite *must* be used regularly to get results. I would rather you never used a single drop of it than to use it in a lukewarm, half hearted fashion. For so certain is the action of Boyce-ite when used properly that my company backs it unconditionally with the astounding guarantee shown on this page.

I urge you to go now — today — to your dealer and start acquiring the Boyce-ite habit. It is a *saving* habit that will keep many dollars in your pocket. Buy it in the convenient container or from the Boyce-ite Blu-Green Pump, but make Boyce-ite treated gasoline your standard motor fuel from now on, and keep your motor thereafter at its maximum of power, smoothness and economy.

Thomas Boyce

President

BOYCE & VEEDER CO., Inc.
Long Island City, N. Y.



Boyce-ite ingredient for making your own fuel may be obtained in the small handy container at hardware stores, garages, accessory stores and filling stations.

Boyce-ite Blu-Green Gasoline, already mixed for your convenience and identified by its blue-green color, may be obtained direct from the pump at the leading filling stations in over one hundred important cities

BOYCE & VEEDER COMPANY, Inc.
LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 171)

have the last dollar. It is equally evident, however, that if the extreme pacifist had his way, and the nation was permitted to become defenseless, we should not be able to keep it. As it is, our Navy is far superior to that of Japan, but we have something more by way of defense.

Our Pacific coast line is 5200 miles distant from Japan, and Hawaii is 3900 miles from Japan. Naval experts are agreed that it is impracticable for a battle fleet to operate at a distance in excess of 2000 miles from its base. Whatever might happen to the Philippines at the outset of a conflict, there can be no question as to the final outcome. We are in no position to carry on aggressive war against Japan and have no need or desire to be placed in such a position, but we could hardly be more advantageously situated for a successful defense. A very brilliant and most distinguished American admiral, now retired, is reported to have said, in substance, that the competition for trade between the United States and Japan would become so fierce as eventually to bring on war. Perhaps the best comment on this kind of talk was made by Lord Lee, during the conference, when he said that every government suffered from the declarations of its retired naval officers "who propound extraordinary theories." Those who know Congress and understand the American people realize that this country, at least, will not bring on war in order to expand our foreign trade. Japan naturally has not been without her own alarmists, who have endeavored to show that their country is not properly protected.

Recently statements have been published to the effect that our Navy had so degenerated that the ratio was no longer 5–5–3, but that the figure should be 4 or less for the United States. Shortly afterward the Japanese alarmists, not to be outdone, published a statement which when analyzed was to the effect that the navy of Japan did not even occupy the ratio of 3 to 5 as compared to that of the United States, but that its strength as a whole was only 57 per cent of ours; that eleven of the Japanese cruisers were old and useless except for coast defense; that even counting these, the United States had a tonnage in cruisers 50 per cent greater, and more than twice as many destroyers, and that Japan was hopelessly outclassed as to submarines.

Our Present Naval Costs

The real fact is, as has already been shown, that the United States is far inferior in modern cruisers to both Japan and England, but Congress has recently authorized the building of eight more, which of course will be the latest type and armed as powerfully as the Disarmament Treaty will permit. To remedy the other matters of which so much complaint has been made, Congress also authorized the modernizing of six battleships, including changing those which now burn coal to oil burners. It also increased the allowance for airplane carriers and authorized the construction of 231 airplanes for them. The total authorized for these items alone was $169,560,000. Of this, $25,000,000 was all that was actually appropriated, it being considered that that was all that could be properly used during the present fiscal year.

The new Navy was started with an appropriation of $3,000,000. This, however, was for construction only, and an additional sum was required for operation. In 1914, we appropriated about $142,000,000 for construction and operation, but did not expend quite all of it. During the last war we expended a total of $2,000,000,000 on our Navy. In 1924 the Navy cost $332,000,000; in 1925 about $330,000,000. Thus it appears that we are expending considerably more than double the amount on the Navy that we did before the war. It would be easy to spend a billion dollars annually in following out the desires of those who want the greatest navy in the world. Indeed, if we yielded to the demands of the alarmists with reference to our Army and Navy we should not only bid farewell to any plans for tax reduction but must expect additional tax levies instead.

In the long run we should not accomplish anything, for our relative standing would be the same as before. Naval experts of the other great powers are in the same frame of mind and would force the nations which they represent to maintain the same relative positions. Our superior wealth might enable us to outlast the resources of other nations, in which event their own alarmists would doubtless urge that war be begun before those nations were hopelessly outclassed. It is to be hoped that before we reach any such stage another conference will be called for the limitation of armament, regardless of whether it can be made to apply to land forces. Indeed it may well be urged that it would be more than worth while to call such a conference even if only England and Japan were at first disposed to join with us in the limitation of cruisers, submarines and aircraft, but France ought to be in some way persuaded to join in such limitation, which, of course, would not require her proportion of such war equipment to be measured by her battle fleet. As the matter now stands France is putting a great burden on the other nations without any corresponding benefit to herself.

In all propositions for disarmament, America, as the strongest nation, must of necessity take the lead, but this does not mean that we cannot join the alarmist so far as to make adequate preparation for our defense, while uniting with the reasonable pacifist in promoting peace.

The Sane Course

Peace cannot be preserved without effort any more than war can be carried on without preparation. The American people will not permit the pacifist to prevent our nation from making reasonable preparation for war, and we ought not to permit the alarmist to lead us into such preparation as will engender suspicion on the part of other nations. Ever since the recent great conflict an atmosphere of distrust has spread among nations. Each fears that the other may secretly be intending to resort to war either aggressively or to avert some imagined danger. Of all countries we ought least to be subject to this feeling. Modern warfare not only requires fleets and armies but also in a prodigious degree the means for their support. We hold half the gold of all the world. Greater in wealth and superior in population to any possible foe, we are incomparably superior in natural resources. Alone among the great powers our needs for war are self-contained through nature's bounty taken with our manufacturing equipment and skill. We produce a great surplus of food. We have iron, coal, copper, oil, indeed every necessity of war in abundance, except nitrates, and we have means of producing them also. No nation can command so much manufacturing power and equipment. In these days even a small war consumes the savings of years, and no country but our own could go through another great war without drifting hopelessly and irretrievably into bankruptcy. England, with all its wealth, staggers under an almost unbearable load of debt and taxation. The burdens laid upon Japan by war and earthquake though small compared with those of England are even greater in proportion to the ability to pay them.

The ability and efficiency of the statesmen of England and Japan are everywhere conceded. Who can doubt that with reflecting judgment they have weighed and measured every feature of the present situation, and with discerning eye have looked far into the future? And if in any nation there are some who still dream of building a permanent empire by conquest, they will be reminded that the world's greatest general and most thorough militarist died on a lonely isle in the midst of the ocean; and that an emperor whose armies within present memories terrified Europe can now find nothing more important to do than saw wood in a Dutch garden.

May Breath Free

Mail the coupon

Now Pure Breath wherever, whenever you need it

A breath pure as Maytime—instantly!

MAY BREATH is science's newest contribution to protect against a grave social offense. It is an antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form; a scientific purifier, not a mere perfume that cries out your effort at concealment.

You carry them with you wherever you go. Let a single tablet dissolve in your mouth—that's all. Your breath will breathe the fragrance of Maytime.

* * * *

Bad breath is a universal offense.

The causes are many and hard to avoid.

Certain foods cause it. Smoking is another cause; decaying food in the mouth another, stomach disorders, etc.

No one is immune. Few realize they have it. Careful people guard against it. This in fairness to themselves and their friends.

* * * *

The object of May Breath is to provide *constant* protection that you can carry with you always.

Now millions have thanked us for this new way. It comes in thin tin boxes that you carry with you. No matter what the cause of your bad breath—mouth, stomach, tobacco, food or drink—it corrects it.

Never go to a dance, theatre, any social gathering; never risk close contact with others, without first taking this simple precaution.

Cigar odors

Quell them before you dance

Be considerate

One May Breath tablet will [illegible] pure, sweet breath

Added charm

Before every contact eat a May Breath tablet. It means an added charm

A box free

Let us give you a box to try. You will be delighted. Simply use the coupon.

May Breath is now on sale in Canada

15c and 25c

M-274

Good for a Regular Size Box

Fill in your name, then mail this coupon for a regular size box of May Breath free

Name

Address

MAY BREATH COMPANY
1104 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Canadian Branch: 191 George St., Toronto

Only one box to a family

This Tackle is Made to *Catch* Fish

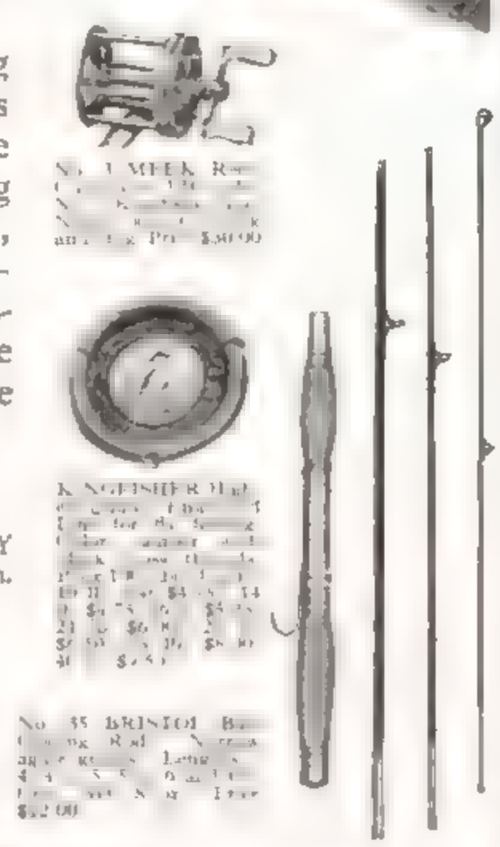
The first job of any rod, reel or line is to catch fish. All else is secondary; in fact, to the shrewd fisherman, superfluous.

The "Bristol" family of fishing tackle is a happy one, for it knows and its friends know that every one of its members—Bristol Steel Fishing Rods, Kingfisher Silk Fishing Lines, Meek Reels and Blue Grass Reels—will catch fish. There's no guesswork—they have proved their case after many years in the hands of the best fishermen.

Free upon request we will send you the new Bristol, Meek and Kingfisher Catalogs.

THE HORTON MANUFACTURING COMPANY
507 Horton St., Bristol, Conn.

Pacific Coast Agents: The Phil B. Bekeart Co., 117 Market St., San Francisco, Cal



MEEK and Blue Grass REELS
"Bristol"
Steel Fishing Rods
Kingfisher Silk Fishing Lines

The Bristol Steel Shaft Is Strong and Will Not Warp

OF course, you want your clubs to be strong. And what a satisfaction it would be to know that the shafts will not warp. Remember then, when purchasing a new club, that the Bristol Steel Golf Shaft has great durability, and climatic conditions have no effect on it.

All good club manufacturers make clubs equipped with the Bristol Steel Golf Shaft.

FREE upon request, six interesting golf booklets by the well known instructor, Herbert Lagerblade.

Bristol
Steel Golf Shaft

BARGAINS AND BASEMENTS

(Continued from Page 19)

use do any such proportionate damage. If a piano is kept in good repair, it is worth two-thirds of its original value even after years. In your brief dealing with a music house, your insistence showed that you were not a sucker. The salesman and manager were equally pleased to conclude the business with you."

I had no doubts on that score. I suppose that the manager of the hat shop would have felt a similar emotion toward me. But I did not meet him: I was content with the sales person.

I entered this store because of a window display. There were very good-looking hats shown, and above them towered a sign which read:

EVERY HAT IN THIS WINDOW
REDUCED
$3.75

The "reduced" was in such tiny letters that at first I did not notice it. It did not deter me from going into the shop. A young salesgirl attended me. I indicated two hats in the window which I liked.

"I should like to try them," I said.

She put them on my head. One was rather becoming, but not entirely satisfactory.

"I would not throw real money away on it," I remarked. "But I will have at least $3.75 worth of pleasure from it." And I tendered a five-dollar note.

The girl looked puzzled.

"Is this a part payment?" she inquired.

"No, take out the $3.75. I will pay for it now."

She hastened to explain: "That hat is not $3.75. It is reduced $3.75. It was $15.75, now it is only $12."

I laughed.

"It is not $12 to me," I assured her. "I might have known there was a catch. Does not everyone think that the hats are $3.75?"

I had judged her aright. She is one of those employes who are worth exactly what they are being paid. Her stipend is in the neighborhood of sixteen dollars a week.

"Most people think so, if they have not been here before," was her answer.

"Do they buy anyway?" I continued in my best reportorial manner.

The F. O. B. Joker

"Generally. A few of them get mad, some laugh like you. But mostly they pay attention while I tell them that the hat is an unusual value and ask them if they are not close enough judge of hats to know that we could not sell such a fine hat for $3.75. They may talk a little to each other, if two are shopping together, but almost always they buy."

While we were talking, I had sensed another transaction going through the various stages. A pretty young girl had selected a hat which was quite stunning on her.

"Only $3.75," she murmured. "How do you do it?"

"Reduced $3.75," said the pleasant-voiced saleswoman. "The hat was $23.75, now it is only $20."

"Oh—er—of course. Twenty dollars. What I thought ——" She did not complete what she had thought. After she had paused a moment, she asked, "I wonder if you will send the hat C. O. D.? I have not the change with me, as I did not plan to shop today."

My salesgirl had been listening too.

"You see?" she whispered. "She will keep it, all right. I know her type."

In a furniture store, I found the bait the same but the development different. A window showed several well-conditioned sewing machines. Propped against one of them was a sign, announcing, "Blank's sewing machine ten dollars. Can be purchased for one dollar down."

Blank's is a well-known make and sells for fifty-five dollars. With this information tucked away, I opened the shop door.

"Are those sewing machines only ten dollars?" I asked the salesman who greeted me, as I nodded in the direction of the window.

He did not answer, but conducted me to the rear of the store. Four or five disreputable machines were huddled together, with sagging straps, scratched surface, rusty wheels.

"These are the ten-dollar machines," he said. Then he gave me a very frank, sympathetic look. "You knew that a machine selling for ten dollars could not be worth a great deal more. These can be put into condition for about twenty-five dollars and would doubtless give quite satisfactory service. But did you want a Blank especially?" I looked undecided. "Because I have here a little beauty that is just thirty dollars and could be delivered to you within a week, ready for immediate use."

He walked over to a shining piece of furniture that was in marked contrast to the others. He fingered it affectionately as he detailed its points of excellence.

I was listening sharply, for if the machine was good, it was worth fifty-five dollars. Presently the joker slipped out, innocuously and without emphasis.

"You can have this machine, too, at a dollar a week," said the salesman in conclusion. "If you make a payment today, we ought to be able to take care of you by the end of next week at the latest. You have a bargain all right, at thirty dollars f. o. b."

Ten-Dollar Fur Coats

He lost his pleasant, confiding manner as I faced him and replied, "I never buy f. o. b."

I doubt if the salesman knew one truth that I did, however. I could have told him that he would be a fortunate man if he held his position for six months. Houses that employ such methods have a very large sales turnover. There are many complaints, of course, from dissatisfied customers. One of the easiest ways out is to be able to say, with distress and sympathy, "Yes, we were compelled to let that young man go. We found that he had misrepresented us on many occasions. How much damage he did we can never accurately estimate." And many more words to the same purport, all of which sound fair, but do not restore cash to the customer's pocket.

Cheap baiting, you say? From whose standpoint? Not the customer's surely, for in the piano house the average sale was in excess of $500, the price of a good instrument; in the hat shop, more than 75 per cent were actual purchasers; in the furniture store, all the sewing machines were sold in four days. Yet in no instance was there actual cheating. The sales were within the law and were made easily possible by the credulity of a people keen for bargains.

An advertising man figured that 80 per cent of the women in the country were confirmed bargain hunters. They scan the papers and visit the shops with an eye to one achievement only—a bargain. It is for them that such copy as this is compiled:

OUR LOSS, YOUR GAIN

We are going out of business, and positively every article will be sold at ⅓ price, actually below cost.

ONE HOUR ONLY! ONE HOUR ONLY!

Any sweater in the house $1.74

TUESDAY 10 to 11 A M.

Free with every $1 purchase a fountain pen.

$1 scarfpins 19c.
75c towels 27c.
79c hose 39c.

The same individuals who find promise in advertising such as the above will purchase articles for $1.98, $2.98, $3.98, when they would not consider them for $2, $3, $4. In action, they are rather brisk.

(Continued on Page 177)

Saving the home you love

For more than half a century Pee Gee Mastic Paint has been a leader in protecting, preserving and beautifying homes. It prevents and arrests decay. It is a barrier against weather and temperature. It increases the value of your property and gives lasting satisfaction at lowest cost per years of service. It does not discolor, chalk, go flat, crack or peel. Save your home by saving its surface.

Write for free Pee Gee Color Charts, mentioning your needs and the name of your dealer. There is a Pee Gee Paint, Varnish, Stain and Enamel for every purpose.

Paint *now*
Pay *later*

Any Pee Gee dealer will tell you about our deferred payment plan. Makes it easy for you—ask about it.

Pee Gee
PAINTS
SINCE 1867
VARNISHES STAINS ENAMELS

There are many other Pee Gee Products—
ask your dealer about these

Pee Gee Floor Varnish: With your eyes and those of visitors on the floors of your home, you flush with pride at the smooth, flawless and mirror-like finish Pee Gee Floor Varnish has given them. And to this is added the satisfying thought that they are kept so with very little effort.

Pee Gee China Enamel: With charming effect Pee Gee China Enamel Gloss White is used on doors, stairways, pillars, wainscoting, and all interior or exterior woodwork. It gives a smooth, hard, brilliant finish that does not yellow with age. Also made in various tints and egg-shell finish.

Pee Gee Re-Nu-Lac: By staining, varnishing and waterproofing in one operation Pee Gee Re-Nu-Lac serves in a threefold capacity. It restores to original freshness and beauty furniture, marred woodwork, scruffed floors, faded bric-a-brac—whatever time has dimmed or usage impaired.

Pee Gee Flatkoatt: Brightens and beautifies the walls and ceilings of the home. Made in a rich range of shades to match any decorative scheme. Durable and sanitary, this oil paint dries with a flat, smooth, velvety finish. Various decorative effects are easily produced. Easily and quickly cleaned.

Peaslee-Gaulbert Co.

Incorporated

LOUISVILLE · ATLANTA · DALLAS · HOUSTON

Dealer Opportunity: If Pee Gee is not represented in your community, correspondence is invited. A Pee Gee exclusive sales franchise involves a very small investment. To inquire about our unusual plan of sales promotion does not obligate you. Write today.

—and every year he sends me flowers

"It was a glad, exciting, wonderful day, when we walked down that long aisle and faced together the longer path that lay before us. And every year, on the anniversary of that day, he sends me flowers* —a beautiful pledge for the years to come."

*Flowers may be gorgeous cut blooms or a living, growing plant that will last for weeks. Your florist can telegraph them *anyu here*

"Say it with Flowers"

YOU CAN ENDOW YOUR LOVE FOR PLANTS AND FLOWERS -WRITE TO SOCIETY OF AMERICAN FLORISTS, 217 PARK AVE., NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 174)

I recently attended a sale of fur coats that was advertised as "one day only – $10." I went as a spectator, and even then nearly lost my life. The day before, I had carefully selected a window ledge which would shelter me above the madding crowd. My choice was all right, but the crowd was too madding. I never reached it. Hundreds of women swept into the maelstrom. Hats were knocked off, feet were trampled, stockings were torn, while two to five women seized every coat on display. Ten-dollar notes were waved high, while shrill falsettos shrieked, "This is mine! Here, Sales, make her let go. Make her! I had it first! Here, you let go! Let go!"

Several women fainted. One had such a firm grip that the physician could not loose her grasp and had to treat her, hampered by the fur coat.

The last coat was sold before noon, in spite of the man who shouted at intervals through his megaphone, "These coats will positively not be exchanged. You buy at your own risk."

The risk was evident, with persons being knocked right and left. But the other aspect of the hazard was also apparent as I glimpsed the merchandise. The coats were not worth carrying charges.

I do not know how they were selected, but I do happen to know how some tie bargains were managed.

A haberdashery has ties displayed on the counter at $1, $1.50 and $2. Their better grades are in cases. Constant fingering of the ties by customers causes a certain number of them to become unfit for sale. These are tossed into a large drawer under one of the shelves. When the drawer becomes so full that it will not hold any more ties, all of them are taken out and sent to a cleaner who has a special arrangement with the department. In a couple of days the ties are returned, almost as good as new. Then a sign appears which announces a tie clearance at $1.50. All these ties are snatched by eager customers in a couple of hours. There is no loss except the small charge for cleaning, which amounts to a couple of cents a tie.

If the purchasers took the trouble to examine the other merchandise, they might find the tie for which they had paid $1.50 was only $1 in regular stock. But time and thought are noticeable by their absence at bargain sales.

Remnants While You Wait

I was commenting on this fact to a retail merchant. He corroborated it by an illustration.

"I was overstocked in cretonnes," he said; "particularly in the fifty-five-cent-a-yard variety. So I decided to clear it by a sale. I advertised values to $1.75 at fifty-five cents a yard and made a point of putting one homely $1.75 remnant on the counter. The other pieces were regular fifty-five-cent goods. They sold so rapidly that I opened two near-by counters and displayed the same material on bolts at fifty-five cents the yard. The customers would pay no attention to it. What do you suppose I did?"

I could not guess.

"I detailed five sales persons from quiet departments to take these bolts and cut off lengths of two, three, four and up to ten yards. These were placed on the remnant counter and sold faster than the girls could cut. By nightfall there was not an inch of that cretonne left."

Bargains, indeed!

Fortified by a good-sized parcel, I took my stand by a counter of aluminum ware and demanded to see the buyer.

When he came, I said, "That is an interesting marker you have: 'Why pay $1.50 for baking pans when we are selling for 57 cents?'"

"Yes?"

"Yes," I answered; "interesting if true." I opened my package and displayed two of the pans. One was so warped on the bottom that it rocked when placed on the table. "Both these were used on the top of a stove," I continued. "What would you say was the difference?"

"About a dollar," he said. "But what do you expect for fifty-seven cents? You are not expected to treat those pans as if they were iron."

"No?" I looked surprised. "I paid $1.35 for this pan and have given it all sorts of service for more than a year. The other I purchased from your department a little less than a week ago." The older utensil was in perfect condition, the new one continued to rock.

"Well, what can I do about it," asked the buyer. "You have ruined it."

"I was just comparing the two values," I assured him. "I don't want anything, not even the pan."

But I have been giving only the dark side of the picture. Of course, there are bargains, if by "bargains" we mean good values for the money.

Seasonal merchandise—such as hats, coats, dresses—is always reduced as a season advances. It is important to turn over the stock. I have seen a dress that was worth $275 in September sell for $150 in February. Shoes that were very beautiful, but by their trimmings were definitely dated, have changed from twenty-five-dollar values to eight dollars in three months.

When Bargains are Bargains

Shop-worn goods are likewise lowered in price. Mussed blouses or slips, soiled gowns, crumpled lingerie, damaged books, sometimes offer unusual opportunities. Or special local conditions may make possible an advantageous sale. Recently a factory that manufactured women's cloaks was closed. The entire stock was purchased by one establishment at a very low figure. Everyone who made a purchase of that lot received her cloak at half price.

Equally fortunate were those who purchased laces a couple of months ago at a large importing shop. The management had changed and the new buyers were clearing out all the old stock so that the new goods would more nearly represent them.

Sometimes a line will be closed out. One shop decided to cease having a ready-to-wear department and handle only custom-made articles. Another wanted all the luncheon sets and lamp shades and glassware of certain patterns off the shelves. They were soon to be out of style and their room was desired for the newer patterns. Excellent bargains were offered in both these instances.

Other circumstances arise, many of them, which cause unusual shopping facilities. But how can they be recognized? The answer is simple enough: Use a little common sense. A friend of mine who is an inveterate bargain hunter was showing me a roomful of purchases. Several hundred dollars would scarcely cover the investment. But she interrupted herself to say:

"I do not know whether to have Elise begin violin lessons this fall or not. I would hate to have her start and then find the extra work too much for her and have to drop the music. The money would be literally thrown away; for when she did begin again, the work would have to be gone over."

Elise is her young daughter, and the violin master that her mother had in mind would have cost her about thirty dollars a month. A huge amount to risk, when hats and dresses and wraps and shoes were tossed aside in quantities, the proof of not wise but overhasty selection.

If my friend would only ask herself on the eve of a purchase, "Do I need this? Is it becoming? Does it fit in with any costume I now have? How does the price compare with the price that I usually pay for such an article?" she would save herself many stupid buys, to say nothing of the money involved by them.

There is no rule preventing visitors walking about a shop and looking at the merchandise on display. In fact thousands of persons do take opportunity to compare

Make delicious rootbeer and ginger ale at home easily and inexpensively

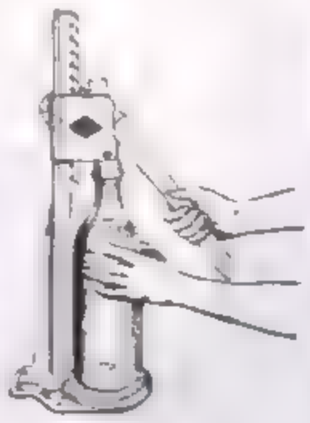
Of all the drinks you can serve your family this summer, none are more delicious or healthful than rootbeer and ginger ale you make yourself from Hires Household Extract. It's no trick at all to do it, and one 25c package makes 80 glasses. What is more, you will have rootbeer and ginger ale that are pure—Hires Household Extracts do not contain harmful chemicals or artificial coloring.

To make it easy for you to put up these wonderful beverages in your own home, we are offering, at a special reduced price, a complete equipment which includes:

1 package Rootbeer Extract	$0.25
1 package Ginger Ale Extract	.25
1 Everedy Capper	1.50
1 gross Crown Caps	.40
Total	$2.40

All for $2.00

if you take advantage of this offer now. With the Everedy Capper and Crown Caps, bottling is a simple task. The capper puts the caps on the bottles just like the bottled beverages you buy at the store. The Everedy Capper never wears out, and when you need more Crown Caps you can get them from your dealer or from us direct.



Send coupon today

Plan now to make these two delicious and healthful drinks for your family. If your dealer cannot supply you, fill out this coupon and send it with $2 (stamps, check or money order) and the whole equipment will be sent you at once postpaid. The Charles E. Hires Co., 204 South 24th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Canadian price $2.50. Address: 47 Davies Avenue, Toronto, Canada

Send this coupon and Save 40¢

The Charles E. Hires Co.
204 South 24th St., Philadelphia, Pa

Please send me, for the $2 which is enclosed, the packages of Hires Household Extract for making rootbeer and ginger ale, one Everedy Capper and one gross of Crown Caps.

Name

Address

Good Eats on the "Motor-Gypsy" Trail!

Fun—happiness—enjoyment to your heart's content! A cozy camping spot up in the mountains. Appetites whetted by pine-scented air. And the Coleman Camp Stove right on the job to cook anything you want in an appetizing way and with speed. It's the real way to go a'touring. And you're missing one of the trip's biggest treats if you don't go the "Coleman way" this year. It's the "smooth way to rough it."

The Coleman Camp Stove is a complete little kitchen range with everything built-in. Easy to set up, easy to start, easy to cook whatever you want, wherever you happen to be. No scouting for wood or coaxing a slow, smoky fire. Uses common motor gas as fuel. Folds up like a suit case with everything stowed inside. Two feature models of the Coleman Camp Stove are ready for you. Prices in the U. S.—Model No. 2 (illustrated above) only $12.50; Model No. 9 (illustrated below) only $9.00.

Ask Your Dealer to show you Coleman Camp Stoves. If he is not yet supplied, write us and we will see that you receive descriptive literature and are taken care of promptly. Address Camping Dept. P. 39.

THE COLEMAN LAMP CO.
Factory and Wichita, Kansas
Philadelphia, Chicago, Los Angeles
Toronto, Ontario

prices and learn something about values as a result of this store courtesy. But too many of them forget, after the good training that they have given themselves, that it is impossible to buy something for nothing.

If an advertisement announces that merchandise is being sold at a terrific sacrifice, it might be wise to find out at whose. It may be the store's, but then again it might be the customer's. There is no need to dispose of goods at a great mark-down. Competitors would take articles of any value at a fair price, or an auctioneer would handle the entire stock at moderate loss to the owner.

A number of establishments have become so unsympathetic toward bargain advertising that the comparison of prices never appears in the newspaper or on the counter marker. These houses may say that a value is exceptional, that the merchandise has been reduced or that they are clearing out a certain stock. But they will not announce $115 coats at $65 or $2 hose at $1.25. One store occasionally repeats its articles of faith in a headline like this:

"We cannot and do not sell $5 hose for $2, $15 hats for $7, $12 shoes for $6.

"But we do sell $50 dresses for $50, and not for $75."

Meanwhile, since the great American public was engaged in bargain hunting, the great American merchants were making plans to concentrate the bargain merchandise. They took their first cue from tiny shoe and millinery shops which were doing business below a main floor and were advertising their lower rent and consequent lower prices by asking the customer to "walk down a flight and save a dollar." A stream of patrons accepted the invitation. What more natural, then, than for the department-store owners and high-class specialty-shop men to decide to center their inexpensive goods in the basement?

The Home of Permanent Bargains

The results have been very successful, from the earliest experiment more than thirty years ago. Every effort has been made to keep down the price of the basement goods. Some stores offer no elevator service below the main floor, or permit neither charge nor C. O. D. transactions in downstairs sales. Others take no merchandise back, thereby saving a costly upstairs service. Or the operation may be on the cash-and-carry plan. But these restrictions all represent sacrifice on the part of the customer rather than the store. The price can be lower because a cheaper service is offered. For that reason not a few houses duplicate the regular service in their downstairs stores.

The responsibility for close prices is then on the shoulders of the buyer.

Parenthetically, the buyer also represented the greatest divergence in subway stores. Some establishments had the same buyer do duty upstairs and down. The results were that all unsalable goods were swept downstairs, all odds and ends, anything undesirable. Job lots, factory thirds, soiled goods were piled on tables and counters in the hope that they would be purchased as bargains. Such methods, if continued, would have spelled failure to basement undertakings. But nearly all houses have discarded such a routine and adopted the one that the more successful establishments used at first.

These stores have an entire staff of downstairs buyers and assistants under a downstairs store manager. Whether they call themselves bargain basements, subway economy or downstairs stores, they represent the best source of permanent bargains that the American merchant has to offer. The merchandise is inexpensive and represents the closest possible buying. One manager was illustrating the relation between quick turnover, low mark-up and good profit.

"My dress-goods buyer looked over the gingham selection of a local jobber. He decided to try two cases, which he purchased at eleven and a half cents a yard He marked the goods at fifteen cents a yard and we advertised them. The first day saw the two cases entirely sold, so he purchased two more cases. The second day cleared the next two cases and he duplicated his order. At the end of the month he had repeated himself twenty-eight times, so we had twenty-eight turnovers in that stock within a month. Do you wonder that we can do a business of more than $7,000,000 in a year?"

Buying Banana Seconds

A young woman who is as well informed about local and foreign markets as anyone in the country had this to say about subway stores:

"They must show a maximum of quality for a minimum of price, so they probably represent the best buying in the store. On a recent visit to a Western house I was impressed with the close marking in lingerie, all of which was either silk or handmade Porto Rican and Philippine wear. The coats were very good value too. I saw coats at $16.50 which were well made nicely lined, full length, good material and of excellent style."

The latter point is being stressed by nearly all the basement stores—style. The buyers work closely with the manufacturers and decide just what bit of trimming can be omitted or what material can be saved without spoiling the model, so that the article will be within moderate range. As a striking illustration, a model that had been launched by a great Paris house in August was duplicated faithfully and on display in October, priced $27.50!

The buyers are combing the foreign markets too, just as their upstairs representatives are doing. Germany and Switzerland and Czecho-Slovakia are furnishing laces; Moravia and Belgium and Ireland are supplying linens; France is sending beads, perfumes and silk. Much of the china and glassware, particularly the lovely amethyst and amber and blue and rose ware, comes from Europe, as well as oddments of drapery, toys and toilet articles.

The whole point of a downstairs store is to have a wide range of inexpensive merchandise, which is attractively displayed and closely marked for quick turnover. If a customer plans to pay twenty-five dollars for a dress, she can find that value both above and below the main floor. But where there would be a few selections in the upstairs store with the general run considerably higher, there would be many choices in the basement. Factory seconds, moreover, in hose, gloves, cloth, shoes are generally to be found below stairs; but they are always so marked.

Of course, there are poor buys in subway stores as well as elsewhere. The buyers make mistakes, too, at times, and the public shares in the ironing-out process. But if a shopper is discriminating she will leave such bargains for someone else.

But when I say "discriminating shopper" I am getting pretty far afield from the bargain hunter. As soon as an individual can pass a counter unmoved on which are handkerchiefs worth twenty-five cents but which are labeled fifty-cent value for thirty-nine cents, she has forfeited her right to membership in the League of Amalgamated Bargainers. And belonging to the league brings with it a plethora of privileges. A member can crowd around a fruit stand which is advertising "banana seconds, seven cents a dozen," and capture as much as fourteen cents' worth. She can push her way through lines of other members and enter a store that is giving a potted plant with every hat sale and seize not only the potted plant but an unneeded hat as well. She can hang to a subway strap for half an hour to be in plenty of time for the shoe clearance at a dollar a pair. She can sample every concoction at a pure-food sale, even if the free lunch so gained puts her to bed for a day. She can—but why should I enumerate her advantages? She knows them all.

The New

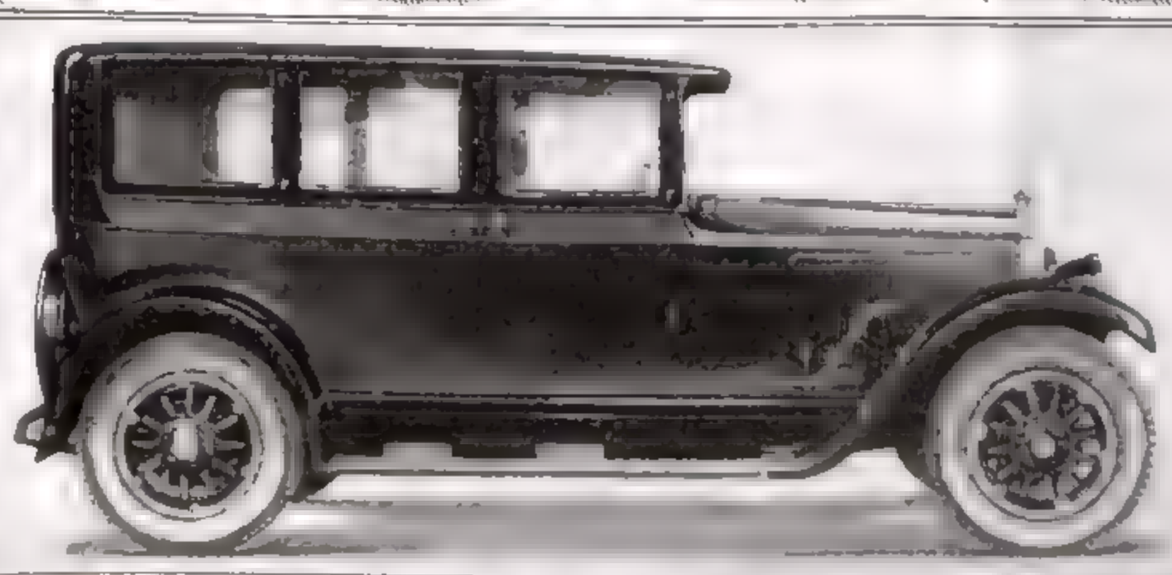
WILLYS-KNIGHT SIX

Only the finest electrical system could meet the quality standards of this fine car.

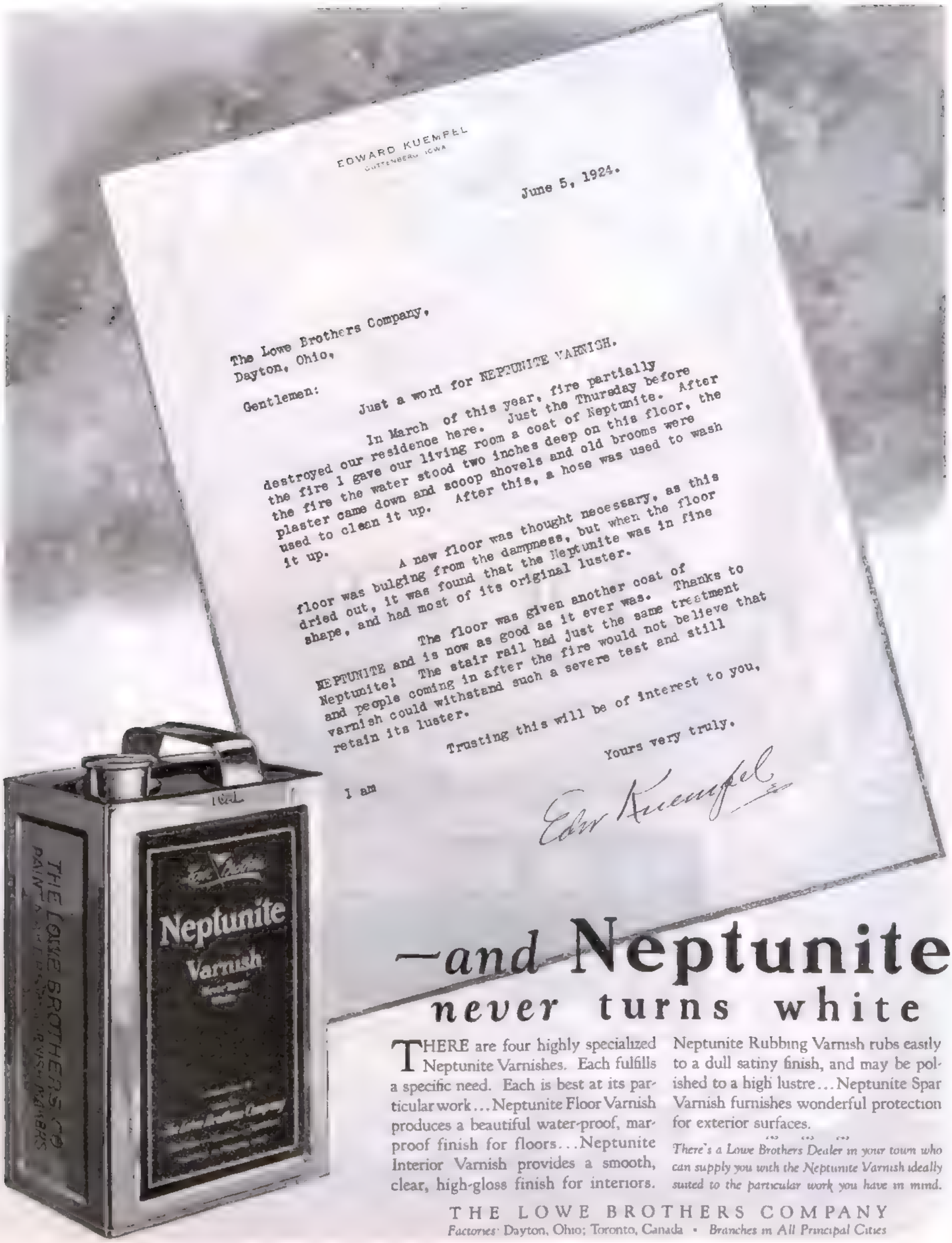
DéJon

Starting, Lighting and Ignition System

DÉJON ELECTRIC CORPORATION
Builders Ignition Technique
POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK



WILLYS-KNIGHT SIX SEDAN


EDWARD KUEMPEL
GUTTENBERG, IOWA
June 5, 1924.
The Lowe Brothers Company,
Dayton, Ohio,
Gentlemen:
Just a word for NEPTUNITE VARNISH.
In March of this year, fire partially destroyed our residence here. Just the Thursday before the fire I gave our living room a coat of Neptunite. After the fire the water stood two inches deep on this floor, plaster came down and scoop shovels and old brooms were used to clean it up. After this, a hose was used to wash it up.
A new floor was thought necessary, as this floor was bulging from the dampness, but when the floor dried out, it was found that the Neptunite was in fine shape, and had most of its original luster.
The floor was given another coat of NEPTUNITE and is now as good as it ever was. Thanks to Neptunite! The stair rail had just the same treatment and people coming in after the fire would not believe that varnish could withstand such a severe test and still retain its luster.
Trusting this will be of interest to you,
Yours very truly.
I am
Edw Kuempel
Neptunite
Varnish
THE LOWE BROTHERS CO

—and Neptunite never turns white

THERE are four highly specialized Neptunite Varnishes. Each fulfills a specific need. Each is best at its particular work... Neptunite Floor Varnish produces a beautiful water-proof, mar-proof finish for floors... Neptunite Interior Varnish provides a smooth, clear, high-gloss finish for interiors. Neptunite Rubbing Varnish rubs easily to a dull satiny finish, and may be polished to a high lustre... Neptunite Spar Varnish furnishes wonderful protection for exterior surfaces.

There's a Lowe Brothers Dealer in your town who can supply you with the Neptunite Varnish ideally suited to the particular work you have in mind.

THE LOWE BROTHERS COMPANY

Factories: Dayton, Ohio; Toronto, Canada • *Branches in All Principal Cities*

HUMANIZING THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE

(Continued from Page 9

the road in the various countries of the world, questionnaires stream out from Washington to government agents in all motor-using countries. A complete world picture is presented. Under the old haphazard system commercial information trickled into Washington from every quarter unsystematized, undigested, unrelated. The writer, as a former commercial attaché in the Embassy at Rome and later in London, had a way of turning out commercial reports on subjects which struck his own fancy without knowing whether the stuff served any useful need at home or not.

I recall once putting out an erudite bit on the life habits of British eels. It seems that adult eels forsake the fresh-water streams in England and work their way through the dark salt seas to the latitude of the Azore Islands. Later their squirming young progeny, without chart or compass, thread their way through the gloomy depths of the Atlantic to the congenial streams of England, whence their parents came. I remember once presenting a report on a British parliamentary inquiry as to whether lizards' eggs were being substituted for those of the hen in importations of eggs from China. Though such inquiries might have been fascinating enough to students of zoölogy, our foreign traders are not particularly interested in the British importation of Chinese eggs or the breeding habits of British eels.

Mr. Hoover has been at pains to sit down with the tanner, the tire maker, lumberman, coal operator, cotton spinner, copper miner, and help them solve their business problems through a staff selected for specialized effort and expert knowledge. But his great service has, after all, been on the human and universal side, service designed not to help this or that particular trade or business but to realize an objective which includes the comfort, safety, happiness and prosperity of 115,000,000 Americans.

The Boom Boomerang

Illustrations come crowding in. Take the case of trade booms and trade depressions. Booms and depressions are not theoretical things. They are vast destructions of enterprise, of capital, and most of all of employment. The shores of the Mediterranean are littered with the relics of deflated booms. Carthage, Tyre, Nineveh, Ragusa—boom cities that have waxed and waned. Tired peoples, devitalized, defeated peoples. The human mind can hardly grasp the gigantic waste involved in our war boom deflation—an event prior to Mr. Hoover's administration. The shock might have been cushioned had there been more complete information as to the volume of stocks of goods.

Prior to deflation we had been accumulating huge stores of rubber, nitrates, coal, wool; and madly bidding up prices. This need not have happened if the trades had been able to envisage the volume of excessive stocks by complete statistical picturization. Would our Illinois and Iowa farmers have continued to breed pigs on a war scale for months after the Armistice if they could have visualized the enormous accumulations of bacon and lard in French and British warehouses? As in the case of sickness, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. For every crest there is a trough; no boom without a slump. The correction of this waste lies in the prevention of booms.

"No sensible business man," observes Mr. Hoover, "wants either boom or slump. He wants stability. Our working folk should dread a trade boom above all things, because it means an aftercIap of unemployment and misery. Our farmers should resent a boom, because they will inevitably get the worst of the deflation which is bound to follow. Stability or instability in production or distribution is largely the result of the collective judgment of the trades. The trades cannot form a correct judgment unless they know the facts. Solemn statistics are the best antidote to the poison of speculation and profiteering."

The Department of Commerce, in conjunction with the trades themselves, has developed an amazing statistical service. We know our production in most lines of activity. We know a great deal about stocks of commodities in the hands of producers, but we still remain much in the dark as to the statistics of distribution. We know very little as to stocks in the hands of consumers. High-pressure selling and marketing expenditure in unprofitable areas are national wastes. We do not know where these areas are today, but Mr. Hoover and his domestic-commerce outfit are trying to find out.

When it comes to cold statistics there is no room for soap-box oratory. It means getting down to the dry economic fundamentals of our distribution system. The remedy lies in the tedious work of investigation, negotiation and decision. There is little poetry and no recreation in working out these problems trade by trade. But this is exactly the thing that Mr. Hoover is doing. It means a reduction in the cost of living in the only way it can be reduced without causing suffering to some group.

Our Pyramid of Wealth

All these are abstruse problems, fundamental and potent. There are many of more direct action. There is room for 1,000,000 families on the lands of the Colorado River and an addition of 5,000,000 hydroelectric horse power to the elbow of our workers. For a generation all development was held up because of interstate quarrels over water rights, and might have continued another generation. Mr. Hoover acts as chairman of a commission which successfully negotiates a compact between conflicting interests. They still quarrel, but by degrees are coming to the only solution—agreement. Our great interior farm states are insisting on an all-water route to the Atlantic. It is Mr. Hoover who directs the tedious negotiations with Canada by which a joint engineering commission has been agreed upon by the two governments.

Russia in 1922, terrorized by Bolshevism, drained of food reserves, faced acute famine, with 12,000,000 peasants confronted with starvation. Mr. Hoover mobilized $70,000,000, and, to the eternal credit of America, organized great transportation and distribution agencies for the relief of a stricken people.

It was Mr. Hoover who was called upon to organize the country-wide campaign against the 1921 unemployment. The trouble was ended within twelve months. There are problems in the coal industry—strikes prevented and hopes of greater stability promised.

Many people were a bit puzzled, and cast about for some mysterious explanation when the President last January offered to transfer Mr. Hoover from the Department of Commerce to the Department of Agriculture. There was no unfathomable purpose there. The President was simply trying to pick a big man for what is undoubtedly one of the biggest business jobs in the country today. Fully half our population gain their livelihood from the soil; and agriculture, since the struggling colonists established themselves on the Atlantic Seaboard, has furnished the base of our pyramid of wealth. But agriculture, the greatest business of the country, has been the last to lay hold on the principle of association and apply it to the good of the individual.

The farmer works haphazardly in his industry, trusting to blind luck for good weather and to the self-restraint of other farmers lest they overplant. One year on

These little improvements in lather..... mean big improvements in shaving

ANY shaving cream will give you lather—in time.

Williams bulks large from the first few strokes of the brush.

Any shaving cream will hold its moisture—for a time.

Williams *works up wet* and the water stays *in* the bulky lather until you've finished shaving.

Williams strips the invisible oil-film from the beard so that *all* of each hair is softened for easier cutting.

That is important. For a well-softened beard makes razor blades last longer.

Williams has a beneficial effect on the skin so positive that its daily use conditions and flexes your skin for easier shaving. Pure, white, uncolored—no complexion soap could be better for your face.

There *is* a difference in lathers! You'll discover it when you shave a few times with Williams. To do this won't cost you a cent. We'll send you enough Williams for a week's shaving free.

Mail coupon below

Fill out coupon below or use a postcard to get the free trial tube. The regular large-size tube of Williams is 35c. The double-size tube at 50c. contains *twice* as much cream and is the most economical tube you can buy.

Williams
Shaving Cream

MAIL THIS FOR FREE TRIAL TUBE
(This tube does not have Hinge-Cap)

Address The J. B. Williams Co., Dept 46-A, Glastonbury, Conn. If you live in Canada, address The J. B. Williams Co. (Canada) Limited, St. Patrick Street, Montreal.

Aqua Velva is our newest triumph—*a scientific* after-shaving preparation
Trial bottle free—Write Dept. 46-A

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

As comforting as the shoes themselves is the thought that the rest of the world cannot help but admire your good judgment in deciding on FLORSHEIMS.

THE BRISTOL—Style M-170

Most Styles $10 Booklet "Styles of the Times" on Request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers CHICAGO

The Florsheim SHOE

The dainty woman does not KEEP Corns

Almost every woman spends hours every week in the care of her face—cold-creaming it, cleansing it,

the crest of good prices, the next in the trough of depression, stumbling forward through alternating periods of gluts and famine. Agriculture, since the days when the lonely sheep herder watched his flocks by night on the mountain slopes of Judea, has been the most individualistic and sharply competitive of all human pursuits. As a consequence the American farmer is the only great producer that sells his output on a wholesale market and buys his supplies on a retail market. Other great businesses such as steel making, cotton spinning, copper mining, shoe manufacturing, may be run on the business plan of balancing production to the requirements of consumption.

But Mr. Hoover considered that more could be done for the farmer from the strategic position of Secretary of Commerce. The first need of the farmer is stability in the business world, for with widespread unemployment, our consumption can fall faster than all exports can absorb. Furthermore, the farmer is as much interested in the cheapening of what he buys through the elimination of waste in industry and commerce as he is in the price of what he sells. He is vitally interested in his foreign market, in maintaining stability in Europe.

The way false legends can be established about public men by politicians and agitators is sometimes amazing. Some months ago Mr. Hoover opposed the proposals of certain radical groups for government price fixing of wheat. At once they vociferously revived the charge that Mr. Hoover had fixed the price of wheat during the war and that in so doing he was inconsistent. To which he replied, "We put our boys in the trenches during the war, but we don't put them under artillery fire in peace." They also claimed the farmer was deprived of great profits he could have made at that time.

As a matter of fact, the price of wheat was not determined by Mr. Hoover during the war, but by a committee comprised principally of farmers. Mr. Hoover had nothing to do with it except to make effective the price which they determined. If the farmer knew the truth of this matter, he would be grateful not only to the committee but to Mr. Hoover, who suggested that the farmers be called in and made effective their decision.

Who Fixed the Wheat Price?

Memory lives short in the world. When all this happened we were at war. Before we came into the war, the Allies, after madly bidding against one another in the Chicago market and forcing up the price of wheat to three dollars, suddenly woke up and consolidated their buying into one hand to save themselves. Not only that, but through their control of ships and the blockade they compelled every other country in Europe to buy through their agent. They thus overnight controlled the price of wheat to the American farmer.

They suspended the competition in the international grain markets by concentrating purchases in the hand of a single agent. As they could buy wheat in Australia and the Argentine at $1.50 a bushel f. o. b. ship, they saw no reason why they should pay more than this amount to the American farmer. This was the situation which confronted Mr. Hoover when he became Food Administrator. Congress had guaranteed the price of two dollars a bushel for the 1918 crop, but had given no guaranty for the 1917 crop, which was then being harvested. Instead of abusing our comrades in arms and creating bad feeling, Mr. Hoover asked President Wilson to appoint a committee of which the majority should be representatives of farm organizations to consider what would be a fair price for wheat. In recommending this course Mr. Hoover stated that "the American farmer is in grave danger."

The committee said $2.20 a bushel, and it was Mr. Hoover's job to get it for the farmer. This was accomplished by having the United States Grain Corporation buy all the wheat, thus concentrating selling in a single hand.

When the documents of this period have become history instead of international emotion, the farmer will realize that he never had a better friend than Mr. Hoover. Incidentally it will be discovered that the price of wheat fixed by the committee was higher than the relative price of all the free-market agricultural produce, and higher than the government price fixed for iron, steel and copper. The farmer will find also that through the committee's decision he got twenty cents a bushel more than the congressional guaranty in succeeding years.

Old Man Supply-and-Demand

Price fixing during the war succeeded because there was an unlimited buyer and because Mr. Hoover required the buyer to pay what the farmer, through his committee, said would be just. It's a very different thing to fix price when there is plenty of wheat from elsewhere for the buyer; you get left with the wheat and the farmer gets broke.

Moreover, even if price fixing by the Government should succeed—which it would not in peace—there are six consumer voters for every wheat farmer, and sooner or later these six votes rather than the one vote would fix the price. But anyway, the price proposed by the peace price fixers was about $1.45, and Mr. Hoover's prophecy, at that time and since, that consumers were increasing faster than producers, came true; and Old Man Supply-and-Demand, running free, put the price higher within six months than the price fixers even asked for—and also $1.45 in a time of peace contented these gentlemen who criticized $2.20 in war.

There is nothing so disconcerting to the purveyor of panaceas as the patient who persists in recovering from a disease while ungratefully refusing the specific prescribed for its cure. Mr. Hoover is against governmental interference—governmental wet-nursing. Every business tub should stand upon its own bottom. Government is powerless to accomplish certain things. It possesses no alchemy whereby leaden instincts may be transmuted into golden conduct. When Mehemet Ali raised the tax on date palms, the Egyptian growers responded by cutting down their trees. When the Australian Government sought to deal with the rabbit pest by paying a bounty for rabbit scalps, certain thrifty citizens at once engaged in the occupation of breeding rabbits.

Radio is the most important development in communication since the invention of printing. For the first time in human history men have been able to communicate a message simultaneously to millions of their fellow creatures. Radio has passed from the field of an adventure to that of a practical utility. Here's a great and partially unexplored field for universal service to humanity—a solace for the sick man on a hospital cot, the participation of lonely isolated people in great events; dull, commonplace lives brightened and stimulated by the spoken word, by the great singers, by players upon musical instruments. In all the land there is not a man too obscure, too insignificant, too desolate, to whom messages of hope, amusement and inspiration may not be flashed through the vast chasms and immensities of space.

President Coolidge, speaking quietly from the White House, concludes a message to his fellow countrymen:

"To my great invisible audience and to my father, listening in at our old Vermont home, I say good night."

Simultaneous communication across the immensities of space, one of the most mysterious and uncommon of human achievements, has thus become one of the commonplaces of everyday life. Shakspere makes boastful Glendower declare, "I can call spirits from the vasty deep." His conceit is punctured by Hotspur's

Continued on Page 184

QUAKER STATE TRADE MARK OILS AND GREASES REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

QUAKER STATE TRADE MARK OILS AND GREASES REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Without that film – *you're in trouble*

IT'S the film of lubricating oil between the moving parts that makes it possible to run your car. Lose this film for even a few seconds and you're in trouble. And with ordinary oil you run a big chance of losing this film.

Ordinary motor oils are a mixture of a lot of things. About 28% of their volume, on the average, is of little or no lubricating value—likely to go to pieces without a minute's warning just when your engine needs it most.

But Quaker State Motor Oil is *all* lubricant. It is made by a special process. First, 100% pure Pennsylvania crude oil is refined in the usual way. Then it is *super-refined*. Quaker State's *super-refining* rejects all the non-lubricating elements—more than one-quarter of the whole. Quaker State believes that the place to get rid of these elements is in the refinery—not in your engine.

Quaker State Motor Oil is *all* lubricant. It flows quickly and evenly over bearing surfaces. That's important on cold mornings. No clogged oil passages to let a cylinder score before the oil begins to feed.

Quaker State Motor Oil is *all* lubricant. No light end to burn away, no heavy end to gum and crust—no wonder it stands exceptional temperatures, and the heaviest service, without losing body or breaking down. Heat or cold has the least effect on Quaker State.

Quaker State Motor Oil is *all* lubricant. Uniform—unweakened by non-lubricating elements—it forms a tough, adherent film which doesn't get crowded out of the bearings. It adds years to the life of your car.

Quaker State Motor Oil is *all* lubricant. That's what sets it apart—that's the basis of its remarkable mileage records—that's why, for more than ten years, Quaker State Motor Oil has been recommended by the makers of fine cars—among others Franklin, Rolls-Royce, and Wills Sainte Claire.

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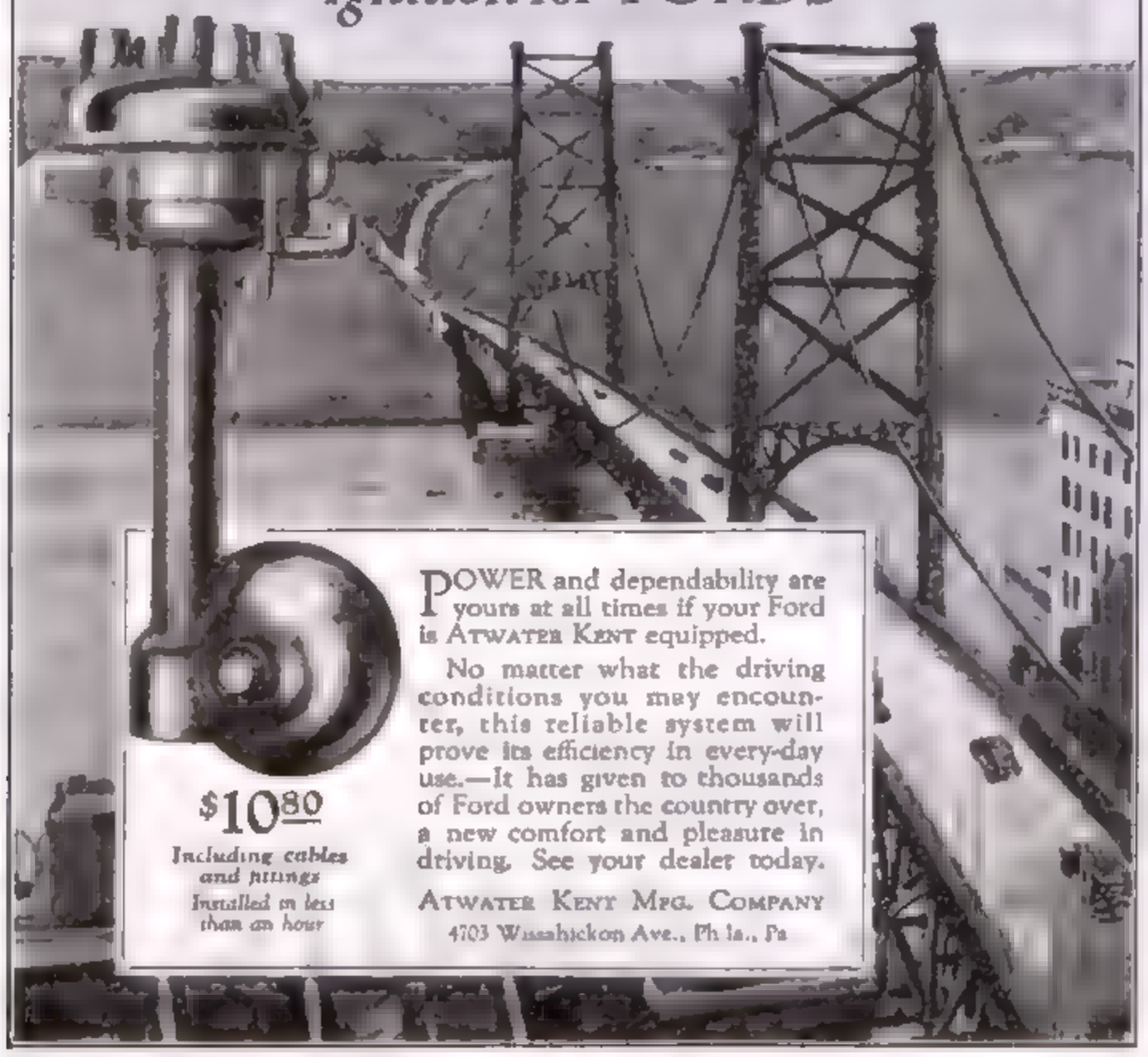

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No matter what the driving conditions you may encounter, this reliable system will prove its efficiency in every-day use.—It has given to thousands of Ford owners the country over, a new comfort and pleasure in driving. See your dealer today.

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Kerosene Gas Range

Here is the stove that burns ordinary kerosene for fuel, but gives the same uniform and satisfactory results as a gas range. Perfect cooking with the least cost for fuel. Wherever you live—in the city or in the country—there is an Alcazar especially suitable for your kitchen. You can choose from a complete assortment of types and models from the big Alcazar Oil-Duplex burning wood or coal and kerosene, singly or together, to the latest types for wood and coal only. Every one is a beauty, too. Ask any Alcazar dealer or write to us.

ALCAZAR RANGE & HEATER CO.
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Alcazar

(Continued from Page 182)

question, "But will they come, when you do call for them?" Radio messages ride the ether on electrical waves. Who would have supposed twenty years ago that ether had any importance either in law or in government?

Ether rights are now developing on a plane with land and water rights. The ether has definite property values as a vehicle of public service.

Unlike other public services, radio clamors to be regulated. With every broadcasting station choosing its own wave lengths, we would get nothing but howls through their interference. A little law, but a large inspiration to voluntary cooperation, we have 500 broadcasting stations competing for public favor with only fifty-seven wave lengths—ten stations for every channel through the air. And they do not interfere because of ingenious geographic and time separation. But of vastly more importance is Mr. Hoover's early insistence that the ether must be preserved as public property. This stand bids fair to rank as one of the great acts of economic statesmanship in our times. A wave length was in his view a monopoly of navigation for sound through the ether just as precious to preserve to the public as the free navigation of our rivers, and nobody has under his system of regulation more than sixty days' lease on his channel through the ether. It is this that carries assurance to the American people that radio will always remain a public servant. Questions of free speech come in, the possible breeding of monopolies, boundary rights, rules of the road, functions and attributes hitherto confined to land and water.

Hence arise problems of wave lengths, marine service, sources of interference, all involving profound knowledge of the laws of harmonics.

Mr. Hoover goes home at night after a hard day's work and occasionally twiddles with the dials of a cheap radio receiving set. One does not know whether he is at work or at play.

Macaulay said of Horace Walpole that serious business was a trifle to him, and trifles were his serious business. In the case of Mr. Hoover, who shall say where hard work leaves off and play begins?

Hoover's Rule for Motorists

His administration of the Bureau of Fisheries is a curious mixture of work and play. Against virulent opposition he succeeded in getting through a conservation measure for the Alaska salmon fisheries. This was the only great conservation measure of the Harding Administration. Mr. Hoover also puts forward a program for saving our other great fisheries—which are fast being destroyed. Under free exploitation this great industry was headed for extinction. He will tell you that whereas 20,000,000 Potomac River shad were formerly captured every season, now hardly more than 500,000 are taken from the river annually. Is the shad destined to follow the fate of the sturgeon and of the diamond-back terrapin? Even the oysters and crabs on dark and oozy undersea pastures make mute appeal to Mr. Hoover against extinction.

This great industrial Western civilization springing from hardy pioneering days expresses itself in restless energy that overflows all bounds—in a passionate desire to pierce the veil that divides the known from the unknown, in a feverish urge to do something better than it has ever been done before. In all the turmoil and readjustments we interrogate master minds to know where we are and whither we are going. In this intensely active, mobile age—a civilization on wheels—we can only seek a refuge from chaos in tracing out new rules of the road.

A stream of appeals comes to Mr. Hoover for assistance in establishing new rules of the road, whether in radio, in trade associational effort or in the concrete matter of regulating automobile traffic on overcongested highways. His solutions are human rather than legalistic solutions. In respect to the new and bewildering problem of adjusting the ubiquitous automobile to the old inadequate travel lanes, Mr. Hoover lays down the dictum that the motorist has the responsibility to conduct himself as if everyone else on the road was born foolish. In addressing a great congress of traffic experts he remarked, "If we can save the life of one child, it will be worth all the time and effort we expend upon the problem of traffic control. You have gathered here and sacrificed your time and your personal interest to sit down and work out a problem of humanity."

Waste—endless, tantalizing waste in this great industrial Western civilization of ours: waste in raw resources: waste in manufacturing; waste in distribution. Five years ago Mr. Hoover, as president of the Engineering Council—the organ of organized professional engineers in America—caused a survey to be made of industrial waste. This body of engineers concluded that we waste 30 per cent of our national income—the waste by extravagance and speculation in booms; by the unemployment of depressions; by excessive labor turnover and labor conflicts; by periodic unemployment; by excessive variety in manufactured products; by lack of grades and standards; by inadequate transportation; by lack of electric-power connections; by bad coördination of different industries.

The War on Waste

Mr. Hoover, in his war on waste, has called a great number of trade conferences in the past four years to deal with the economic evil of waste. The problem of waste in industry may be attacked by simplifying practices, and a division to deal with this subject has been set up in the Department of Commerce.

Mr. Hoover has labored for better transportation, for reducing the seasonal character of the building industries, for stabilizing the business cycle and for a host of what look to be unimportant things, but which run literally into millions of dollars in waste.

For instance, suppose all the bolts and nuts of the same diameter would screw onto each other, it would mean hundreds of millions saved to American industry in production costs, in stocks, in trouble and delays. And there are a thousand items of this sort. The dimensions of paving brick have been reduced from sixty-six to five different sizes. Varieties of hotel and institutional chinaware have been reduced from 700 to 160. The sizes of bed springs have been reduced from seventy-eight to four, and as all bed springs will now in time fit all beds, it will save cost of manufacture, of retail distribution and anger of householders. Each item of this kind is measured in millions per annum of saving to somebody.

Simplification can be brought about despite the cavils of such persons as find exquisite humor in the idea of standardizing the styles of women's hats. No serious person has ever given a thought to the standardization of styles expressing fundamental divergency in human taste. If a man wants an automobile built to order, with nickel finish and accordion-plaited upholstery, let him have it by all means if he is able to pay for it. Nor are we here to worry about the lady who insists upon ordering by telephone a yeast cake to be delivered in a gold-colored automobile. Certainly no one can urge that we are converting the world into a drab and dreary place to live in because we have succeeded in establishing the interchangeability of bolts and nuts in the United States.

As in the case of commodities, so in the case of business practices. Our production and distribution move on wings of documents, specifications, contracts, receipts, invoices, bills of lading, forms and documents in thousands of varieties. It developed in a recent conference presided over

by Mr. Hoover that furniture and merchandise warehousemen employed 200 different documents to serve a single purpose. By common action these 200 varieties were reduced to one standard form.

So of transportation—waste, endless waste, through haphazard individualistic effort for which scientific associational effort might be substituted; waste from cross hauls, partial car loading, blind consignments, disorderly marketing. In the end the public pays the bill. It is either charged into the consumer's price of goods at one end or subtracted from the wages of producers of raw material, such as miners and farmers, at the other end.

Secretary Hoover obtained the coöperation of hundreds of experts, mainly on a voluntary basis, to perform a fundamental piece of work for the builders of American homes. He organized the Division of Building and Housing in the Department of Commerce, and in conjunction with the Bureau of Standards worked out such matters as the principles which should underlie the design of small-house plumbing systems. Nobody had ever gone to the trouble and expense of finding out what actually happened, for example, when the bathtub on the second floor, the sink in the kitchen and the laundry tub in the basement were discharging into the house draining system at once.

Mr. Hoover's Division of Building and Housing will tell you how to install a plumbing system that will keep the sewer gas and water bugs out of the house at a cost of from 15 to 20 per cent below that of installations which were formerly considered necessary to achieve the same purpose.

As president of the Better Homes in America movement, Mr. Hoover has labored unceasingly to stimulate ambition and interest in the ownership of homes. To own a home and make it convenient and attractive, a home where health and happiness, affection and loyalty prevail, brings out, in his view, the best that lies in every member of the family.

Too Busy for Trappings

This is hardly more than a hint as to the problems Mr. Hoover's mind plays about as Secretary of Commerce. The quality of that mind has always interested me; it's like a precision implement that measures or weighs with micrometer exactitude, or again a clear, cold logic engine capable of spinning the delicate filaments as well as of forging the steel girders of thought. Under another image his mind is like that of a smelting machine that inexorably reduces a great mass of scoriæ, dross and riven ore to its ultimate precious content of pure, shining metal—a life of intense mental preoccupation, with appointments and conferences through the day and work at home far into the night.

"How do you stand up under it?" the writer once asked him.

"I don't drink, I don't overeat, I don't waste my energies running around in a circle—I go fishing."

Leisure—will the time ever come for it? The man with a big task to accomplish is up against the awful brevity of human life; in a race against time useless incumbrances and trappings must be cast aside. Among these trappings are ceremonial politeness and small talk. Mr. Hoover isn't much for ceremony. If he is glad to see you when you enter his office, he makes no mention of the fact. He wastes no words in meteorological discussion.

Certain expansive citizens from the great open spaces have thought to detect in Mr. Hoover's manners an absence of warmth. It's not that he isn't at heart one of the kindest and most considerate of men, but when it comes to the ritual of good fellowship he's too busy and he's too shy. Ceremonial politeness takes time. As time means nothing to the Oriental, the Oriental is an adept in the arts of ceremonial pleasing. Walter Bagehot remarks that manners grow steadily worse as one travels from the East to the West. Ceremonial politeness means palaver, felicitations, exchange of compliments. The self-love of man being infinite, human vanity may be fed by hollow attentions. Mr. Hoover, being a sincere man and an overworked man, has no place in his scheme of living for ceremony. As Lord Broughman remarked to a profane friend who had come to him on an important mission, "Let us begin by considering everyone and everything you don't like damned and get down at once to the business in hand."

As to the genuine politeness which springs from unaffected kindness of heart, Mr. Hoover has plenty of it. One of the essentials of politeness is to keep one's own vexations, headaches, heartaches and fatigues in one's own breast, to spare others depressing ideas and supply them with stimulating ideas. If Mr. Hoover ever suffers from the inclemency of the weather, overwork, fatigue, insomnia, dyspepsia, writer's cramp or unwarranted demands upon his time, he gives no sign to the world.

A Citizen of the World

Some of the very qualities which endear Mr. Hoover to his associates—his boyishness, his shyness, his extreme sensitiveness about any matter of personal publicity—these very qualities have proved, I think, a disadvantage to him in public life. The fact that he curls up like the sea anemone at the approach of an alien object is something of a pity, I think. It conveys the erroneous impression that he is buttoned up, unsocial, unsympathetic. Some silly rumor goes around about him and may worry him, yet he puts himself at no pains to combat or oppose it. He is one of the best-known men in the world, yet one of the least intimately known.

Again, with Mr. Hoover, reserve in manner is a cloak for his innate shyness. He is often miserable in first contacts with strangers. He has a way of drawing shyly into his shell and is about as effusive as a ticket chopper in the Subway. With downcast eyes his busy pencil girds and gouges at the blotter on his desk. He draws spider webs and free-hand caligraphic designs on the desk blotter while his mind is tensely preoccupied with the matter in hand. As a country boy, I can recall the part played by stick whittling in many a rustic deal. Under the intense nervous and mental concentration of conducting an important transaction, such as swapping a muskrat skin for a plow point at the village store, the protagonist gouges with his jackknife into a piece of bark or shaves desperately at the edges of a soap box. Mr. Hoover works incessantly upon queer and crazy designs on his desk pad while you are stating your case; but when you have finished he'll look you in the eye and in terse, epigrammatic phrase hand you the answer. This answer is concentrated common sense, epitomized economic wisdom done up in a neat little portable package.

"Whew!" exclaimed a coal operator coming out from one of these interviews. "I've been in the coal business for upwards of thirty-four years, but that man knows more about the industry than I do."

He did not know that Mr. Hoover, at one time, was engineer of a great group of coal mines.

Five years of war and Armistice, Mr. Hoover dealt with food. First the feeding of 10,000,000 Belgians and French in the German zone; raising of $1,000,000,000 for the five years of rationing, managing ships, railways and what not. Then two years as United States Food Administrator, feeding Allies and our armies and suppressing profiteering. Then the year of the Armistice, controlling the food supply of twenty-three countries, 200,000,000 people, where famine stalked and where not alone food must be found but credit and ships; collapsed railways to be started and run; ports to be opened, communications to be restored—and in it all the special care of millions of children, waifs, orphans of the war. Certainly in all the history of humanitarianism there was nothing like it before on so

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I enclose 75c for one pint can. Please send me prepaid, one can of Warner Auto-Polish

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In P-214 Steel Fabric you get six building materials inherently combined into one — you get a labor saving, material saving, time saving, money saving building material which has these invaluable qualities.

It *back-plasters* itself—the wires become an integral part of, and thoroughly imbedded in, the plaster or stucco.

The paper backing holds the moisture, giving the slab a chance to cure properly.

Unique crimps make it self-forming.

The heavy, *galvanized* (non-rusting) No. 14 gauge wires *reinforce* the entire structure, as well as the plaster and stucco. P-214 Steel Fabric is the *only* lath that is *primarily designed as a reinforcement.*

Galvanized, especially designed Fabric Nails are furnished.

P-214 Steel Fabric *automatically* insures proper thickness ("grounds,") because it takes a good ⅝" of plaster or stucco to cover the fabric with the first or "scratch" coat.

The paper backing (or "form") being tight, plastic materials are packed solidly — this insures dense, uniformly strong plaster and stucco. Here illustrated is the second or "brown" coat of a stucco wall.

One piece, fireafe, *reinforced* walls and ceilings, *cast in place.*

Above all, this building material (*which combines six building materials into* one) is put in place in large sheets by one man in one operation.

Before you build or remodel, be sure to send for our free booklet, "Building A Permanent Home."

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"All exterior Stucco and interior Plaster is to be applied over National Steel Fabric Reinforcement Style P-214, which is to be put on in accordance with the manufacturer's directions."

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NUNN-BUSH style attracts you; first-day comfort is a revelation. But to these is added an extra feature—*ankle-fashioning.* No gapping, no slipping—no "wear-out" to their style.

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vast a scale. Hence throughout the world Mr. Hoover's name, whether in Armenia, Russia, Poland, Greece, Italy or Belgium, is an emblem and symbol of American philanthropy—his work answering to a universal need.

Mention Mr. Hoover at the threshold of an obscure family in any one of a dozen European countries and his name will insure you a hospitable welcome.

Mr. Hoover has had marks of distinction bestowed upon him. He has been honored with degrees from a whole flock of universities abroad, Liège, Prague, Ghent, Lwów—correctly pronounced by the yelp of a chow dog, just as the neighboring Galician city of Przemysl may be conveniently mentioned by sneezing it—Brussels, Cracow and Warsaw have bedoctored him. Threading one's way through the swarming streets of Warsaw's ghetto, one emerges from the crowd of Jews, with their black skullcaps and their tight little curls dangling in front of their ears, and enters a spacious public square. Here rises in marble a beautiful memorial dedicated to Herbert Hoover. Incidentally, Mr. Hoover is an honorary citizen of Belgium, freeman of various Polish and Esthonian cities, recipient of gold medals from learned societies. But the attention which really pleased and touched him most was the gift by a little Belgian girl of her dearest possession—a rag doll.

Popular judgments about well-known men, like judgments about an entire people, become conventionalized. These conventional judgments are rarely exact. In popular thought the German family diet pivots about sauerkraut and sausage, whereas both before and since the war more sauerkraut and sausage are eaten every day in the city of Paris than in the city of Berlin. Under the conventional idea Mr. Hoover is regarded as a sort of cool, smooth-running, efficient machine. He may be all that, but he is a good deal more. Mr. Hoover's intimates have not failed to discover that he is one of the kindliest, most tender-hearted and withal human of mortals.

A Machine With a Heart

On the personal side, he goes about the business of life unobtrusively. A couple of months ago he declined an invitation to address a gathering of engineers on a certain Friday night in a near-by city. The next afternoon he slipped away for Chicago. He arrived in time to take part in the dedication of a Norwegian Old People's Home in an obscure part of the city. Taking the next train back to Washington, he was at his desk at nine o'clock Monday morning, with no one the wiser. Some years ago a newspaper man caught him, wet and muddy up to his knees, helping some little children dam up a stream and construct small canals out in Rock Creek Park. This incident, recited in a newspaper paragraph, was read without relish by Mr. Hoover.

It takes something more than mind to deal with human conflicts and human ills. It takes mind plus heart. The French are the most logical of people, but words to illustrate the point I am making are the words of Frenchmen. Pascal remarks, "The heart hath reasons which reason itself does not understand"; or the profound utterance of Vauvenargues, "All great thoughts come from the heart." It would have required a lighter heart than mine to have taken light leave of Mr. Hoover. One has something of the same pang in going out from college.

Mr. Bryce speaks of a university as a deathless mind. It is hard to break association with the deathless mind, the deathless beauty of places such as Harvard, Yale or Princeton; but the sharpest regret is on the personal side—the farewell to fellowship, the converse springing out of what the Greek philosopher calls the "dear love of comrades." I have never yet met an associate of Mr. Hoover in whom the flame of intense personal loyalty did not burn. Men who are cold or selfish or unsympathetic do not command such loyalty. Loyalty is a thing of the heart.

Mr. Hoover stands in symbolic relation to our great industrial Western civilization. He is a symbol of our passion for creation, of our inventive genius and irrepressible human energy. New forces of thought and feeling sweep over the country—business relationships as fluid as quicksilver, our expanding industrial life bursting all bounds.

Within twenty years the automobile has effected a revolution in transportation. In the same period our national wealth has trebled. Within this interval moving pictures have sprung from a back-alley peep show to the eighth industry of the country. A mobility such as the world has never seen in transportation. The diffusion of intelligence; the transfer of heat, light and power over slender wires. A telephone to every eight persons in the country. A motor vehicle for every seven of our inhabitants.

The Hard Knocks of Youth

Mr. Hoover stands in quintessential relationship to his generation. An orphan at six in a little backwoods farming village of West Branch, Iowa; shipped to Oregon as a stripling; earning there a living by working in truck gardens, later serving as an office boy; the grim struggle to get an education; no time for play or relaxation. As a mining engineer he made five complete circuits of the globe in as many years. Great metallurgical enterprises were established through his genius in China, New South Wales, Burma, the Ural Mountains, Arabia, India, Russia, Australia, California, New Mexico, Arizona, Alaska. He is an uncommonly good fisherman. He is the only man I ever knew who can scramble an egg on a bit of flat tin over an open fire.

Life, with its discipline, with its early merciless buffetings. Life stripped of shams and pretenses; fiercely energetic, strong, resourceful.

Non omnia possumus—we can't all be Leonardo da Vincis.

Mr. Hoover doesn't dance, play golf frequent teas or murmur graciosities and insipidities. He takes no systematic physical exercise—hasn't time for it. His robust constitution carries him along without it. A year ago his friends persuaded him to resume horseback riding for exercise. A tailor measured him for riding breeches, but there the matter stopped. He grades around the absolute zero when it comes to the arts of practical politics. He hasn't a trace of the politician's art of capitalizing a favor or drawing the sting of a refusal Rhetoric, unctuous phrases, complimentary references to the intelligence of the audience find no place in his popular speeches.

Why does many a man like work better than play? What is the thing that goads Mr. Hoover to exertion which would seem to be beyond the strength of mortals? He is opposed to the Government taking over individual responsibility. What then is his objective, working for the Government sixteen hours a day at $12,000 a year when he was recently offered $200,000 a year to direct a great American industry?

"I know," he remarked, "how to make money and it no longer interests me. I don't fully know how Government may best serve human beings. That *does* interest me."

Is he not driven by the creative energy that finds its daily satisfaction in good work for its own sake—the energy that drives the salmon to surmount every obstacle in ascending a fresh-water stream? Will the time ever come for rest?

One stands and speculates in vain as to the life of a certain obscure Johannes upon whose ancient tomb is inscribed this epitaph: "He who in life knew no rest, rests." Mr. Hoover, sitting at his desk, discovering play where others find only drudgery; gouging at his blotter; intently analyzing the forces that determine the shifts and changes in this vast milieu of human relationships; his wisdom about the economic conditions which govern the affairs of this world transcending the knowledge of all the schools; his love for children; his compassion for the human animal in distress ——

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Vital in every meal—this taste, color, fragrance that awaken appetite

¶ Why they give a leading place in our diet to fruit with this *COLOR, FRAGRANCE, FLAVOR* we delight in

All the health-giving qualities of the fresh, ripe fruit in each delicious glass of Welch's

GOOD meals three times every day, cooked as well, served as beautifully as you demand—yet how often you fail to enjoy them.

Tired at the end of a day's work, hurrying to begin it—how often you eat just from habit or duty. Your appetite flags.

Yet keen, alert, the appetite must be at every meal you eat. This, say our greatest food authorities, is essential for health itself. For nature has so arranged our bodies that they cannot properly take care of food until appetite gives the signal.

For the sake of nourishment, of good digestion, appetite must be awakened. And dietitians tell us that it can be.

Color, fruity fragrance, and rare flavor—these, food experts know, are what arouse the appetite.

And that is why they emphasize today new value in this juice of ripe, fresh grapes. For they find in Welch's, color and fragrance so delicate, flavor so rare, the dullest appetite unfailingly responds.

GLOWING purple juice of the finest Concord grapes in all the world—Welch's has flavor inimitable

In only two small sections in the whole United States, can such rare grapes ripen—two sunny little spots near the Great Lakes.

There the purple Concord ripens slowly to perfection.

From the choicest of the great clusters Welch presses out the juice within a few hours after they are cut from the vine.

All the fragrance and rich color of the fresh fruit are captured in Welch's—all of its perfect flavor.

And all of the health-giving qualities, too, of the ripe, fresh grapes are in each delicious glassful.

Mineral salts that children need particularly to build up their bodies, vitamines, nourishing fruit sugar, and laxative properties that modern diets need. Natural fruit elements too, that turn to alkalies in your body and help your body to overcome the acidity so common today.

Invaluable, say hospital dietitians of Welch's, to coax back the fastidious appetites of invalids. At that trying time when children refuse to eat, mothers, too, turn confidently to Welch's. Delightfully refreshing, as everyone knows, on hot summer days and nights.

But it is the everyday value of Welch's Grape Juice that experts stress today—the supreme importance of its color, its fragrance, its exquisite flavor that awaken keen appetite for the simplest, the hastiest meal.

Try one of these carefully tested recipes today:

FOR LUNCHEON: *Grape Iced Tea*—Make 3 cups of tea and allow to cool. Add 1 pint of Welch's, juice of 2 lemons, and 4 tablespoons sugar. Serve in tall glasses, frosty cold.

The famous Welch Punch—Add to 1 pint of Welch's the juice of 2 lemons and 1 orange, and dissolve in it 1 cup of sugar.

Then add 2 pints of water (1 pint of this may be sparkling water). If sparkling water is used, add it just before serving. Serve very cold.

AT BREAKFAST: Half fill a small glass with cracked ice, then fill with Welch's—pure juice of the Concord grape. See how its tart, cold deliciousness rouses appetite for this important meal.

FOR AN INFORMAL SUPPER: Take from the ice box 1 pint of Welch's and 2 12-ounce bottles of dry ginger ale. Partly fill glasses with Welch's, then fill with ginger ale.

Or—half fill tall glasses with Welch's. Add to each the juice of 1 lime, sugar to taste, and shaved ice, and fill with sparkling water. This has a bite that is very welcome in hot weather.

AT THE CLUB: After a round of golf, or in the Pullman on a hot dusty ride, ask for 1 pint of Welch's and a bottle of sparkling water. Half fill tall glasses with Welch's, add to each a spoon of cracked ice and fill with sparkling water.

ASK for Welch's today from your grocer, druggist or confectioner—in quarts, pints, and four ounces. Hotels, clubs and restaurants serve Welch's; soda fountains serve it too, straight or in delicious combinations with sparkling water or with other fruit juices.

Try Welch's at the fountain for luncheon or for refreshment between meals.

To know more of this surprising appetite story and more new ways to serve this juice of fresh, ripe grapes, mail the coupon for our booklet, *The Vital Place of Appetite in Diet*. We will send it to you, free. The Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y.

"Supreme example of an aid to appetite," say our leading dietitians, of this juice of fresh, ripe grapes

THE WELCH GRAPE JUICE CO., Dept. P-5, Westfield, N. Y.

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DUNLOP supremacy—never more impressively shown than in the creation of Dunlop Balloon Tires.

Like all Dunlop Tires built in the last thirty-seven years, Dunlop Balloon Tires are worthy of the name of the "Founders of the Pneumatic Tire Industry." Miles of *extra* comfort have won for Dunlop Balloon Tires this distinction—*Dunlop has never done better.*

The Mauretania—record-holding ocean greyhound—takes from 25 to 30 minutes to steam from her wharf to the famous Statue of Liberty on Bedloe Island. In that same time the world buys 600 *more* Dunlops

EVERY 2½ SECONDS

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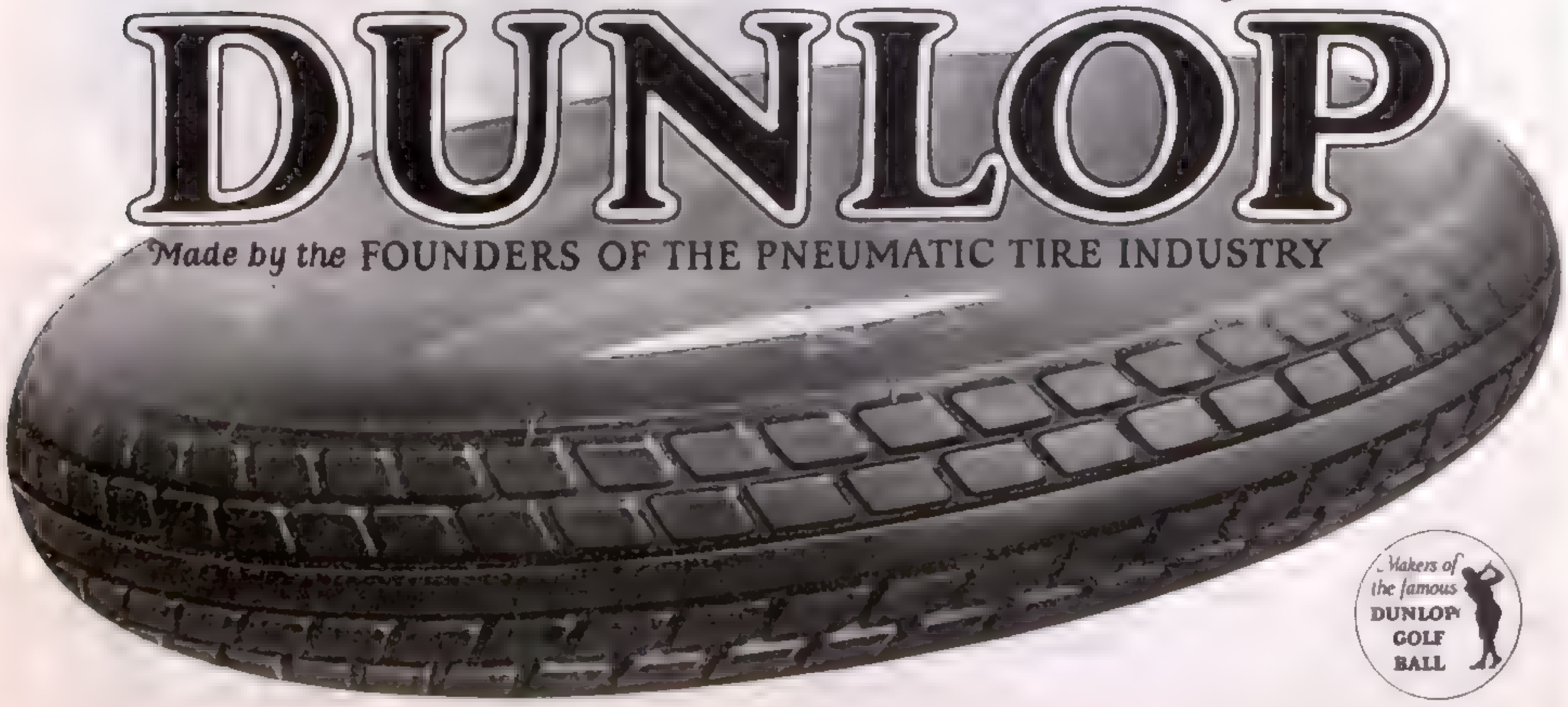
Made by the FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TIRE INDUSTRY



Makers of the famous DUNLOP GOLF BALL

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, BUFFALO, NEW YORK

INSIDE BOX-OFFICE STUFF

(Continued from Page 25)

The most frequently uttered complaints against the box office are directed against the high price of theater tickets, the belief that successful shows sell seats to speculators for a share of the scalpers' profits, the apparently larcenous practice of selling seats at the box office at the printed price while similar seats may be purchased at a cut-rate agency for half price, and the perennial complaint of lack of courtesy and attention on the part of box-office employes—the complaint that spurred Colonel Julep to build his own theater.

Not so long ago a prominent newspaper director waxed indignant during the course of an argument with a New York producer because he had to pay $3.30 every time he wanted a good seat in a theater. Seriously, he informed the producer that he intended to inaugurate a campaign in his newspapers to compel theaters to reduce their admission charges.

Why Tickets are High

"Go ahead," the producer smiled. "You broadcast far and wide that the public is paying 25 per cent more for seats now than they paid twelve years ago. And I'll remind your readers that they are paying 100 per cent more for your papers ——"

"'Snuff!" surrendered the newspaper director.

"Let me tell you something else," the producer continued. "Ten years ago the stop clause in contracts was customarily fixed at $5000 gross. Both the house and the show, if it was not hooked up too heavily, could make money at that figure. Speaking of being hooked up heavily, stage hands' wages in the past ten years have gone up 100 per cent. Today the stop clauses range from $10,000 to $15,000 in large-capacity houses, and from $7500 up in the smaller theaters. If under those circumstances alone, not considering the higher price of actors and general production costs, we are not entitled to fifty cents or a dollar more a ticket, there is no justice and no sense in the Supreme Court decision which holds that running a theater is not a public enterprise but a private business.

"My records show that the big profits that formerly were made by producers nowadays go to the theater owners and operators."

Consulting a few records to check up on the above statement, it was discovered that in 1912 the Forty-eighth Street Theater was assessed by the city of New York at $225,000. The operating company, not the owner of the property, paid the taxes. In 1922 the same theater was assessed at $600,000.

Again the operating company paid the taxes out of its ticket receipts. But there were no more seats in the theater in 1922 than there were in 1912.

Which recalls Mr. Lee Shubert's cryptic remark when a friend remonstrated with him over the purchase of the old horse mart that now is the Winter Garden. While the edifice was being altered into a theater a friend said to Mr. Shubert:

"You're making a mistake, I think. You can't possibly play to enough business to pay for the cost of the huge companies, scenic and costume investiture and general overhead this venture entails."

"Listen," replied Mr. Shubert out of the wisdom of his keen knowledge of present and future Broadway real-estate values, "if the shows we put in here lose $40,000 a season, we're still making money."

The F—— Theater showed a profit of $30,000 for the year 1916. In its tax returns the F—— company claimed certain exemptions and reductions by virtue of being engaged in a "speculative business." The case was taken to the Supreme Court of the United States for a ruling. In 1920 the Supreme Court decided that running a theater was not a speculative business.

Whereat the F—— Theater people looked at their books and scratched their heads. For, following the $30,000 profit in 1916, the books showed a mere $9000 profit for 1917, and in 1918 a dead loss of $4000. Not even the Supreme Court can convince the F—— Theater that the show business isn't a gamble.

Here is another odd slant that Uncle Sam has on theatrical matters. The Government makes no allowance for or acknowledges any value to the rights—motion picture, foreign and stock-company rights of the play, although the producer may be able to sell them for $100,000.

One manager refused an offer of $75,000 for the movie rights of a certain highly successful play because, as his books already showed a large profit for the season, 60 per cent of the sale would go to the Government.

Three years later he sold the movie rights of the play for $35,000, thereby getting money he needed in a losing season which Uncle Sam could take no part of.

Speaking of the movies, the cinema magnates in recent years have caused theatrical producers untold agony and excruciating torture by their custom of allowing enormous exploitation budgets for their spectacular productions. Wishing to give their films the prestige of a Broadway run, the magnates will rent a theater outright and stretch out a run weeks beyond the time it proves profitable, charging off the losses to exploitation expenses.

It is fairly generally known that a certain theater, for example, has a fixed rental for motion-picture use. It is $7000 a week for the bare walls. To produce an equal profit for the owners a legitimate dramatic attraction would have to gross at least $23,000 a week.

The charge that the box office often shares in the scalper's illicit profits is sometimes made.

"Listen," begged a prominent treasurer of a New York theater, "be yourself, will you, please? Let the old bean work normally for a minute. We can't sell tickets for more than the price printed on them without an agreement and split with the Federal Government. The diggers—scalpers—don't hesitate to take four berries for a ticket marked $2.75. But if it should be discovered that the theater was taking any part of that gouge, it would lay the theater, management and attraction—and me—liable to prosecutions, fines and other Federal penalties and punishments I don't ever want to learn anything about."

Where Books Never Balance

"The scalper and the methods by which he digs up tickets are no friends of ours. For instance, you phone down from some hotel, or you get the hotel ticket stand to phone for a couple of seats in your name. In the box office, at the phone, I repeat your name, address and give you the location of the tickets.

"Now suppose there is a digger outside the box office getting an earful of the conversation. In an hour he comes back, says he wants his tickets. He gives their location and your name and address. Unless I know him, or you, I've got no choice but to give him the seats.

"About show time you show up. What happens then depends upon your temper, vocabulary and spleen content. If you keep cool enough to establish your identity, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred you'll be given another pair of seats—and the theater will stand the loss."

Speaking of losses, the treasurer has to make good any discrepancies between the sum total of tickets sold and the cash amount in his till or bank. The count-up, as it is called, is made about nine o'clock at night and three o'clock on a matinée day, after the audience is in. The process is simplicity itself.

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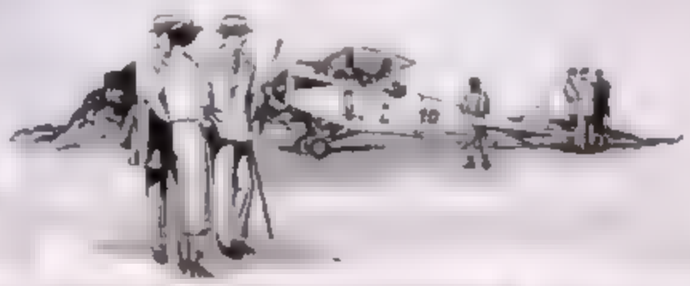

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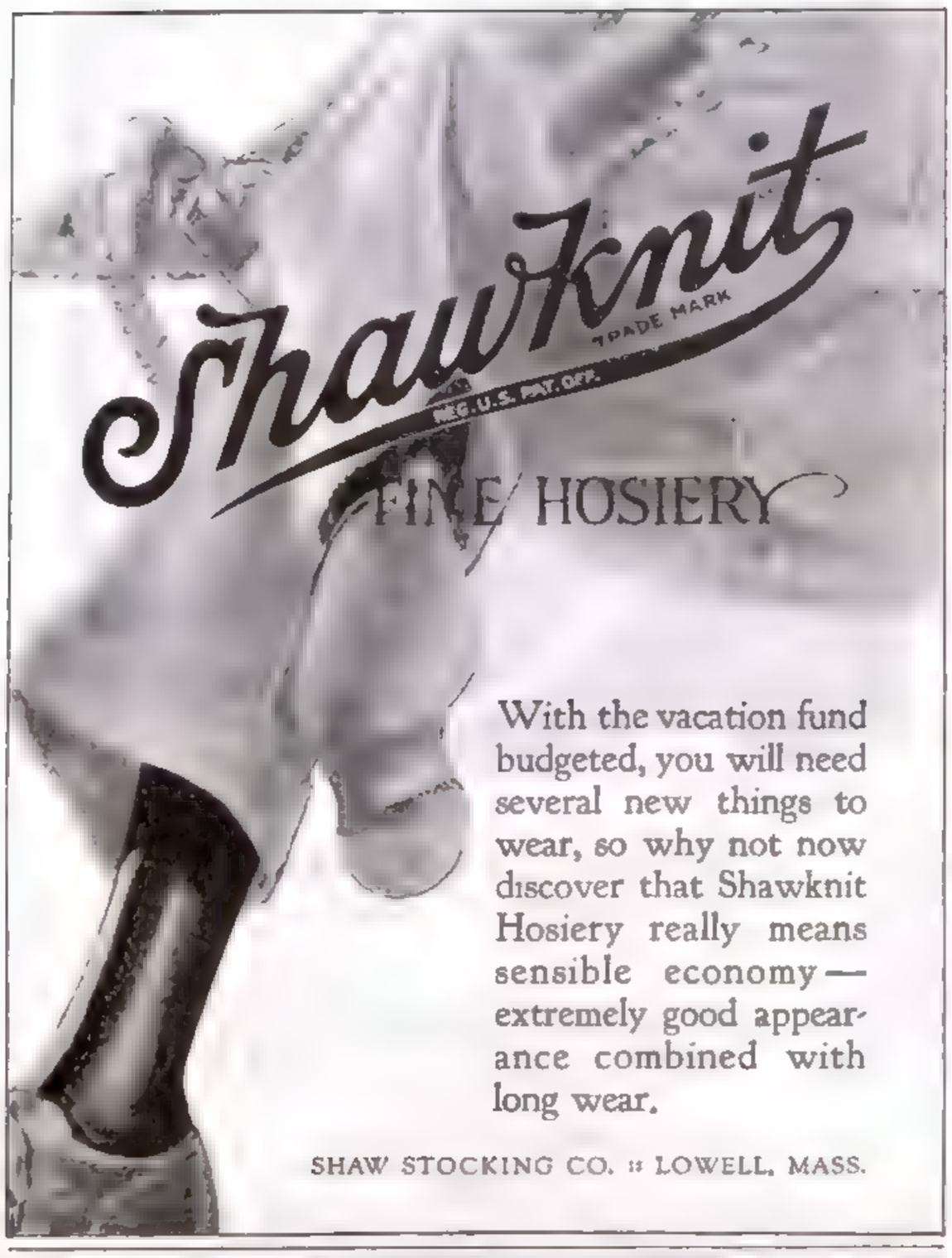
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The treasurer counts the deadwood, the tickets for that performance still left unsold in the rack. Deducting those from full capacity gives him the number of tickets that have been sold. Totaling the sums of the various priced tickets gives him the amount of cash he should have on hand, the sum the management will take from him.

Meanwhile the company and house managers are counting the stubs taken from the doortender's box. Allowing for passes, exchanges and other irregularities, this count-up must check with the treasurer's statement.

"What never checks," according to one reliable treasurer who shall be nameless, "is our ticket statement with our cash account. I never heard of a perfect balance being struck at the end of any given week. There are many excuses for this condition which a week spent in a busy box office would make clear to anyone—excuses and conditions in which the public seldom plays any part."

Shortages and Overages

"In the course of a season our weekly shortages and overages will about balance, but treasurers generally keep their overages in the theater. We don't bank them, because we never know the moment we're going to need them. You know, we have to make good all losses out of our personal private pockets.

"We're allowed a certain latitude in this matter of overages and shortages, but if we're too far wrong, the manager usually breaks a leg in his haste to ring up the bonding company."

Lest it be imagined that a portion of his overages results from short-changing ticket buyers, it must be stated hurriedly and with all the emphasis possible that there is nothing that infuriates and maddens a treasurer more quickly or more completely than the man who walks away from the window without his change.

If you never have closely watched the process, keep your eye on the ten-dollar bill you proffer for seats the next time you step up to a box-office window. Many treasurers will call its denomination. Every one of them will lay your tenner on the counter in full sight of you and himself and whoever else is in the vicinity. From his till he will take your change, count it and shove it toward you. Not until you have taken it, have had time to correct any mistake in it, will he take your ten from the counter and place it in the till. If you are the sort who walks off without your change as soon as you get your tickets, the treasurer will not touch your ten-spot or replace the change in the cash drawer until he has called the attention of someone else to your carelessness.

Treasurers maintain that walking off without their change is the meanest, most aggravating device of many people continually at war against the box office.

"It happens too regularly not to be intentional," said one chap. "A man gives me a ten-dollar bill, takes his tickets and rushes off without his change. Later he comes tearing back and demands his change and any stray apologies I've got handy. If I remember his face or clothes or the location of the tickets he bought, when I offer him change from the ten the chances are he'll swear he gave me a twenty. He'll loudly accuse me of trying to go South with the other ten. The more folks there are in the lobby, the louder he makes his accusation.

"Even strictly honest men and women who do not habitually work that petty grafting scheme intentionally, sometimes have a sneaking idea that the treasurer is trying to get away with something. I can see in their eyes they have me pegged as first cousin to a pickpocket."

The history and growth of the cut-rate ticket agencies is too lengthy and of too many intricate details to be given space here. Its inventor and originator reasoned logically that an unsold seat represented no profit or entertainment to anyone. It occurred to him that a manager would rather sell a two-dollar ticket for seventy-five cents than not sell at all. He realized that the box office could not ask Sam Smith two dollars for a seat and then Carl Jones the seat alongside it for seventy-five cents. So his naïve proposition was:

"Mr. Manager, your show isn't doing so well; your balcony sale is terrible. I'll contract to buy so many hundred seats each week at seventy-five cents apiece and sell them to my customers at a dollar apiece, or half the printed price on them. We can both make a little money and get more people in to see your show."

Broadly, that is the basic foundation of the cut-rate situation. It has been demonstrated many times that a cut-rate buy often enables a show to weather a bad start or to extend its run by boosting the normal ticket sale up to the stop-mark figure. Cut-rating its tickets doesn't help the reputation of a show, but many times it prevents a box-office loss.

Thus we have the phenomenon current on Broadway of the lower floor seats of one theater housing a hit being almost entirely bought up by the regular ticket agencies, who add fifty cents to the price of each ticket, and the balcony seats in the same house being available at the cut-rate agencies at half their printed price. The explanation is that the musical piece playing there is a strong hotel-and-agency draw—the cream trade—while the large capacity balcony sale fell off so badly after the first few weeks that an offer to buy so many hundred seats a week could not be ignored in view of the show's heavy hook-up—running expenses.

The cut-rate establishments are the refuge of the regular agencies on off nights—nights when the agencies see they will be left with many unsold seats at curtain time. Like the managers, the agents can see no profit in an unsold seat. Half price, less twenty-five cents, is better than nothing. So they dump their residue into the laps of the cut-raters, sometimes salvaging them for whatever they can get.

As stated before, a great majority of the complaints of box-office discourtesy and inattention arise from a lack of understanding of box-office regulations and the necessity for them. In an effort to obtain corroboration of this statement, and also the reasons underlying some of the rules of box-office procedure, Mr. Basil Broadhurst was consulted.

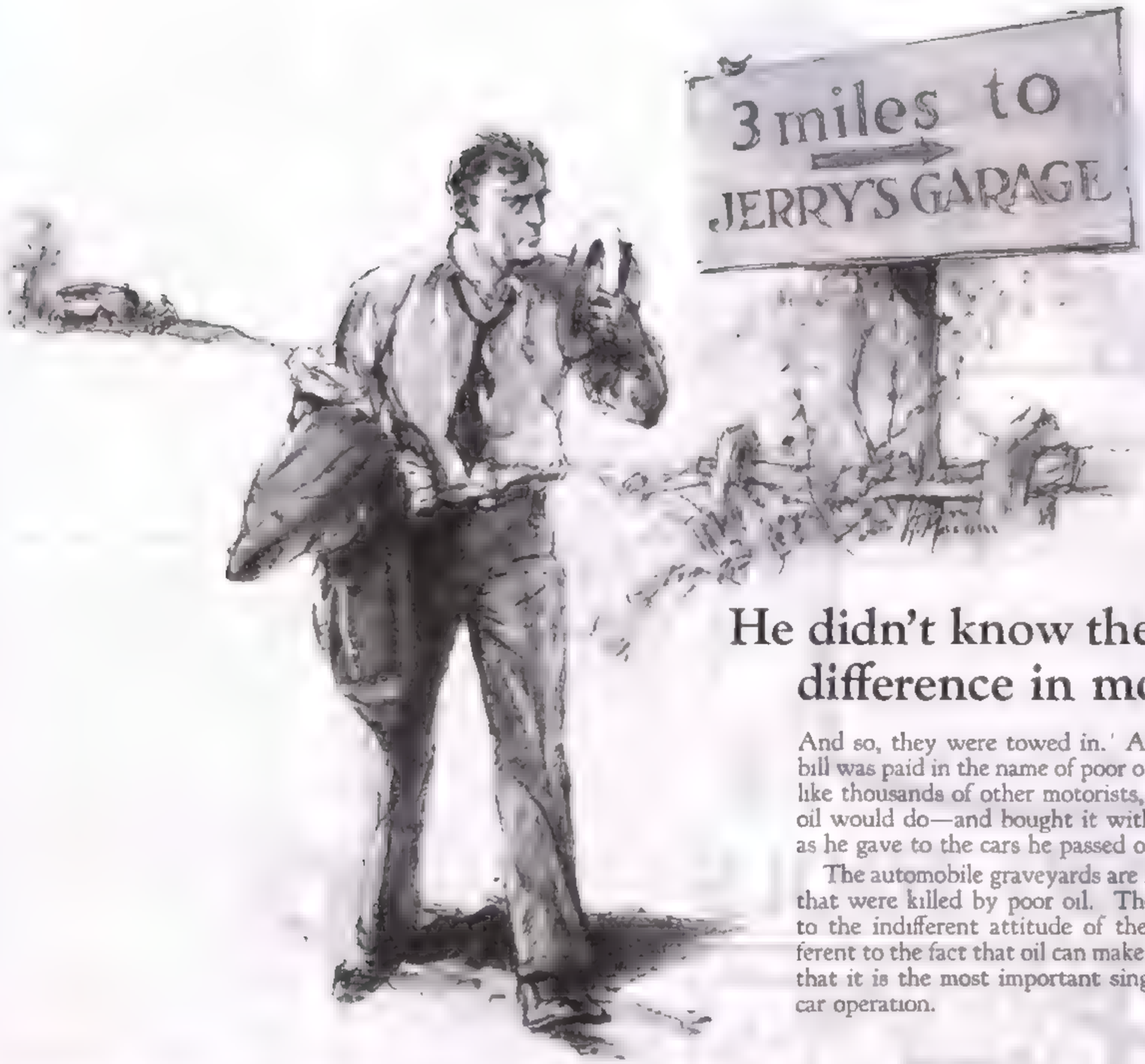
Mr. Basil is the son of his famous father, the author, producer, theater owner, Mr. George Broadhurst. The younger Broadhurst has been practically raised in the theater. He has been stage hand, stage manager, company manager, house manager, treasurer and associate of his father in the leasing, operation and ownership of theaters; not forgetting a term in the employ of a big Broadway ticket agency. In spite of his familiarity with all its failings, Mr. Broadhurst still loves the theater.

Shopping for Theater Seats

"Though the public demands courtesy and attention from the box office," Mr. Broadhurst said, "courtesy is the last thing the public favors the box office with. For example, many theatergoers like to go shopping for seats over the telephone. A woman will ring up some theater, find out the best available seats for that night's performance. If allowed, she reserves them. Hanging up, she phones another theater. Perhaps she can get better seats there; so she reserves them. In turn she will phone three or four houses, reserving seats in them all in order to have a choice and to make sure she will get in to see the final choice. But when she does decide which house to attend, does she ring up and cancel the other reservations? She does not; not one person in ten does it; did it, rather, because the practice of reserving seats became such a nuisance it had to be curbed.

"You see, it meant that from 100 to 200 seats were left unsold in the box office at

(Continued on Page 192)



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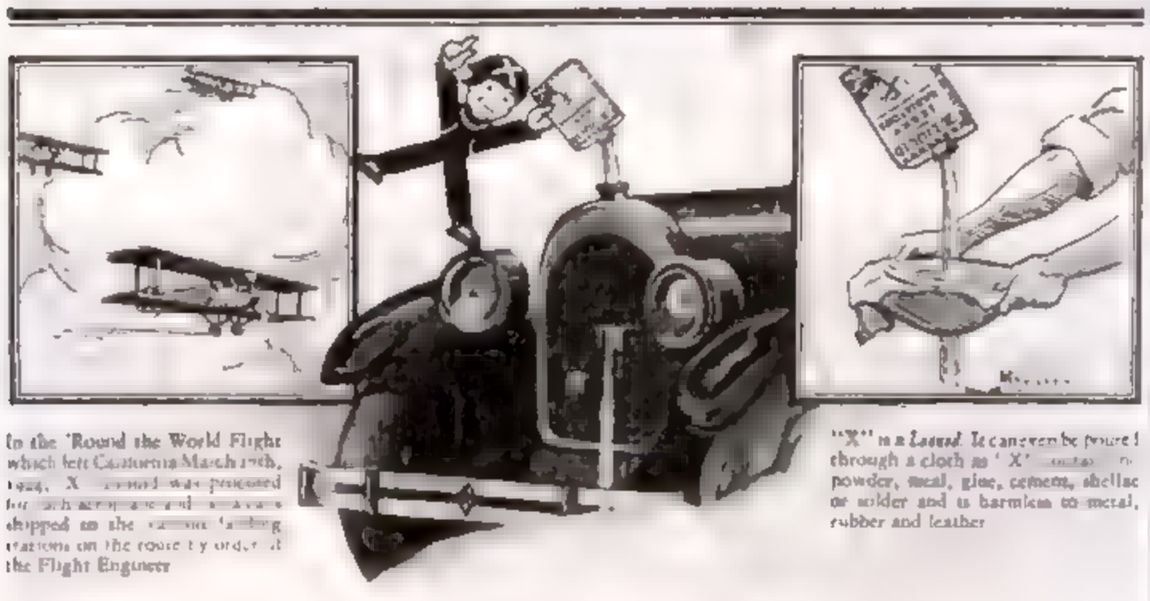
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"X" LIQUID
REPAIRS LEAKS IN AUTO RADIATORS, CRACKED CYLINDERS WATER JACKETS AND STEAM AND HOT WATER HEATING SYSTEMS

(Continued from Page 190)

curtain time, tickets which otherwise might have been disposed of. That is one reason why big-city theaters will not make ticket reservations. In the smaller towns, where everybody knows everybody else, some theaters still take reservations, but the big-city theaters housing successes simply cannot afford to.

"This same shopping habit is back of the no-refund rule. If allowed, people would buy seats in several theaters and when they decided which one to attend, would send back their seats and demand their money back. It is a difficult and troublesome rule to enforce, but it is a necessary protection against ticket speculators and agencies left with unsold seats shortly before curtain time.

"With everyone calling and paying for seats at the same time, the congestion in the theater lobby and its consequent discomfort argued for the abolishment of reservations. A man who has been jostled and squeezed and a woman who has had her toes stepped on a dozen times before she gets to her seat make a tough audience, hard to play to, hard to make boosters for your show.

"The treasurer's idea of heaven," Mr. Broadhurst continued, "is a place where there are no telephones. All day long the box-office phones—sometimes as many as six—ring. From 7:40 to 8:40 every night one or all of them ring constantly.

"And the messages, oh, boy! A woman out in the Bronx will phone asking how the weather is downtown. I'm not joking. She wants to know if it's raining or cold or what before she decides what clothes to wear to the theater. After a snowstorm any number of men and women will ring up about show time to ask if the snow has been cleared off the street the theater is on.

"And nobody, no single human being, ever knows what time the curtain goes up. They don't believe the curtain time printed in the newspapers, even if they look it up, so they telephone the box office to find out how late to be.

"It is in that busy rush hour before the show, when a steady stream of calls are coming in from ticket agencies and hotels, that most of the chiselers get busy. A chiseler is a gate-crasher, someone of that great army of folks who lie awake nights figuring out schemes to get into a theater for nothing. I'm not going to give publicity to any of the tricks employed in crashing the gate; company and house managers have enough troubles already. But I wonder if nothing can be done to dissuade the public from using one of its oldest, most easily detected tricks, one that is attempted hundreds of times all over the country."

The Gate-Crashers

"Let us suppose a hit show. People know that it is practically impossible to get good seats for a Saturday night performance unless purchased weeks in advance. But Mr. and Mrs. Chiseler want to see it this coming Saturday night. Mrs. Chiseler goes to the box office and buys two seats for the Saturday matinée. But the next time she goes near the theater is Saturday night, just before the curtain goes up.

"Naturally, the doorman informs the pair that their tickets call for admission to the matinée which has already been played. That is Mr. Chiseler's cue to become indignant and call for the manager, and Mrs. Chiseler's moment to accuse the box office of gross carelessness, stupidity and anything else she can think of. 'I distinctly said Saturday night,' she will aver, 'and the man assured me these were for tonight.' This latter in answer to the manager's statement that the word 'matinée' is legibly printed on the tickets.

"At the manager's weary smile, hubby hotly demands to know if he is to be gypped out of his money and an evening's entertainment.

"It never occurs to the perpetrators of this gate-crashing device that the box-office staff expects them; that it knows they are coming. The count-up after the matinée has given them away. For the matinée count-up has shown that that brace of seats has been bought but not used. Sometimes a record is kept of such things, so when the Chiselers show up it is difficult for the manager to refrain from saying, 'Oh, hello. I've been waiting for you.'

"However, the general rule is—though it is not a law—that a ticket is always good for admission to the attraction for which it is sold. Probably, therefore, the Chiselers will be offered a choice of seats at a future performance, or, if the house is sold out, will be given standing room at the Saturday night show they have succeeded in crashing."

In the matter of gate-crashing a new variation of an old dodge came to light at a theater some time ago. Mr. and Mrs. Slicker, of Somewhere in Jersey, called one night at eight o'clock for two seats they said had been paid for and left for them by Mrs. Slicker's sister, a resident of New York. The rack in the box office contained no envelope with the Slickers' name on it.

Two More Deadheads

"That's very, very strange." Mrs. Slicker's eyebrows arched. "My sister bought them Tuesday morning and phoned me Tuesday night that she'd bought them, and just what they cost and where they were and everything."

The treasurer suggested that perhaps the sister had left them in her own name.

"That's possible, of course," Mrs. S. admitted, "although I distinctly remember her saying she'd left them in my husband's name. My sister always buys our seats for us—we come into town to a show once a week at least—and my sister always buys our seats in advance so as to get good ones, and leaves them in my husband's name."

"What is your sister's name?" asked the treasurer. "If she has a telephone we'll call her up and ——"

"Her name is Brown, but you won't be able to get her over the phone now. She's gone out with a party. We're going to meet her after the show."

"Let me talk to them," whispered the manager to the treasurer. "I've a hunch they are gate-crashers. The woman talks too much."

He took the Slickers out of the line, which they were blocking to the annoyance of everyone back of them, and began questioning them. Mrs. S. recalled that her sister had said the tickets were for seats in the third row of the balcony on the left—or was it the right?—no, the left side.

Because there was no disproving the story at the time, because the man was getting noisy and abusive, creating an undesirable scene in the crowded lobby, the manager took the couple into the balcony and seated them. Later, the count-up proved conclusively that the Slickers' story of seats purchased was entirely fictitious.

"There are dozens of people every day who come to the box office without the slightest intention of buying seats for your show," Mr. Broadhurst confided. "What they come for is information about the other shows in town—whether they're worth seeing, what would be a good night to try to get seats, information about their stars, and a general résumé of conditions in the other theaters. The poor goof in the box office is expected to answer all questions truthfully and smilingly. Any suggestion that the inquirer is interfering with the regular business of the office is almost sure to be denounced as insolence. If you are accommodating enough to recommend a show in which your boss has not the slightest interest, except as a competitor, and if the inquiring party sees it and doesn't like it, you can bet you'll be scolded the next time that person passes by. Or you'll be told about it over the phone while a cash customer waits at the window.

"Between the acts of a matinée there are always several patrons who come out to the box office with questions concerning the

principal actors in the cast—intimate questions. If what you tell them doesn't happen to coincide with their preconceived ideas as to the moral character and habits of the star, they will accuse you of not knowing what you are talking about. If the truth you tell them does not agree with what they have read in some press agent's blurb, they become indignant. You can't play safe by saying you don't know anything about the lady in question, because then they tell you you are lying, or else they wonder audibly and contemptuously how such a discourteous dumb-bell holds his job."

Every night in the week draws its own particular type of audience. This is generally true all over the country. Monday night, for instance, business is usually off in most theaters. The performance on the stage is apt to suffer from the smallness and unresponsiveness of the audience. More passes are given out for Monday than any other night, and a person who sees a show on a pass does not enjoy it as much as when he pays for a seat.

The Accommodating Treasurer

Tuesday night is known in many cities as society night. There are apt to be more private automobiles in front of a theater Tuesday night than on any other, with the possible exception of Friday night. Society goes to grand opera on Wednesday and Thursday nights.

Wednesday night is a big night for the box office. The folks who attend the theater Wednesday night come to enjoy the show, which means that they get the best show the company can give, ordinarily, because their enthusiasm and appreciation are contagious.

Thursday night has always been an off night all over the country. The only practical explanation is that Thursday is commonly the servants' day off. If the woman of the house stays home and prepares dinner herself, she doesn't feel like rushing through her work, getting dressed and downtown in time for a show. If she and her hubby dine downtown, they are apt to feel they've spent their recreation allowance.

If they go out to dinner in their neighborhood restaurant, they are apt to go also into their neighborhood movie house, in case they go anywhere.

Friday and Saturday nights are the big nights, with Friday night's audience holding a greater proportion of the so-called better element than the crowds that jam into the theaters Saturday. A Saturday night audience nearly always wants to laugh long and loudly. Hence comedies and musical shows get a stronger play than more serious dramas. Most men in the theater watching a serious play on Saturday night are there because they've been dragged there. It's tough on the actors—that sort of audience.

Mr. Broadhurst speaking again—and feelingly:

"Of course, there are insolent, boorish, stupid persons employed in box offices who make ridiculous, inexcusable mistakes. Usually they don't last long. The treasurer's sole business is to sell tickets, to please his patrons. The more people who go around town saying, 'Oh, what a nice accommodating young man there is in the Gem box office,' the bigger that treasurer's salary is going to grow. He can do a lot of things, break a lot of rules to accommodate the public; but there is one thing no treasurer can do—he cannot sell more than one ticket for each seat!"

What occurs when a treasurer does break a rule to please a theater patron was impressed upon several New York treasurers recently with a vividness they will not soon forget. It is a rule of the box office that the treasurer shall not cash checks. Some weeks ago a gentleman stepped up to the box office of a theater. It was a few minutes before eight. He told the treasurer that he wanted to see the show that night because he was taking a late train back to Washington. He said that he was in the revenue service; showed a badge and his credentials to prove it. He then explained his self-identification by stating that he had run short of cash and had only a check from which to pay for his ticket. He handed the treasurer a certified check for forty dollars.

"It's against the rules to cash any checks," the treasurer informed the gentleman politely, scanning the check and its certification.

"I understand," replied the revenue officer. "But this is my last chance to see the show—I've heard so much about it. We're going to hold a convention of my lodge here in town soon and I've been asked to look in on several shows to recommend for a convention party."

"What do you think?" the treasurer asked the company manager, standing beside him.

"It's certified, isn't it?" The manager shrugged his shoulders.

The treasurer cashed the check. The revenue officer saw the show. That was on a Friday night.

The next day at luncheon with a fellow member of his club, the treasurer happened by chance to mention the revenue-officer incident. His fellow treasurer immediately showed lively signs of life.

"Listen," he said, "I got the same song and dance Thursday night, along with a certified check for forty-five dollars—which I cashed!"

Once Too Often

Comparing descriptions, the two treasurers decided they wanted more than anything else on earth to lay hands upon the revenue man in question—especially after they phoned the bank on which the checks had been drawn and were informed that it had made no such certifications.

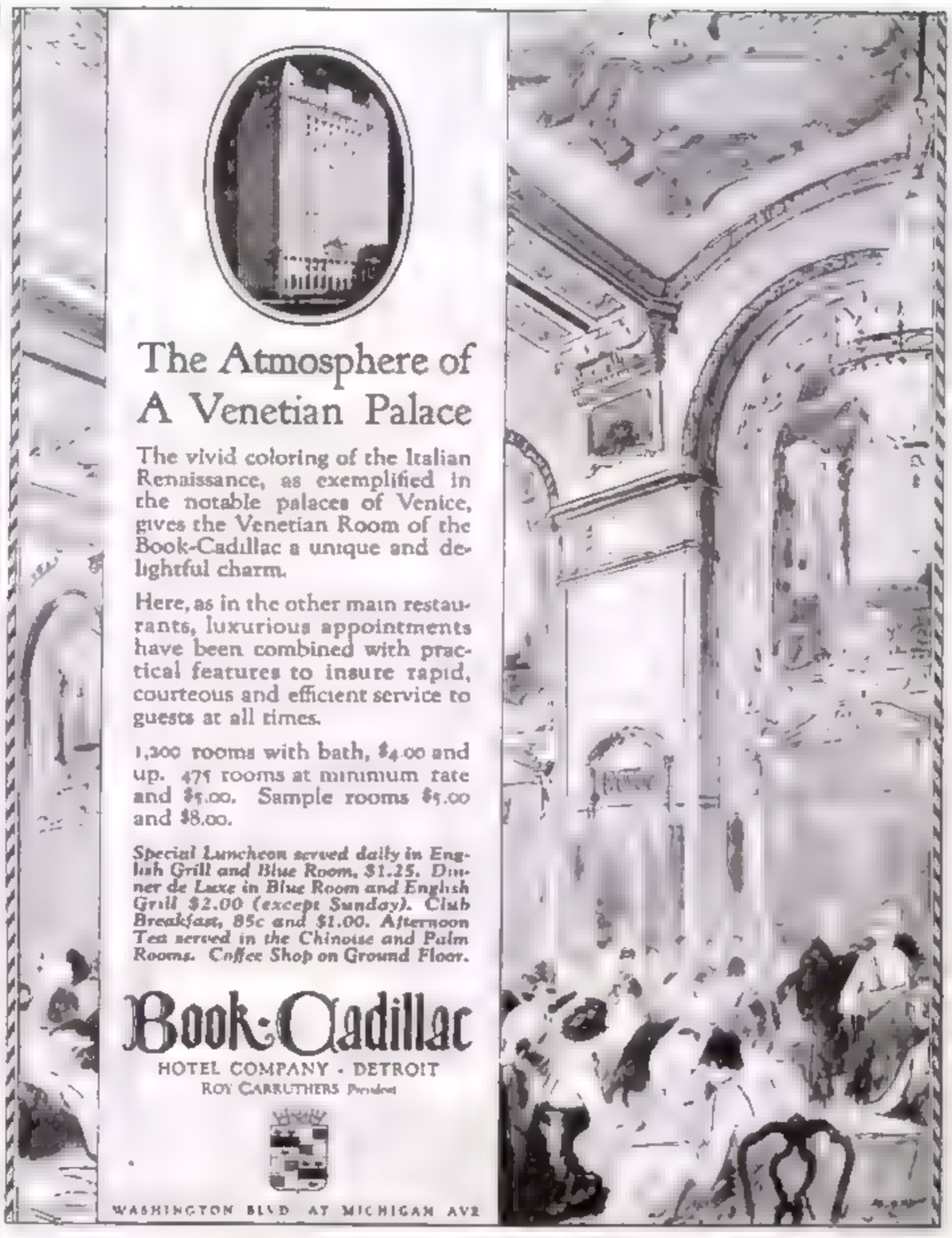
Quickly the two rang up every box office in the theatrical district, begging to be notified in case the phony check passer attempted another hold-up. The afternoon passed with only the thought of the money he had advanced disturbing the treasurer.

But shortly before eight o'clock that night a ring informed him that the treasurer of a theater a few blocks distant was holding, subject to identification, a revenue agent who had proffered a certified check.

The treasurer gathered a detective on his hurried journey to the theater. After a question or two, the detective led the gentleman of the checks toward the police station.

"Well," said the manager of the theater as he and the treasurer carefully examined the bogus certification stamp, "this is certainly a great fake—clever enough to fool anybody."

"Here," said the treasurer, digging into his pocket—"here is forty dollars of my money to prove it!"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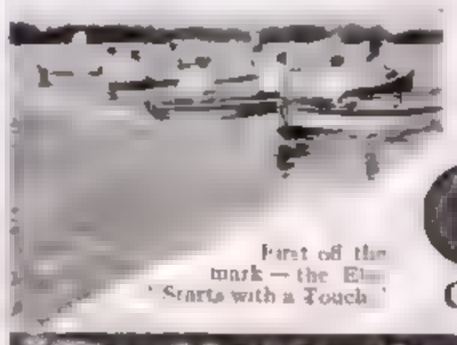

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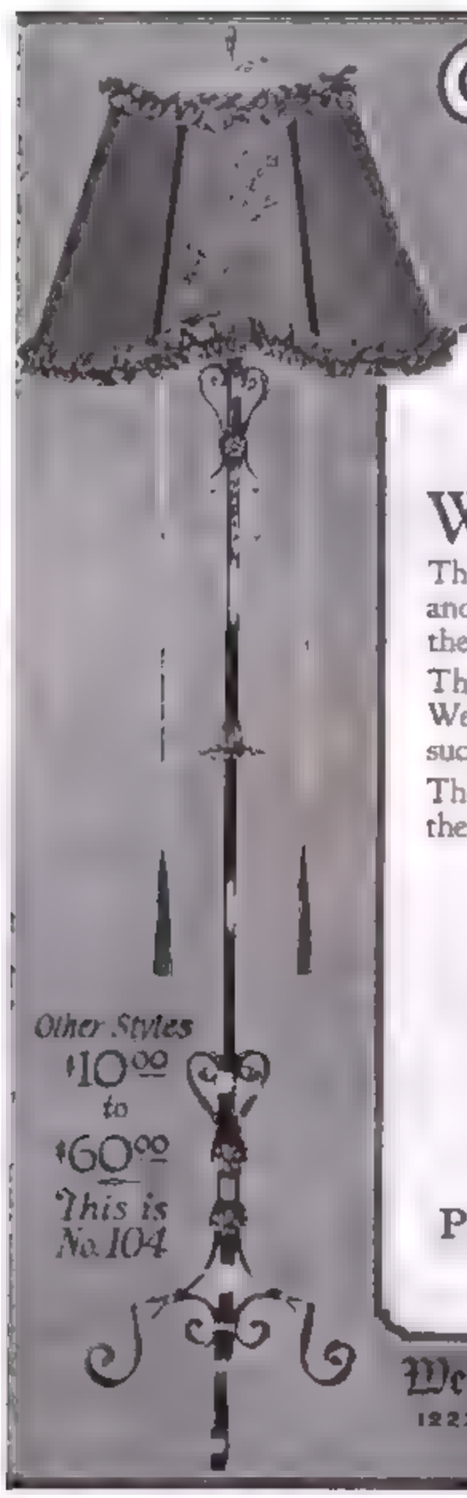

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THE OLD MAN

(Continued from Page 11)

what she was thinking, for she was looking at him like she was frightened and troubled, and then all of a sudden she said, "Oh, what am I going to do?" she said. "Him and me all alone—and he's getting older, older. What am I going to do?"

"Ma'am," I said to her, "you're not all alone. You got a deck hand. You're not all alone."

Now I ask you, why should anyone want to play a joke on an old man like that? But I was telling you, mister, you can't tell about men like Perkett. He thought—honest, he thought it was comical.

"Yes, Bill," he said right down here, "you wait. You'll laugh fit to die!"

Yes, mister, it was back here after a run down the coast from Maine. You couldn't have kept the Old Man away once he got ashore, for it was wet outside and he was cold and drinking at his licker.

"Listen to him!" Perkett said. "There he goes!"

Oh, he was going like he always did—the boys had got him going.

"The General Gleason," the Old Man was saying; "ay, I was master before I lost my papers—before the wife and kids all left me. Ay, she was a ship for you; neat like a picture—like a picture."

Well, you know what he was saying, going on like he always did, while Perkett cocked his head and grinned.

"Always talks about her, don't he?" says Perkett. "The old mossback!"

He took out a cigarette and lighted it and let it droop between his lips so that the end wiggled while he went on.

"The General Gleason," says Perkett; "can you beat it?—the Old Man going on about the General Gleason, when listen, now listen what should happen. Down at Norfolk the company has bought a half dozen old hulks for tows. They came up last week and—can you beat it?—the Old Man's right about his ship, because one of the ones we bought was the General Gleason."

Yes, sir, out of the wriggling end of his cigarette it seemed to come—the Old Man's ship bought for a tow boat—the Old Man's ship that he was always seeing. Now who could guess a thing like that, though there's many and many a fine ship that's gone her way.

"Perkett," I says, and I don't know why I was so worked up, "you mustn't let the Old Man know, Perkett. It would break the Old Man's heart."

"Are you crazy?" says Perkett. "Not going to tell him? Why, I'm going to put the old blowhard in charge of her. 'The sweetest ship that ever sailed,' he says, does he? Why, she's nothing but an old tub, never fit to mention. You wait till he sees her. It will be a picnic when he sees her. I'll get him and the crew aboard tomorrow morning, and don't you say a word."

Well, maybe it was a picnic, like Mr. Perkett said—to see a skipper board a hulk he once commanded when she was a ship in sail. Did he know her? Oh, yes, the Old Man knew her; though I don't know how, for she was only a hull, you understand, an old black hull in dirty water.

Maybe it was some line of her, though she was sunk down deep with coal. Maybe it was the cut of her bulwarks, or the poop, for the cabin and the poop deck were standing all gray and weathered; but I don't know. When Lefkowitz and Coffee and I climbed on her there wasn't much to tell she'd ever been a ship.

Yes, she was a dirty, sloppy sight, her bowsprit sawed clean off of her to break her lines, her mainmast ripped clean out of her for hatch room, her fore and mizzen cut down and braced and rigged for derricks, her forecastle ripped clean out of her, her galley ripped out clean—an old log, she was, and that was what. It would almost make you laugh—or maybe not exactly laugh—to think of her with a ji'boom and martingale and tops and topgallants and yards and lines and blocks, and all that fine tarred gear that goes with living ships, because all was gone clean out of her, you understand, all picked off of her so clean you couldn't think. But the Old Man knew her

We'd come out of the cabin, where we'd left our stuff—musty, bilgy and close it was—and we'd climbed the creepy companion ladder and out the hatch.

"Cripes!" says Lefkowitz. "What's the idea putting us aboard of this?"

The idea was coming, mister. I could see the Old Man shuffling along the pier with Perkett right beside him, but how was a tough like Lefkowitz to know anything?

"Shut up your dirty face!" I said.

And he shut his face, though I'd a good deal rather he'd talked back.

The Old Man hove his leg over the rail, I say, and took a step on deck, and then he stopped and looked sort of puzzled, and put his hand to his head like something had hit him. I thought he was like to have a stroke, the way he looked, for his face got all pale and pasty.

"It ain't ——" he began like he was dazed, and the way he looked at Perkett you might have thought he'd seen a ghost. "It ain't ——"

Oh, but he knew it was—he knew her. And Perkett laughed right out loud exactly like it was comical.

"You win, cap'n," Perkett says. "You got your eyes, old boy. The old General Gleason's back again, all loaded and ready for you. Not exactly what you led me to expect, eh? But she's the General Gleason -she is, sure!"

I guess the Old Man knew how the laugh was on him and how everyone would kid him.

Already Lefkowitz was laughing and Coffee was snickering behind his hand.

"Mister," said the Old Man in a sad way, sort of, "you wouldn't laugh like that if I was young."

"Why, what're you getting sore about?" says Perkett, and he gave us a wink. "Aren't you aboard the finest ship that ever sailed, and in command?"

The way the Old Man looked—oh, I can't tell you how; but all his life was cast up in his face, his young days and his old days, and the pain of 'em.

"Mister," he said, "is that all you got to say?"

And, honest, Perkett never saw that all the Old Man cared for was turned into a bumboat; but I knew.

"Now what the blazes is biting you?" says Perkett. "Can't you take a joke? Get stowed and ready by five o'clock. You're on the Maine tow that's going out. Handle her like you used to, captain—and so long."

For a minute, after Perkett went away, the Old Man stood there. Fore and aft he looked, where the forecastle deck had been, where the spars had laid, where the ropes had been coiled by the fife rail. He just looked, and then walked aft to the cabin.

I knew, you understand—oh, I knew how it hit him, to see the General Gleason shabby just like him, old just like him, and broken. I wished the girl would come aboard and look after him, but she was away ordering stuff for the cooking. What was he doing down in the cabin, I kept wondering, and yet I didn't like to go and see.

Doing? Well, to tell the truth, he wasn't doing anything—just setting by the table with a glass and a bottle in front of him, looking at some flyblown pictures of girls in tights that was pasted on the wall. It's what I was telling you—his face was all puckered up, like an old bum's sometimes is.

"Keep away from the licker, boy," he said. "There's a devil in the cup."

Now what was I to say? I couldn't think of anything, but only stand wiggling on my

(Continued on Page 197)

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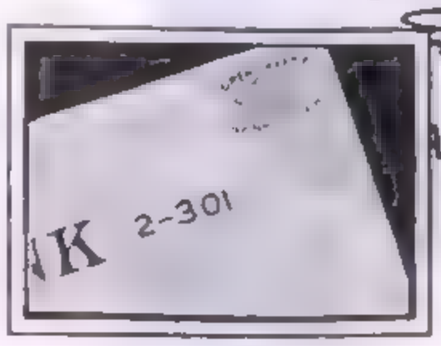

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(Continued from Page 194)

feet, till all of a sudden he brought his hand down—bang!—on the table.

"Damn 'em!" he said. "Oh, damn 'em all!"

"Honest, cap'n, they played you dirt. I know," I told him.

"Me?" says the Old Man, looking up and scowling. "What do I care about me? Damn the men who sold her! Damn the men who cut her down and let her go for junk!"

I wished I'd never been there listening. The Old Man sort of choked, you understand, and grabbed hard at the table.

"Bill," he says, "I don't mind you comin' down, but keep away that Lefkowitz. I couldn't stand the sight of him right now. Damn 'em all! Oh, damn 'em! An' when she comes aboard—will you do a favor for a poor old man?—don't tell her we're on the General Gleason. She don't have to know."

Pride, you understand—pride was what made it hard, for he did have a sort of pride left in him like I said, clinging to him still.

Queer. . . . Now how should I know how to explain it? But it's what I say, just queer. No, I'm not a superstitious guy; but sometimes when you're out away from things, when there's only water and sky and maybe a whiff of smoke, when the clouds come up and the waves are gray and sour, don't you feel it? Now how should I tell what? No, not fear or loneliness, but something —— It's what I say—something—I don't know what. But it was queer, sliding up the Sound at dusk on a poor old hulk that had been to hell and back to end up in a tow.

Have you ever heard 'em tell a ship has life? Well, maybe. She kept creaking and groaning—we were at the end of the tow, you understand—and she was loaded heavy in the head, which made her weave a little, do you see, and pull at the hawser so it creaked on the bit, like she was trying to get away. Nothing—of course, it was nothing; but I'm only telling you, for I wasn't the only one who thought it.

Along toward dusk young Coffee says to me—he had a touch of the tar in him, like I was telling you, and even the littlest touch that takes 'em off the white sets 'em seeing things, well-nigh like ordinary niggers.

Young Coffee was doing his turn at the wheel, you understand, when he sings out to me sort of queer.

"Boss," he says, "just you feel this yere wheel, boss. There's a hant down there a-pulling."

Now it was fit to make you laugh, out there on the Sound, going along all smooth. I could of laughed if it hadn't been for the Old Man down below the deck, old like her. Down below he kept setting, and he hadn't once showed up since we were fast and under way.

"Boss," says Coffee, "where's the Old Man? I wish't the Old Man would take this yere wheel."

What was it the Old Man would say—that she handled cranky like a woman, and then just as easy? It was moving through my mind when we heard a noise below that gave me a sort of start. It was the Old Man's voice, singing, coming through the hatch; yes, sir, singing all cracked like the creaking of the timbers.

"Oh, whisky is the life of man." All cracked just like that he was singing, you understand:

"Oh, whisky is the life of man,
Whisky for my Johnny.
I drink my whisky when I can,
Whisky for my Johnny."

Queer. . . . Yes, mister, it was queer, all sort of worn like all the gear it sounded, and though it didn't mean anything, at the same time it did, if you get me. The Old Man in his licker, you say? Sure and just then ——

Yes, mister, I'll have a little more, not that I go like this as a rule. I got my reasons, for I know what licker does. . . . Well, just then up the companion comes the girl. Yes, she was down there with him, getting supper, and she was white and scared.

"Did you hear him?" she said. "He's never been like this."

"There, there," I said. "Now don't you be frightened, kid. Just you go down and taper him off. He hadn't ought to drink at sea."

But it didn't do any good. She still looked frightened, poor kid, and began to cry.

"I can't," she said. "He won't stop."

"Kid," I says, "you shouldn't of given him licker. It isn't right."

"I didn't," she says. "Oh, don't you know I wouldn't? It—it was Lefkowitz brought it aboard. He told me. He left it on the table."

"But can't you take it away," I asked her, "and heave it out?"

"He's strong," she says; "he keeps holding to the bottle. He says he's got to have it, now he knows I know."

"Knows what?" I said, and I felt my face get all red. "Knows what?"

She was crying, and all her face was wet, poor kid.

"It hurts him so," she said. "Though I've told him I don't mind—told him and told him. He knows I know we're on the General Gleason."

Yes, sir, that was what busted him, and maybe it was enough to set him off. And it made me mad, it did, to see her standing crying.

"Who told you?" I said. "He didn't want you to know. You didn't have to know."

"It was Lefkowitz," she said, still crying. "And he said—I don't want to tell you what he said, it makes me that ashamed."

"You better tell me," I says. "I'm here, ain't I, kid? Ain't I a friend of yours?"

She didn't want to tell, maybe never meant to, for she was like the Old Man, proud.

"How could he ever think it?" she says. "He told me the Old Man was done for, and—and he asked me to run off with him when we got to Vineyard Haven."

Birds like that are always up to something, thinking the same thing, never knowing when a woman's decent and when she's not.

"There," I said, "now it's going to be all right. Go down now and see what the Old Man's doing."

Then I took off my coat and laid it down and yelled at Coffee to keep at the wheel. . . . What's that? Yes, you guessed it, mister, and he had it coming to him. He was forward, Lefkowitz was, stoking the donkey boiler, and he came out with a shovel in his hand. Oh, he had it coming!

"Now who gave you leave," I says, "getting fresh with that girl?"

"G'wan, you stiff!" he says. "What's she to you?"

Or something like that, you understand—it don't make any matter. He was quick and tough. He took a clip at me with that shovel of his before I could get at him, but I got under it and laced him. I chased him aft and let him have it. I knocked him down and hit him again when he got up. I meant he shouldn't forget it, and he didn't. And he took it without a yell, trying for all his worth to nail me.

"I'll get you!" he kept saying. "I'll do for you for this!"

He didn't get up when I was finished; just lay there looking up at me.

"Get up," I says, "where you came from, and let that learn you manners."

And then just as he was starting to move I heard a voice on the poop, that loud and powerful it made me jump.

"Haze 'em!" it was yelling. "Haze 'em, mister! Drive him! You gotta drive!"

Yes, it was the Old Man up on deck with a bottle in his hand, sort of reeling, standing watching us. Oh, he was drunk all right; but what was he thinking? I don't know, unless it was the good days ——

"Right and proper, mister," he says. "You done it right and proper."

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has a hidden (patented) strap—tighten or loosen for comfort—cap never binds—never too large—great for all occasions—has finest fabrics and fashion—ask your dealer to show you—insist on genuine—refuse imitations—seek "Sure-Fit" label.

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Yes, just like it was natural to see a man on deck with his face all blood, but then just as he was speaking he sort of changed.

"Here," he said, "what's the matter for'ard?"

He was back again on a coal barge right enough, a dirty old coal barge towing up the Sound, when maybe he thought for just a minute—I don't know.

Drunk? Oh, yes, he was in his licker. I got the bottle away from him and hove it out.

"I'm tired," he says, "powerful tired, mister." And I helped him down the steps.

Yes, the Old Man was tired all right. He turned right in and went to sleep, though now and again we could hear him snore and groan, complaining in his sleep just like the General Gleason complained. Now wasn't it a note, mister, for a quiet ordinary towing job—an Old Man down like that, and a lonely pale-faced girl, and a yellow-faced boy, thinking hants pulled at the rudder, and an East-Sider with a cut face and twisted nose who kept looking at you with eyes that had a sort of fire inside 'em? It wasn't right. It wasn't healthy. I could tell.

Have you ever noticed, mister, how time changes, depending where you are? Sometimes it seems like the clock was everything, and sometimes it doesn't mean nothing much as it just goes ticking on its way.

Oh, well, maybe if you've been aboard a tow you'd know what I mean—on a tow when the wind is fair and everything is nice. Oh, it was sweet weather that we had, fit to make you laugh and close your eyes. Though it was March and a cold and stormy time as like as not, those days we had were like June days. How many? I don't know how many. They were just like ordinary days in spite of how we started. We had it fair from the Vineyard and fair standing around the cape and off the bay. That's all I know now.

The Old Man came out on deck again, like he always came, almost like he'd forgotten where he was, for he never said anything, only kept walking up and down, up and down, watching the towline forward. Always watching the towrope, you understand, listening to it creak on the bit; and he'd look at you, like he was in some sort of dream, and I don't know—he might have been.

Now it's what I told you. I'm not a superstitious guy, but I tell you he did see—I don't know what. I recall toward evening, mess time, I recall, and the day had been as nice as nice, sweet and calm like I have said; we were setting below and eating with the hatch open—it was that warm, you see.

"Where are we off of?" I recall I was saying just to ease things, you understand, for I hate to eat without talking, and I recall the girl looked up at me. Sure, where else would she eat but at the table with us, all dirty and sunburned like we were, and gobbling at our grub?

And she says, "We must be somewheres off of Maine by now," she says, "and I'm glad—glad we're getting in."

Up at the head of the table the Old Man was setting never saying anything, but just looking at his plate, and never like to speak at meals; and he looked up slow—see?—slow—not at any of us, but rather at the sky above the hatch. All of a sudden he sat up straight.

"Bill," he says, "git up forward and see to it that there towrope's fast, for it's comin' on to blow."

"Now?" I says. "Right now?"

"Yes," he says, "right now. Git up and make all fast. I'm a poor old bum on a bumboat, boys, but I know what. It's coming to blow northeast. Ay, coming to blow; and, daughter, git me a glass and the bottle. Ay, I got one hid at the foot of my bunk. Git me a bottle and a glass, and leave a man relax."

Coming on to blow? Now how did he know that? Was it something that he saw or something that his old bones told him?

Honest—honest, you'd have thought he was crazy, for outside it was that nice. Just a little wind blowing, not enough for the skipper of the towboat to notice, or sure he'd have made for shore. And the sky was all clear like I was telling you, and on the port you could make out the land and houses even, though they were miles away, and though it was near sundown.

I recall it got dark quick sort of, so you couldn't see much what the sky was doing, and it all felt colder along toward dark. Coffee was at the wheel and the rest of us below, Lefkowitz laying in his bunk reading an old paper and peeking now and then over the edges at Bertha, setting by the table with her chin in her two hands—a pretty chin, soft and smooth and white, softer than her hands, poor kid. The lamp was lighted, a swinging lamp, which the Old Man would look at now and again, like he was sort of restless, like he wasn't feeling right.

It seemed like he was waiting for something, waiting and listening to the timbers creak, drumming on the table, and now and again muttering through his whiskers, and putting up his hand and ruffling his white hair on his forehead. Restless, you see, and I don't know —— The old hulk seemed getting restless, too, like him and me, her timbers creaking and rolling so the lamp made the cabin first light on one side and then the other.

"Damn 'em!" says the Old Man. "Ay, damn 'em!"

"What is it?" says Bertha. "Oh, what is the matter?"

No, she wasn't easy either; and small blame, for the Old Man was getting started again, laying to his licker.

"Damn 'em!" says the Old Man, louder. "Damn 'em all who cut her down! What right had they to do it? What right, I want to know?"

What's that? Sure, sure, it pained him still. Oh, yes, you could tell it if you'd heard him. Pained him. Pained him. Made him sound like the groaning of the timbers.

"Damn 'em!" says the Old Man. "Ah, what are you grinning at, you dirty scum, who's never run a ship?"

It was Lefkowitz, grinning over his paper like I told you; but there wasn't much more for him to grin at, nor for any of us, not that night, unless it is you want to grin right in your Maker's face.

Bang! went the Old Man's fist on the table. You know it was like I said, he couldn't stand that boy, and something must have happened inside him which was too much.

"Git forward, you!" he yells. "Forward where you belong!"

And Lefkowitz jumps up quick, and I don't know—I don't know what might have happened; but all at once, all of a sudden like, we heard a yell on deck, sort of frightened—Coffee yelling.

"Bring me up a slicker!" he yells. "It's comin' on to rain; an' come up—somebody come up and help me with the wheel. She's jumpin', folks! She's jumpin'!"

And the Old Man stood up and points a hand at Lefkowitz.

"Git up," he says, "and lay onto that wheel!"

Ugly? Oh, that boy looked ugly, and just waiting to make trouble, but I don't know —— He went. The lamp was swinging, and outside Coffee was yelling, and oh, yes, she was jumping, commencing to move and shake under us, for like I told you, she wasn't loaded right. And there was the Old Man standing listening to the rain, for it was setting in hard like Coffee said.

"Ay, damn 'em!" he says. "Damn 'em for cutting her down!"

"Dad," says Bertha, "here's your slicker. Ain't you going up?"

It's like I told you. He wasn't acting right, for he gave a sort of choke and just set down like he was tired.

"An' why?" he says. "An' why? How can I help her now? Git me the bottle and a glass. How can I help her now?"

Sure! Can you beat it? At a time like that—and he wouldn't go on deck at a

(Continued on Page 200)

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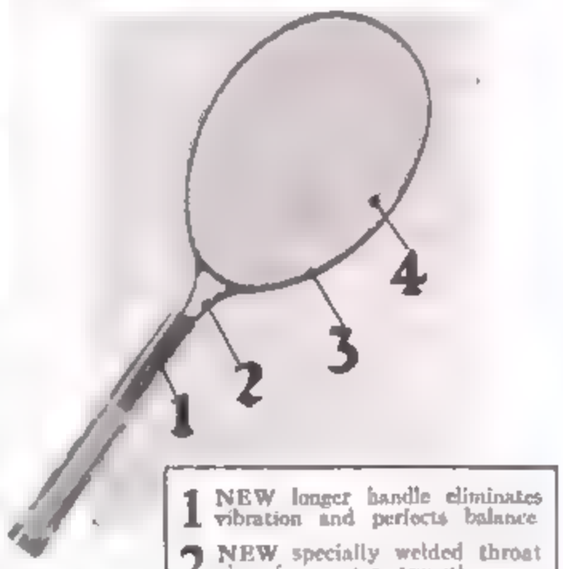

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Celotex provides *heat insulation.* It has been used in thousands of refrigerator cars to keep heat *in* during winter and *out* during summer. In the walls of a house its action is the same—it checks heat leakage.

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No extra building cost

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Celotex is used in place of wood lumber, as sheathing on walls and roof. It is stronger in wall sections than wood lumber.

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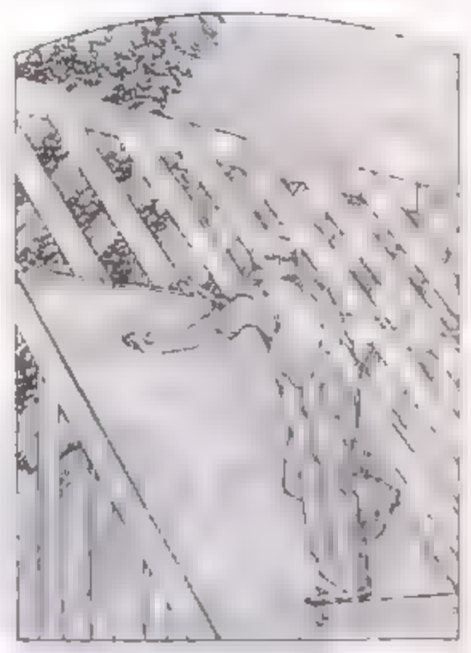

Celotex is used as sheathing on roofs. Any type of roofing may be applied over it

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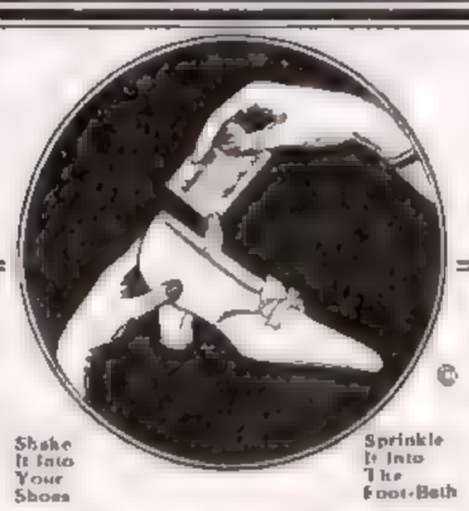

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(Continued from Page 198

time like that! It was he loved her, you understand, for all of a sudden he put his face in his hands, like a kid almost, though he was that old.

"I can't," he says, "go up and see her wallowing in the sea, tied like a log to that damned rope—tied to that damned rope."

Sure! Sure, he was in his licker! And out on deck a little city runt and a poor scared yellow boy fighting at the wheel.

Coming on to blow? Mister, it was blowing fit to bust by then, fit to make you swallow at your throat, and the rain in your eyes fit to blind and choke you. And the sea—it was so dark you couldn't see it, you understand, and what it was doing you couldn't know, for it was all out of nowheres, you understand, all black and getting stronger. We might have been not in the world at all, but going somewhere else, for there wasn't any time or light or sense, but only wind and black.

You couldn't see our running lights or lights ahead but only now and then. We were going like I don't know how to tell, first a roll like that and a pitch like this, and then a jerk fit to bring you off your feet, because she was tied, you understand, out at the end of the tow, and snapping in the dark. You couldn't see to keep her steady. The waves kept taking her by the head, and the old hulk would roll and pitch and strain, crazy, like something sick with fever. And you couldn't see her, only feel her go beneath you, crazy—and the wheel was spinning crazy, fit to pull you off your feet.

It's what I said about time. There wasn't any time out there, for hours and minutes were all the same, as we all just hung on. After a while, I don't know when, Lefkowitz yells in my ear—you had to yell so you could hear. He put his arm around my neck like I was his best friend and yells, "Git the Old Man up! Cripes! Git up the Old Man!"

And, sure, I went right down to get him, though I don't know why, it's all that queer. I didn't know why any more than that kid knew why he yelled for him, for what could the Old Man do?

There was the lamp still lit as I stumbled down the steps, and there he was setting by the table with his head bowed, looking at his glass.

"Hey!" I yelled at him. And he looked up sort of queer, and just then—you'll guess what happened. Jerk—we went! I lost my feet. I grabbed at my bunk, waiting for the hawser to jerk again, and it didn't. We only give a roll. Then someone was yelling outside. Then Coffee was coming through the hatch, his eyes all staring, yelling, and Lefkowitz after him, his face like dough, and laughing—crazy, you understand—like he couldn't stop.

"Boss!" Coffee yells. "Boss, the hawser's busted, boss, and we're blowing for the shore!"

Like he didn't get it, the Old Man sat looking at him, and why should he get it, with Lefkowitz laughing crazy like he couldn't stop?

"Busted?" said the Old Man. "What's busted?"

"Are you deef, you old bum?" yells Lefkowitz. Mister, there was something done inside him, so he was frightened and not frightened, if you get me. "The tow-rope's busted. We're loose off the tow an' going straight to hell!"

That's it, mister; that's where we were going, right aboard the old General Gleason—there or to land. It was like a dream you don't wake out of. The girl was standing up, and she didn't holler, and before I thought what I was doing I grabbed her by the hand. The Old Man was standing up looking ahead of him, and what do you think he says? That was what made it worse.

He drew in a breath and yelled right out loud. "She's busted loose! Thank God, she's busted loose!"

And, like he didn't see any of us, he went right for the deck, like he didn't see any of us, without his hat, without anything at all. Crazy, mister, you understand, or fighting through his licker.

And now maybe you'll kid me, but it didn't seem so queer, now honest. Maybe there are times when everything is crazy, when the lid is clean bust off and gone to nowhere, and you are going too, and you and all of us are only little things—I don't know what—bound on the road to nowhere, off into the black.

I must have been standing, I guess, not able to think, just holding that poor kid's hand, all of us crazy, you understand, and I don't know what. That yellow boy—you kept hearing him hollering, always the same thing, his wits clean gone out of him, you see, laying in a corner holding to his bunk.

"Oh, Lawd!" he was saying. "I got a rabbit's foot, an' I got my fingers crossed! You ain't a-goin' to catch me now!"

Now wasn't that comical, fit to make you grin? Yet it didn't seem comical then, only just as natural. And that feller Lefkowitz—those little wiry, ugly fellers I don't know—when they get started they go clean. I caught him looking at me hard and sort of wild, and all at once he gives a jump and closes the hatch down tight, and gives another jump quick and pulls something from the blankets in his bunk.

"Oh, Lawd!" Coffee was yelling, I recall. "You ain't a-goin' to catch me now!"

Mister, it was all that quick, but I knew something was coming. I let go her hand and made a move.

"Hey!" I says. "What're you up to, boy?"

Couldn't get it, you understand, for like I told you, everything was queer, though still it seemed that natural. Lefkowitz was coming at me with a foot of lead pipe in his hand. Though why, I couldn't help but think, though why? For—do you get me?—what was the difference then?

"Gimme the girl!" he hollers. "Cripes! I'll get something out of this!"

Well, maybe he wasn't so nutty at that. I don't know. But maybe—maybe everyone is wanting something right to the very end.

It was all that queer. He gave a jump at me before I could get to him, and nailed me crack on the head; not clean, you understand, but sort of slanting.

Mister, do you know how things get when everything's sort of going, all sliding into something else? I saw the light, and as I reached for him it was all one big light, and everything was all one big noise like the storm, only more. But I wasn't out, not altogether, but foggy, you understand. Though my head was spinning fit to bust, and my ears were like I said, and outside on deck dim but loud I heard the Old Man holler.

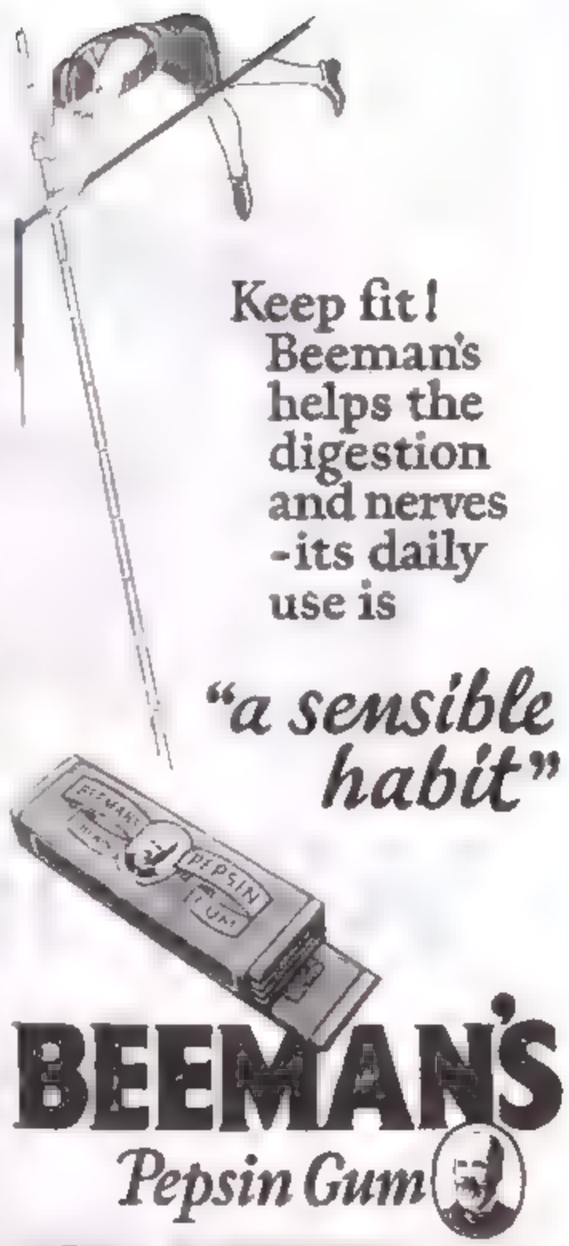
"Stand by to let all go!" I heard the Old Man holler, like there was someone out there on the General Gleason's deck. "Up with that hel-um! Jump! And up with that hel-um!"

Crazy? I know it is, but it's like I said, and I had other things to think about—oh, yes. I couldn't see just right and he was all wires and fighting for all he had, but I got the pipe out of his hand and soaked him with it, and that made him sort of calm. And before he got going again, I got him by the neck and dragged him to the Old Man's room and locked him in. What else was there to do?

Everything was getting blacker, and I recall I fell across the table. Now I'm telling you there wasn't any time at all, just a sort of picture. When I came out of it her arm was around me and she was tying up my head and everything was coming back sort of slow. There was the lamp swinging still, and Coffee was groaning and kneeling on the floor, and I looked for the Old Man and remembered, though my head was tired and light.

"Where is he?" I says. "Where is the Old Man now?"

The hull was groaning, and I heard seas coming over the deck, but I knew where he was before she could tell me. I could hear him. He was outside on deck and yelling something. You could hear it in the sea.



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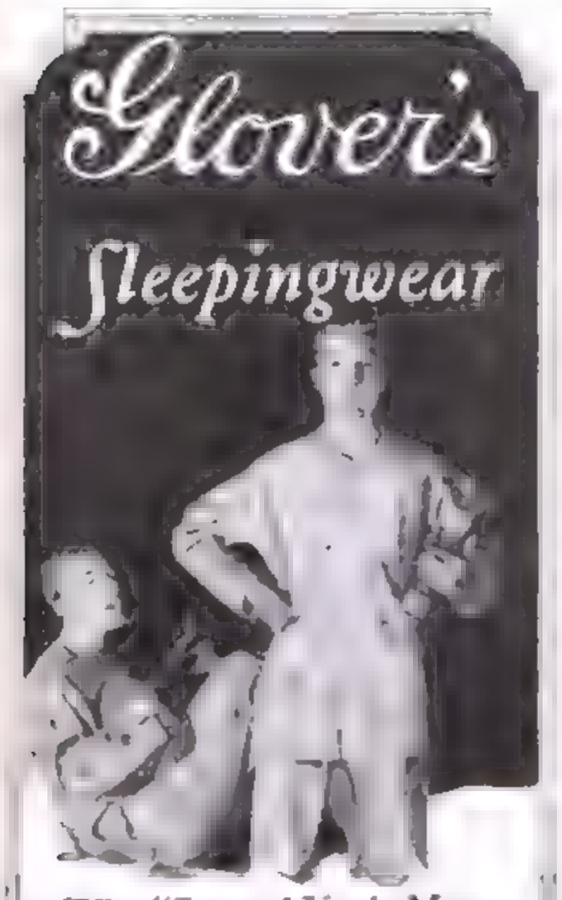

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"What is it?" I said. "Why is the Old Man yelling?"

"Don't!" she said. "It isn't any difference. You mustn't mind him now."

And she still kept her arm around me cool and quiet.

"But what's he yelling for?" I says. "Honest, he's yelling something."

"Don't!" she says again, and I felt her arm get shaky. "You mustn't mind him, Bill. It's only the whisky, I know. Leave him out there, for he isn't hurting. It's only—it's only he thinks ——" And she gave a laugh that wasn't a laugh exactly. "You mustn't mind him, Bill. Lay down your head. It's only he thinks he's sailing the General Gleason!"

Now would you wonder if I thought I hadn't heard right when my head was aching so?

"He's what?" I says. "What?"

"Sailing the General Gleason, Bill," she says. "Don't you hear him now? He—he's ordered all sail took in but the fore-topsail. You'd have heard him if ——"

"But he can't," I says. "How can he?"

For honest, it was all that queer you couldn't really think.

"Of course he can't," she says. "He only thinks—and you mustn't mind him now."

Sailing the General Gleason. The Old Man in his licker aboard an old runaway hulk driving down the coast toward land. Ah, that gets you, does it, mister? Now have you heard the beat of that—an old man with the deck awash and yelling orders on a ship he used to sail? Yes, that's what he was doing—all wrong, you understand. Yet you'd have thought to hear him —— yes, mister, he was sailing.

Now it makes me queer to tell it, for when I got on deck, there he was just standing in the wind. Nor do I know what time it was, or nothing, only it was easier to see.

Though I yelled at him, it was like he didn't hear; and maybe he didn't, for the wind took the voice right out of you, but not the Old Man's voice. It went splitting out like ripping canvas, right into nothing, right at nothing.

"Forward on the sheet," he yells, "and ease her off a mite! Give her a p'int on the hel-um! We're comin'! Ay, we're comin'!"

Coming? We weren't coming anywheres, just rolling like a log, with the old stumps pitching every which way against the sky, and seas running over her bulwarks.

"Hey!" I yelled right in his ear. And he turned around, not slow any more, but quick. Not a foot away his face was, and I can see it still—his eyes wide open and the rain dripping off his whiskers, and making his hair all smooth. It gave me a turn all queer, though my head was aching fit to bust, for he didn't know me or anything, nor did he see anything.

"Ay, mister!" he yells at me. "Now ain't she the sweetest ship? Takin' it just as nice, without a rope gone wrong! Don't tell me she ain't the sweetest ship!"

Drunk? Sure! Sure he must of been, for what else could he be, unless he was all gone queer? He was all foggy and seeing things, and not anywhere at all, but back on the General Gleason sailing—sailing with a crew, heading her where he wanted to head, out somewheres. And he loved her and was proud how he was going, though she wallowed like a log.

"Hey!" I yelled in his ear, for I knew he wasn't right. "Get below now, cap'n! You're doin' no good here!"

But what good did it do? He couldn't get anything, the Old Man was that gone.

"Below?" he yells, like a gun went off inside him. "Git below yourself, you bum, and leave me run my ship!"

Oh, I went. What good was there standing by an old man in his licker and clean gone, watching a fore-topsail that wasn't there and yelling orders at the wind? Mister, I went all sick and queer. I went stumbling down the steps and banged into the table, for everything was going round and round, and my head ached fit to bust; but I could still hear him up there yelling.

"Off another p'int!" he was yelling. "An' steady on the hel-um! Hold her now! Hold her!"

Everything was going round and round so you'd hardly know. It was the crack in the head, you understand, but I could see the girl come over to me, sort of dim, and Coffee laying in his corner.

"Bill," she says—"Bill, what is he doin'?"

"Doin'?" It was getting black again and I was floating off, but I heard myself telling her. "What you said he was, kid—sailing the General Gleason."

Mister, shall we have another go at the bottle, for honest, you'll need it now. Just one more go, though I don't use it as a rule. . . . It's comical, that; yes, comical is what I'm saying. Everything sometimes is. . . . Oh, he was in his licker, all right, but I don't know. I can't never tell. . . . What is it? I don't know.

But anyway, where was I? Noises—first noises, and it was hard to know exactly, and next I was on my feet, and it was all sort of different. I don't know. There was light in the ports, and first I thought it was my head, for we seemed sort of still, though I could remember, you understand, I could remember. Bertha was coming down the companion in that old torn coat of hers, and her head was dripping wet, and her eyes were wide with black lines under 'em, and she had one hand up reaching for her throat.

"Hey!" I says. "What is it?" Still sort of dazed, you see. And she looked at me queer and frightened, like she saw a ghost, exactly like. And can you beat it, what she said?

"He's sailed her in," she says with her eyes all wide. "Dad, he's sailed her in."

"What?" I says, for it was all coming back. "He what?"

And then she said it again louder so I had to understand.

"He's sailed her in," she says. "He's coming into Portsmouth Harbor."

"You're crazy!" I hollers out, and started for the hatch. How could he sail her in?

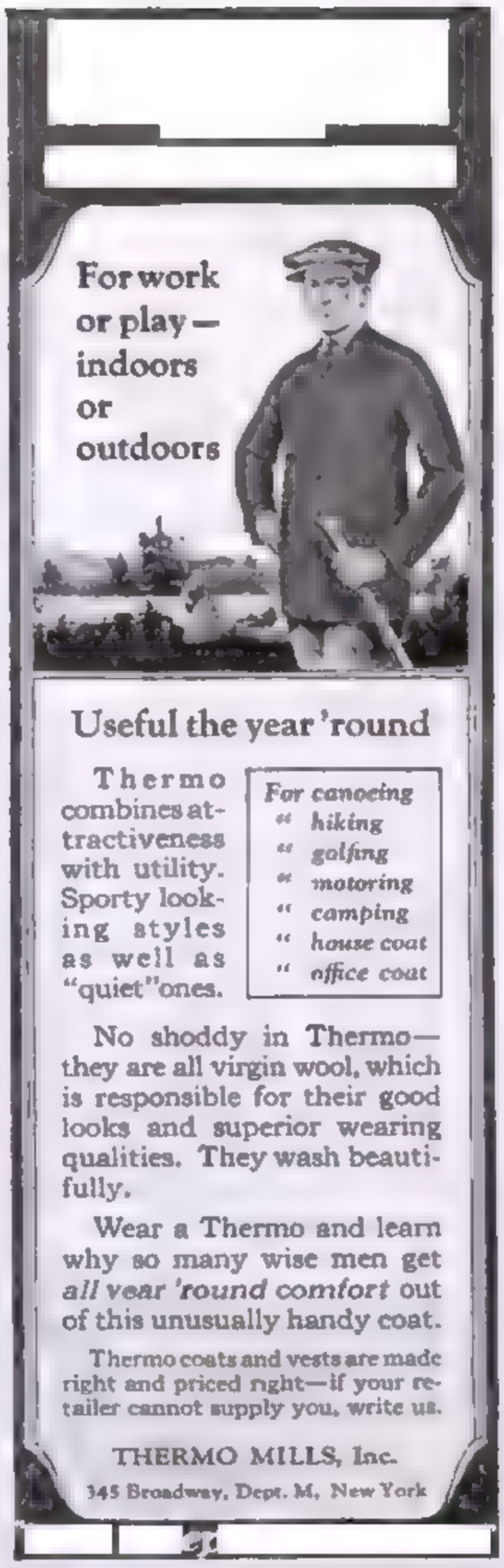
That's it—how could he? I don't know. Oh, yes, and I know better, but it makes me creepy still. Just the idea of it, you understand, for there was the Old Man, mister, and it was morning early, and he was sailing still. Off somewhere on the General Gleason, still he was, and what had he been doing? I can't ever tell. Yes, it was getting morning when I hit the deck, and the Old Man was up there still. It was raining and still blowing fresh, so the sky and water was all gray like lead, and the sea was running, but not so high, and I saw why it wasn't.

It was right—the comicalest thing. We were drifting in toward land, and the wind was helping, and the tide was helping, but not onto rocks, mind you, but into a river like we had aimed for it, and out a tug was coming for us just as clear, for we'd been sighted by the coast guard. Now what do you make of that? Was it the Old Man, mister?

Oh, I know what you're thinking! Yes, of course it was just luck, with the wind and tide just right—just luck that brought us in at all. But then—I want to ask you something. What is it brings on luck and makes it break? Honest, I don't know. For all that time, there was the Old Man there thinking he was on the General Gleason and running with the wind. Yes, sir, there he was, all wet and white, standing by the wheel and holding fast and looking forward. An old bum, you say, but not an old bum exactly. His eyes were steady and his mouth was steady under his old wet whiskers.

No, I don't care what you say, he was bringing her right in. He was looking forward like I told you toward the tug that was steaming out, and what do you think the Old Man said? The comicalest thing!

"Now why the blazes should they send out a pilot?" he says. "Don't they think I know the coast? Hell, mister, I can take her in!"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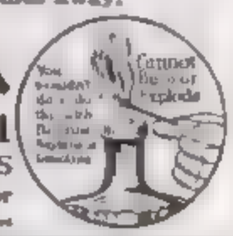

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Now I suppose you'll kid me, and I suppose you should; but I felt all queer, seeing him standing there—that funny that somehow I wanted to cry. Yes, honest, for it made me feel I don't know how. For he was taking her in, you understand, like she was a fine ship and not a scow half waterlogged, and it didn't seem queer to him. And he looked so happy, mister—you ought to have seen him then. The licker, you understand, but, honest, you didn't mind. Or was it? I don't know. Maybe it was just the chance of things being kind to a poor and broke old man and letting him sail his ship again.

"Don't she handle pretty?" he was saying, easing up the wheel. "Ay, she always does if you know her."

Just as if she wasn't an old hulk, just as if she was all braced and set.

"You can take her anywheres," he says, "if once you know her."

Oh, yes, I know it isn't right, but just to hear him. Honest, it was queer, for it made you—yes, right then it made you wonder what if it wasn't wind and tide and luck. For he was so sure, so sure, standing looking ahead. For what was it he was seeing? Oh, well, there isn't more to say. Couldn't he have his dream?

Oh, it was going from him. You could see it go as we went drifting in and the tug got nearer. The Old Man was coming out of something, looking ahead, puzzled.

"Here!" he says quick. "What's wrong up for'ard?"

And then he gave a sort of groan, for he knew it then. Back on an old coal scow again, the Old Man was, back out of where he had gone. Yes, I was there, and it was just like that, as sudden as that, the way the Old Man saw. For he looked at the old stump masts and then he looked at me and dropped the wheel with another sort of groan.

"Keep away from the licker, boy," he says. "There's a devil in the cup."

No, never said anything more. Never, the Old Man didn't. And it's no good to ask him now; but anyways, he's a fine Old Man. You'd have known it if you'd seen him then.

"But I can handle her," he says. "Can't I handle her still?"

"Cap'n," I says, "you're blank well right you can."

Sort of pleased he looked when I told him that, though his shoulders were stooping, and he was all cold and wet. It sort of bucked him up, you understand, so that I'm glad I said it, for the tug was near alongside then, ready to take the General Gleason where she belonged once more—back again in tow.

"Hey!" somebody hollered. "What scow is that?"

And the Old Man jumped right to the rail.

"Scow!" the Old Man hollers. "Don't you know a ship when you see one? You ain't towing a scow, mister. You're standing by the General Gleason!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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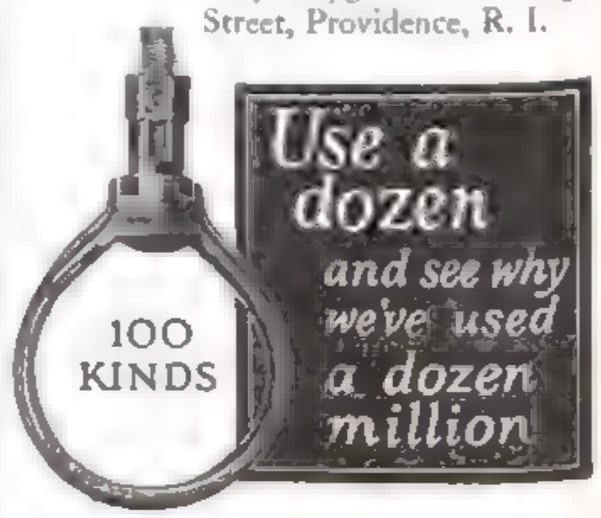

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